



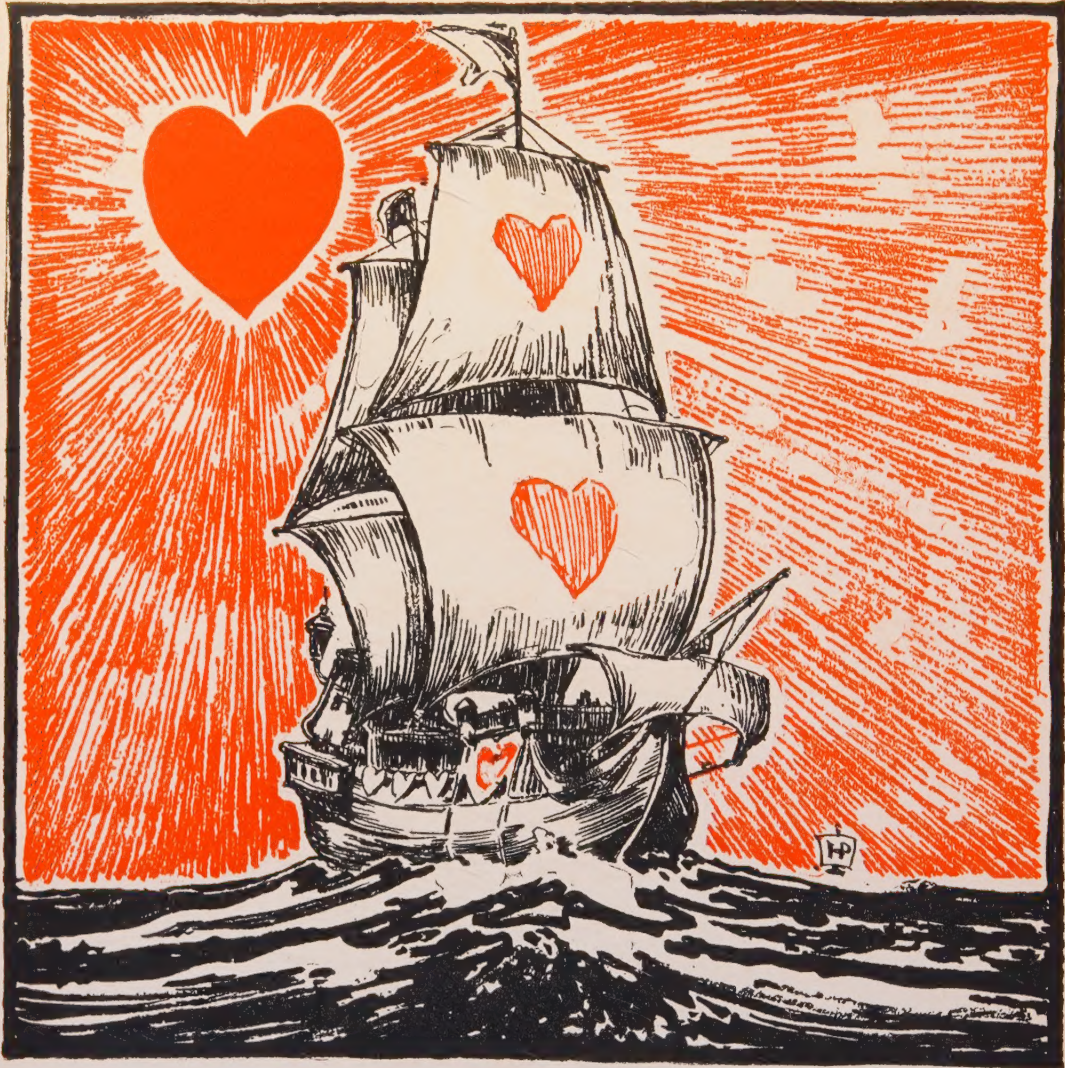






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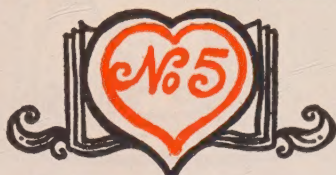
THE HEART SHIP

I SENT a loving heart—
Across life's bounding sea,
And every loving thought
Sent blessings back to me.
My heart gave thanks to God
For Good in endless store,
And into all of life—
God's blessings came the more.

J.M.

JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK

For All Children



MY BOOK

In days of old the minstrels told
Of heroes, gods and sages;
Thus by the words of human lips
Passed down the lore of ages.
But now-a-days are other ways:
The printed book is feeding
The hungry spirit and the mind
With wisdom gained by reading.

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK HOUSE
and THE WISE BOOK COMPANY

Publishers
NEW YORK

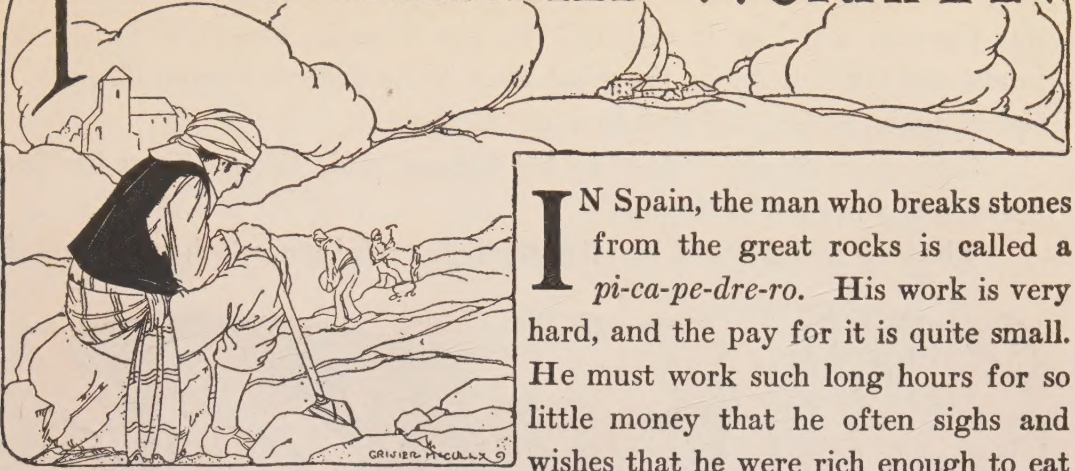




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THE DISSATISFIED WORKMAN



IN Spain, the man who breaks stones from the great rocks is called a *pi-ca-pe-dre-ro*. His work is very hard, and the pay for it is quite small. He must work such long hours for so little money that he often sighs and wishes that he were rich enough to eat

and sleep as much and as often as would please him. One day, when the sun was very hot, and one of these stone-breakers was more than usually tired, he stopped breaking stones for a few minutes and, sighing, he said:

“How I wish I had a soft bed on which to lie. I should draw the silk curtains about it so that the mosquitoes could not annoy me, and there I should sleep and sleep.”

The Picapedrero was astonished to see an angel, clothed in white, standing by his side, and was much startled when the angel said, “Your prayer has been heard, and your desire shall be granted.”

At once Picapedrero became a very rich man. He had not only a fine bed to lie upon, but all manner of good things to eat, servants to minister to his slightest wish, and plenty of money to spend.

One day, while walking in his garden, he saw a great company of horsemen approaching along the road. There was also a golden coach, drawn by many prancing steeds whose harness and trappings glistened in the sun. Within the coach sat the king of the country, clothed in silken robes and shining with jewels. Upon seeing all this splendor, the rich man, once a poor breaker of stones, sighed and said:

“How much I should like to be the king!”

Again the angel stood by his side and said, “Your prayer has been heard, and you shall be the king.”

As the angel said, so it happened. The rich man became king, and rode

about in a golden coach. He was surrounded by lords and ladies, and whenever he walked, a servant carried a silk and gold parasol over his head to keep the sun from burning him. But when the king noticed how powerful was the sun, and how it withered the grass, made the trees hang their heads, and compelled him, the great king, to be protected from its rays, he sighed again, and wished that he might be the sun.

Once more the angel stood by his side and said, "Your prayer has been heard, and you shall be the sun."

The king was changed into the great, powerful sun, which burned up the



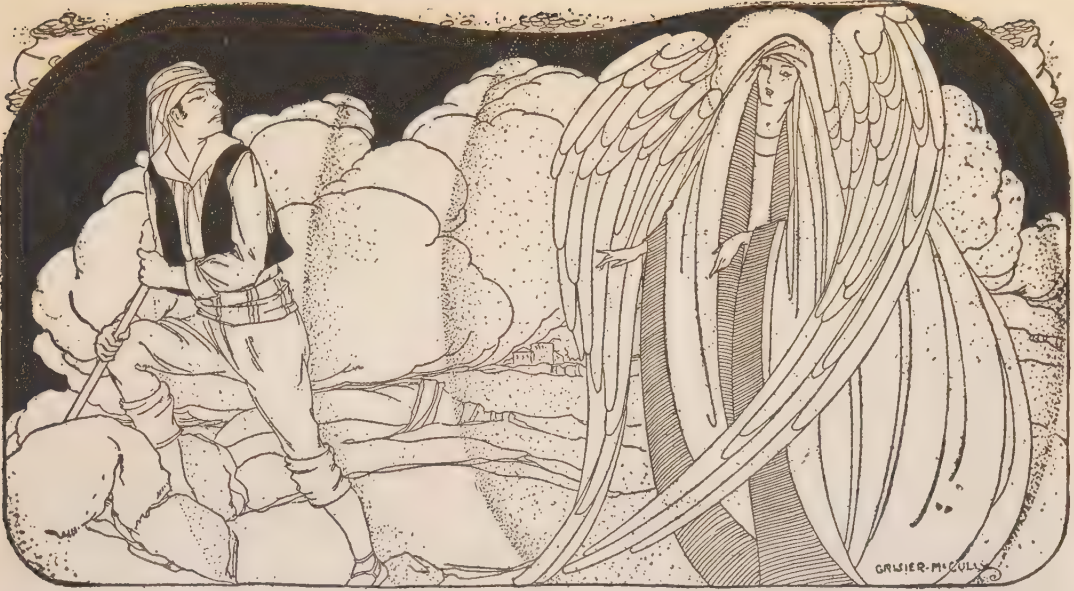
grass and the flowers, dried up the streams, and made hot and tired the great ones of the earth.

Then a cloud rose. It was big and black, and it covered the light of the sun so that he was no longer seen. This angered the sun so greatly that he cried out:

"How I wish I were the cloud!"

The angel, standing by his side, said, "Your prayer has been heard, and you shall be the cloud."

At once the sun became the cloud. In order to show his great power, he opened his sides, from which great quantities of water flowed. To such an extent did the cloud carry out his plans to show his greatness, that the streams were swollen and overflowed their banks, flooding the valleys,



drowning the people and the cattle, and destroying everything with which they came in contact, except the rock. No matter how much the cloud attacked the rock with wind and water, it moved not.

Then the cloud cried:

“I desire above all things to be the rock!”

Once again the angel stood at his side and spoke the words which transformed the cloud into the rock, and neither the sun, nor the cloud, nor the violence of the winds and rains could move it. But one day, there came a Picapedrero, who began to beat and strike the rock with his hammer, until it broke into pieces.

Then the rock cried out, “This Picapedrero is greater than I, and above all things I desire to be this stone-breaker.”

The angel, descending for the last time, stood by his side and said, “Your prayer has been heard, and you shall be the Picapedrero.”

And so it was. The poor man, who had changed so many times, came back to his work, and was never again heard to complain.

HENRY LONGCOPE





THE WISEST OF ALL

THE Owl, they say, is wise, wise, wise,
The wisest bird there be;
But a very foolish bird, is what
This wise Owl seems to me.
For he'll never nod his ruffled head
Or close an eye, you know,
Till Baby Stars and Mother Moon
Off to their soft beds go.

If a little boy I know did that,
Be sure as ever you can,
He'd never grow and grow and grow,
'Way up to be a man.
He'd best not be like wise old Owl,
But like the wiser Sun,
And hurry away to his cosy bed,
As soon as day is done.

MARGARET ERSKINE



BABY LEO HAS A PARTY

MOTHER Felis Felidae got up lazily from her warm bed. It was in the farthest corner of the den,

back of the Lion house at the Zoo. Beside her, all curled up in a fur ball, slept Baby Leo. Very carefully, so as not to waken him, she climbed over the boards that shut the den off from the front yard of the cage. (The boards

were to keep Baby Leo from tumbling out into the big open yard before he was old enough to go abroad.) Out in the yard she stopped to rub against the tall tree stump that had been left there for her to sharpen her claws on. Then she padded over to the bars that surrounded the cage. She rapped smartly on them with her stout tail. That was Mother Felis's way of greeting the guard whom she heard on his rounds. Sometimes he brought her a bit of candy. Everybody liked Mother Felis. She had such a funny grin and always purred when any one spoke to her. It was different with Father Felis. He liked to roar and shake his sweeping mane. That was why he had to live all alone in the next cage.

Mother Felis Felidae caught the piece of candy the guard threw to her and let him scratch her head with a long stick.

"Old lady," said the guard, "your baby is big enough to let folks see him. You coax him out in the sunshine to-morrow afternoon. He's six weeks old. He'll soon be too big to be cubbish!"

"O-ooo-ooo," rumbled Mother Felis, 'way down in her throat, just as if she understood. Maybe she did. The guard said she did, anyway.

Mother Felis didn't know anything about them, of course, but the next morning invitations to a party were posted on all the street cars in town. Everybody read that there was a Baby Lion at the Zoo, and if the sun shone he was to come out of his nursery that afternoon for the first time.

The next morning Mother Felis washed Baby Leo all over with her raspy, blue-red tongue. She taught him to curl and uncurl his long slim claws that he usually kept shut up in little sheaths on each of his toes. When she was done with him, his coat of red-brown furry wool made him look more than ever like a lively puff-ball.

Sure enough, at one o'clock the sun was shining. It had melted the snow on the grass in the cage yard. Mother Felis, looking from her door over the boards that half closed it, saw that the party had arrived. There it was in a ring around her front yard—men and women, little boys and girls and mites of babies! All had come to see Baby Leo! She rose right up and vaulted over the boards into the yard. She walked out and sat down in the sunniest spot, facing the den door. Then she called to Baby Leo, who had never in his life seen beyond that board wall.

"O—ooo—uur! O—ooo—uur! Come here! Come here!"

Her voice was as soft as Mother Tabby's when she calls her kittens to come and drink from her saucer of milk. In fact, Mother Tabby and Mother Felis belong to the same family, the Cat. That is what the name *Felis* means.

"Br—ough! Br—ough!" whimpered Felis Leo, Jr.

"Mother, come back! Mother, come back!"

Mother Felis just purred louder and louder.

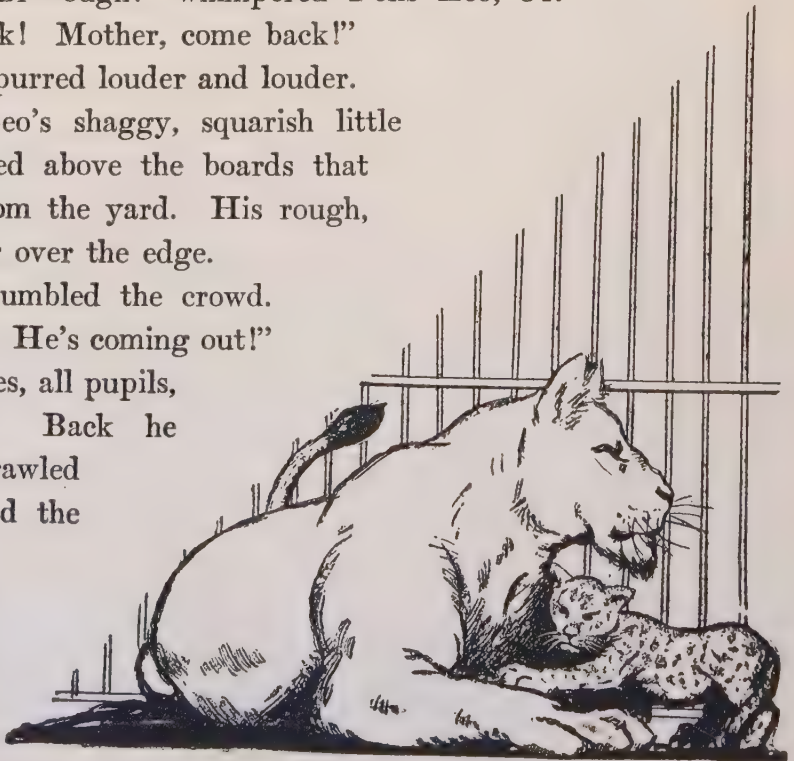
Suddenly Baby Leo's shaggy, squarish little furry face appeared above the boards that hemmed him in from the yard. His rough, soft forepaws hung over the edge.

"O! O! O!" rumbled the crowd.

"He's coming out! He's coming out!"

Baby Leo's eyes, all pupils, got even bigger. Back he tumbled and sprawled out of sight behind the boards.

Mother Felis did not move. She just kept on purring: "O—ooo—ooo—



uur! O—ooo-ooo-uur! They won't hurt you. Come out where I am."

Still Baby Leo hid and whimpered. She coaxed, and the crowd laughed. It looked as though Baby Leo wouldn't come to his own party!

Then what do you think happened?

Father Felis Felidae, who had been sulking all the morning, sauntered out of his den next door and stood a minute in the sunshine of his own front yard. He shook his long brown mane that hung down over his shoulders to the ground and switched his strong, tufted tail. Then he marched straight up to the outermost bars of his caged-in home, put his head down to the ground and roared. That is the way he always roars, with his head low to make the sound muffled and awful.

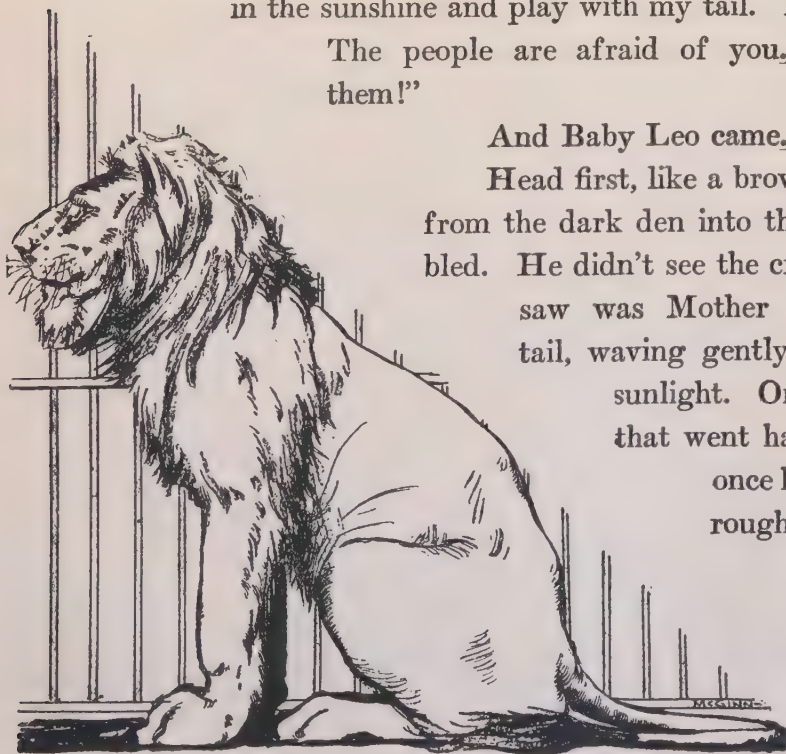
"Brough! Brough—ough—ough—gh—gh—gh," he said, rolling his voice like a thunderstorm. "Stop laughing at him! You frighten the little tad." At least, that is what the crowd thought he meant. They stopped laughing and grew very quiet.

Papa Felis sat down with his back to the crowd, yawned and listened.

Mother Felis kept on coaxing, so softly that no one but Papa Felis and Baby Leo heard her words. "Ooo-uuuuu! Come out in the sunshine and play with my tail. I'll wave it for you. The people are afraid of you. Come, growl at them!"

And Baby Leo came.

Head first, like a brown and red ball, out from the dark den into the sunshine he tumbled. He didn't see the crowd at all. All he saw was Mother Felis's long, ropy tail, waving gently to and fro in the sunlight. On little clumsy paws that went half a dozen ways at once he sprawled over the rough ground, straight for that tail. His little square ears stood straight up in surprise at the bright light and



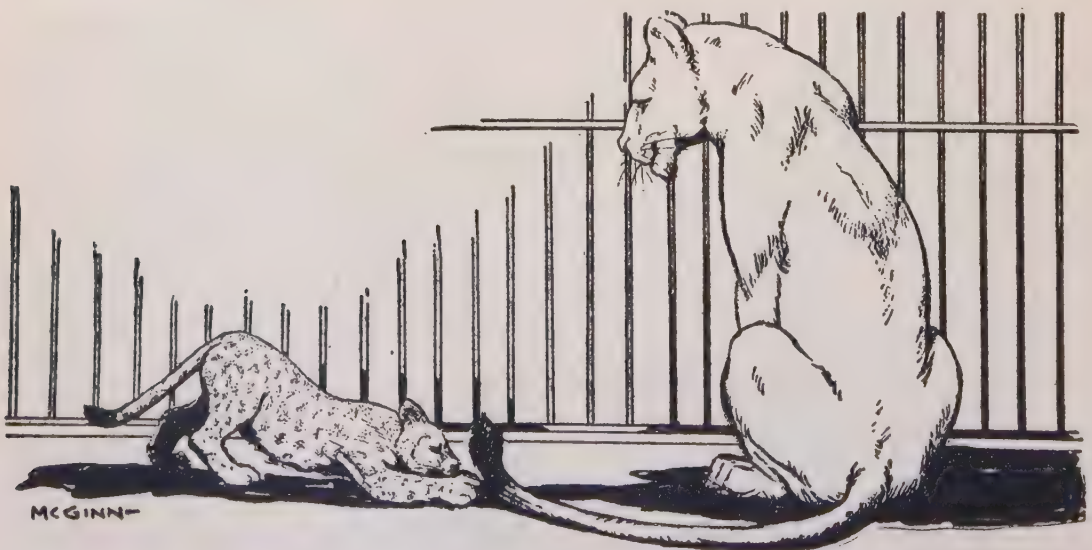
the soft earth and the fresh breeze. His big round eyes, blue like any other kitten's, blinked in the glare. His tawny coat shone red. He looked as fat as any butter-ball of a kitten in a basket behind a farmhouse kitchen stove.

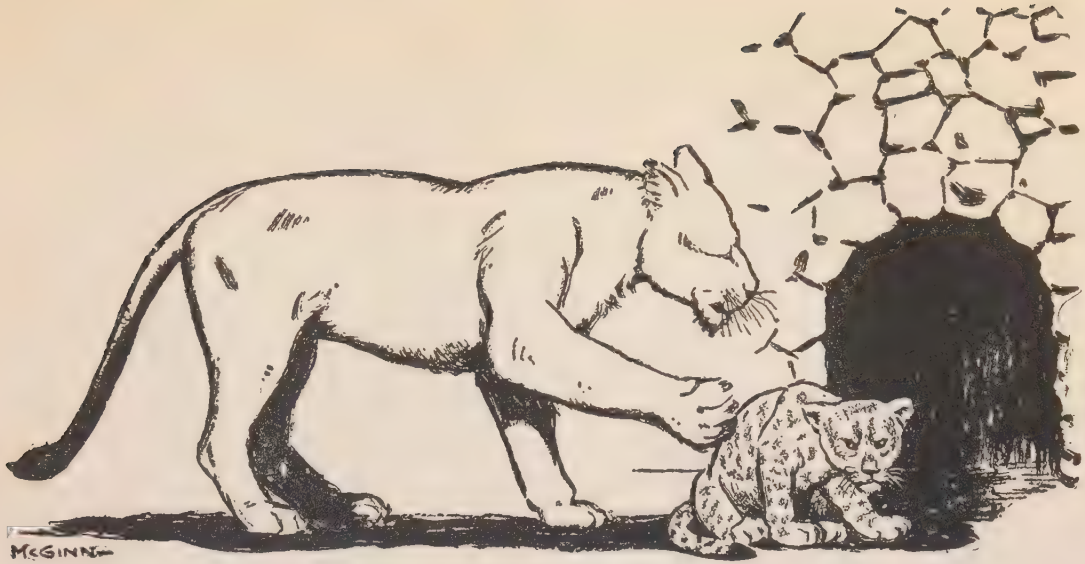
The crowd, men and women and children, stood very still. They hardly dared breathe for fear they might frighten young Leo back into his dark den again. Mother Felis lay still, switched her big tail, and grinned. She was happier than ever before in her life, for, you see, Baby Leo was the first little Lion cub she had ever brought up.

All of a sudden she chuckled out loud. The people standing around the cage thought she sneezed. She laughed till her sides shook, she was so happy. It was all about what Father Felis had said. Maybe he was getting over being cross about Baby Leo and would be good to the little fellow. When her sides shook Baby Leo stopped playing with her tail. He scrambled right up over her back and tumbled down his mother's big head.

His mother washed his little face, then he stuck out his own tiny, bluish tongue, with raspy places down its centre, like his mother's, and washed back. He scrubbed his mother's blunt, square nose, and she washed his little ears. She held him close between her big paws.

All of a sudden the sun went behind a cloud. The air grew chilly. Baby Leo shivered. Then he sneezed. Mother Leo got right up and stretched herself.





"Brough-ouur! You go into the den where it is warm," she said. She gave Baby Leo a little poke with her big paw.

Baby Leo didn't like it. He stood up on his little wabby hind legs and nipped one of his mother's big ears.

Mother Felis stopped grinning. She shook him off. Then, growling down in her throat, she boxed Baby Leo smartly on each of his own square little upstanding ears.

Baby Leo looked at her, astonished. Then he got up very meekly on his unsteady legs and waddled as fast as he could to the den door. He climbed up over the boards, his fat hind legs frantically waving in the air a second as he sprawled over.

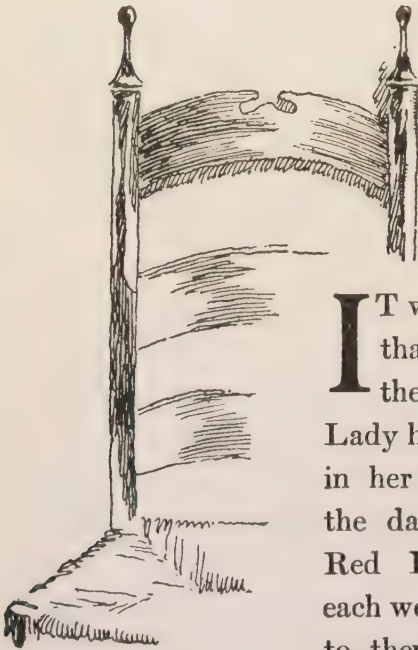
The crowd laughed. Mother Felis grinned again from ear to ear. Papa Felis in the next cage yawned audibly. Then he, too, got up and went into his den. Mother Felis scrambled into hers. The crowd went home.

Baby Leo had had his party.

GERTRUDE ROBINSON



The LOST BIRTHDAY.



IT was a beautiful calendar that hung on the wall in the living-room. A Pink Lady held a bouquet of violets in her hand. Beneath were the days of the month. A Red Letter Sunday began each week, and Father pointed to them proudly—as though he had made them himself.

“Meet the Every Day Family,” he said cheerfully. “Three hundred and sixty-five of them. Each one a perfect day—if you do your part.”

“How sweet and clean they look!” Mother exclaimed.

Father’s fingers moved down the months gaily. “Here’s Mother’s birthday—and here’s Father’s.”

Olive Ann gazed up expectantly. “Where’s *my* birthday?” she demanded.

In the silence that followed the question, Mother looked at Daddy with a puzzled expression on her face; then she stooped with a swift caress. “It’s not here, darling—Mother’s *so sorry*.”

Olive Ann turned confidingly. “*You* find it, Father.”

“Huh-uh-huh-rum-m-m-m!” Father put on his glasses and began at

the top of the calendar. He ran through the months carefully, but he couldn't find Olive Ann's birthday. It was unbelievable! Not one day out of the three hundred and sixty-five that she could call her own.

"Have you forgotten it?" she asked.

"No, dear, but yours is an *extra* birthday, after a fashion," Father explained. "It's not on every calendar, but it will come some day. You just *wait*."

Olive Ann stood very still and straight. She was quite unhappy. Her lip trembled, and Mother squeezed her hand gently.

I'll not cry.



"You'd better look after Violet Rose," Mother suggested.

Olive Ann rescued a limp little doll from the position of an acrobat, and embraced her violently. "I'll not cry," she whispered, and she didn't, but she thought a great deal. Other little girls had birthdays right along. Within her knowledge, Olive Ann had never had a birthday. Birthdays are private property. All *persons* have at least one. Like a tooth-brush,

no one else can use it. All day long she thought about her missing birthday. The last thing she said that night was, "And it isn't *fair*!" This she sleepily whispered to Violet Rose, the acrobatic doll who shared her little bed. The hurt in her heart went with her through the year. When she was all cleaned up with a crisp bow on her head, no one would have imagined it, for she *looked* all right.

When Olive Ann was four, and nothing had happened, she took things into her own hands. Calendars were not to be depended on. The house was very quiet that day. She walked boldly out of the front door, carrying her pocketbook. Her sturdy legs led her straight to a shop window filled with dolls. There were grey elephants and brown teddy-bears in that window. Evidently this was the place where you might find anything. She entered hopefully, a chubby figure in a velvet coat and hat.



"What can I do for you, Little Lady?" the shopkeeper in a black coat said, as he smiled down at her.

Olive Ann looked up from beside a fascinating white bear with snappy black eyes and a red tongue, and shook her head. She was not interested in toys. "Have you any birthdays?" she asked politely.

"What's wrong with the one you have?" he asked.

"It's—lost," she explained. "I want to buy another."

"Dear, dear!" muttered the man.

"I'll pay for it," she said eagerly, and opened her purse. But the shopkeeper shook his head.

"You can't *buy* them, you know. Birthdays are *born*."

Sad and disappointed, Olive Ann stumbled out to the street. There were things that money could not buy. A birthday was one of them.

Mother found her lying on the wicker day-bed. Her hands clutched at her throat, which felt tight and choky. Mother flew to the telephone. Father drove all the way to the doctor's at top speed. "It's about Olive Ann, Doctor. I want you to come and see her at once. It's about her birthday." Doctor snapped his bag shut. "What's the matter with it?"

Father mopped his head with his handkerchief. "It's lost. Doctor, that child has never had one since she was born."

"No wonder she's ailing," burst from the doctor, who had a family of his own and *he* knew.

"It's making her unhappy—watching and waiting and *expecting* it," Father declared. "I'd give a *hundred dollars* if she had the right kind of birthday, Doctor."

"Money won't help," snapped the doctor. "Has she lost her appetite?"

Father nodded. "She won't even eat chocolate turtles."

The doctor began to walk the floor. "It's a serious case. Little growing girls just must have steady-coming birthdays——" Then he whirled about triumphantly. "I'll fix it! *I'll fix it!*" he shouted. "I'll just trade with her! I have a perfectly good birthday, and I never had time to use it. It will just fit Olive Ann!" and he shook Father's hand joyously.

"But—how are you going to give it to her?" gasped Father.

"I'll write it in a prescription," Doctor chuckled, and sat down at his desk. "Call a Notary Public, and two small girls for witnesses," he directed. Father did.

The witnesses signed in straggling printed characters, smiling solemnly. The Notary Public stamped it, and sealed it with a great gold seal, and charged twenty-five cents. It was strictly legal. Right at the top was Olive Ann's name in bold letters. The doctor could never take the birthday back. It was hers forever.

The doctor put the paper in a long envelope, and handed it to Father briskly. "Take that to Olive Ann, and tell her heart to SWALLOW IT WHOLE!"

She did. Her throat became untied at once, and she never felt better in her life. She sat right down and printed the date of her own birthday, the one that was always lost, on pink paper. She sent it to the doctor with her love and many, many thanks for his Birthday.

"Just what I wanted," he laughed, "Olive Ann's slow-coming birthday. February twenty-ninth comes around so seldom it suits me exactly."

JANE COX



What the Twin Pines Told You

WITH Fairy Make-Believe at your side you hastened through the Forest to the Twin Pines. They held their heads so far above the tops of the other trees, that little cloudlets longed to play with them. (Sometimes they did.)

Father and Mother Pine were very glad to see you, so you climbed to your snuggle-perch far up among the green branches.

"Were you really tiny, baby trees a thousand years ago?" you asked, for it scarcely seemed possible!

"Look on the ground," Father Pine said. "There are seedlings as small as *we* were once upon a time."

A tiny gray squirrel with a long fluffy tail pointed to a young shoot that would not have reached to the top of your shoe!

"A baby tree has a very hard time," Mother Pine sighed. "The insects and animals try to destroy it, and when it is frightened it cannot run away and hide, and when great rocks slide down the mountain, it has to stand where it is, and pray that it will not be killed.

But Father Pine and I grew so close together that we were never afraid, although, when we were quite young, (not more than a hundred and fifty years old,) there was a terrible winter. The snow fell day after day and the whole forest was white. It was so cold that the squirrels stayed in their nests, curled up in snug little balls, so that their fur comforters covered even the tips of their ears. Every day the snow on my shoulders became heavier and heavier; I could not shake it off, and the friendly winds could not blow it away, and I drooped and drooped until my head rested against Father Pine. He held me in his arms all the winter and kept me from falling. Then in the Spring the sun smiled upon us and the ice and snow melted and I raised my head, stretching my arms upward,—but I have never been as straight as Father Pine since then."

"And then what happened?" you asked.

"Father Pine was struck by lightning which shattered his shoulder badly."

"And in 1492—" began Father Pine.

"1492!" you cried. "Why, that was the year Columbus discovered



Gray Squirrel with a Fluffy Tail.

America! Were you really alive then?"

Father Pine, laughing, rocked you gently. "I was five hundred and eighty years old in 1492, and an earthquake shook the whole forest. Mother Pine was hurt by falling rocks, and I still have a sharp one buried in my trunk."

A little spotted bird with a long bill flew by you to his nest high in the crest of Father Pine.

"The birds are all my friends," continued Father Pine; "the woodpecker saved my life only a hundred years ago. A tree, blown down by a storm, bruised me badly, and the ants made themselves at home in the wound, eating out my very heart. Mother Pine tried to brush them out, and one day Mr. Woodpecker came along and—what do you think?"

"I don't know," you cried. "What?"

"He drove all the ants away and cleaned out the house they had made inside of me, and he came every day and took care of me until I was well."

"I have an arrowhead in my heart," said Mother Pine. "Some day I will tell you about the little Indian boy who placed it there, and Father Pine will tell you of the Spanish explorers who camped beside us and burned his ankle with their fires, and of the brave pioneer children that played in our shade."

"Tell me now," you pleaded.

"No," replied Mother Pine gently, "the sun is going to rest."

The little gray squirrel came nestling up to you, his bright eyes shining.

"And sometimes," he said, "when a beautiful tree has watched for the coming of the flowers a thousand times, a Man comes and cuts it down, as he did that giant cedar last year." And he pointed with his tail to a great stump just below Mother Pine.

"Oh, the wicked man!" you cried.

"No," said Father Pine, "it was right. Out of that tree the Man made large, rough shingles to cover a little house wherein dwells happiness. And other beautiful trees live again in the walls that made it snug and warm, and the chairs whose wood comes from the forest, too, hold out their arms to the tired ones, and the table top, that is made from the very heart of a tree, is glad, glad, when hungry little girls and boys like you gather about it."

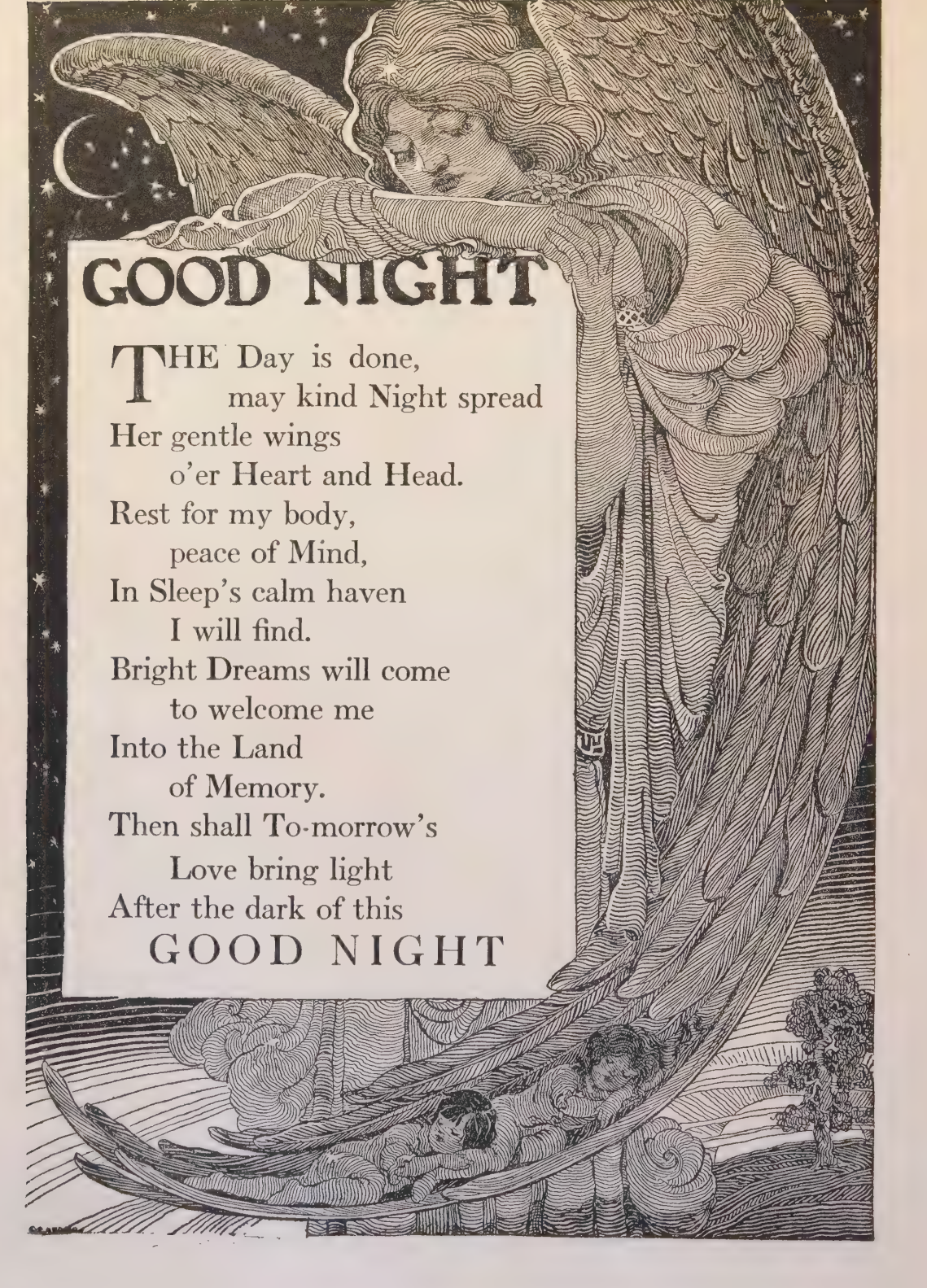
"Why, our house is like that!" you exclaimed. "I wish I knew how all those trees used to look."

"Perhaps the Fairy Make-Believe will take you to their homes some day."

And in a very little while you said good-bye to Father and Mother Pine, and hurried away, lest the trees that live again within your house should grow lonely without a little boy's laughter and song to make them happy.

GERTRUDE MCQUIGG WARNER.





GOOD NIGHT

THE Day is done,
may kind Night spread

Her gentle wings
o'er Heart and Head.

Rest for my body,
peace of Mind,

In Sleep's calm haven
I will find.

Bright Dreams will come
to welcome me

Into the Land
of Memory.

Then shall To-morrow's

Love bring light
After the dark of this

GOOD NIGHT

•THAT'S THE QUESTION!



TO TAKE
or not to take
This piece of jelly cake!
Nurse said she knew
I wouldn't,
Cook said she knew
I couldn't,
And I-I KNOW I SHOULDN'T.

~ LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

Silky *and the* Cyclone



SILKY was a little dog with white curly hair like silk. He belonged to a little girl with yellow curly hair like silk.

Every day the little girl gave him a saucer of cream to drink for his breakfast. At dinner time, with her own little

knife and fork, she cut up bits of chicken for Silky to eat. He wore a big red bow on his neck and slept on a red velvet cushion. When the day was fine, the little girl would tie a wee red blanket on him and take him for a walk in the park.

One day there ran by the window a little brown dog who looked very much like a rough brown prickly burr.

Silky called, "Woof! Woof!"

The little dog stopped, pricked up one ear and looked at Silky.

"Woof!" said the little burry dog, in a friendly voice. He meant, "Good day!"

"Woof! Woof! Woof!" barked Silky. "I have a fine red cushion to lie on, and you haven't."

Then the little brown burry dog laughed a little brown burry laugh like this, "Bow, wow, wow, wow. A dog with a little red cushion to lie on! What does he want with it? Bow, wow, I don't want one. That's silly!"

"Woof, woof," barked Silky. "I have chicken for dinner every day! My mistress cuts it up for me with her own little knife and fork!"

At that the little brown dog rolled over on his back with his feet sticking up in the air.





"Bow, wow, wow! Woof! Woof! Woof!" His fat little sides shook. "That is the funniest thing I ever heard! Haven't you any teeth so that you can chew for yourself?"

"Burr!" growled Silky. "I will show you whether I have any teeth!"

He bounced off his cushion, ran out the front door and down the steps to the side walk. He flew at the little burry brown dog and snapped at his hind leg.

It didn't hurt the burry dog a bit, but Silky got a mouth full of bristly hair which he just couldn't spit out. It felt horrid. The more Silky tried to get rid of it, the more the burry dog laughed.

"Wow! You got the worst of that," he said. "I wouldn't fight you. You don't know how to fight. If you had any sense, I could teach you a lot of things."

"Pah, pah!" said Silky. "I don't believe your hair has ever been combed."

"Never," laughed Burry. "You're right. It never has. It must be dreadful to have your hair combed. I'm glad I don't have to!"

Just then the little girl ran out and picked up Silky.

"Why, Silky!" she cried. "Are you talking to that common little street dog? Go away, you horrid dog!"

The little girl gathered Silky up tenderly in her arms and carried him into the house. The little brown burry dog flipped as much tail as he had and trotted away.

Next day he came back. Silky was in the window by himself.

"Woof!" called the little brown dog. "It's a nice day. Don't you want to come out and play?"

"I don't think it's a nice day," said Silky. "It's raining."



"Rain makes you cool," said the little brown dog, "and it washes you at the same time."

"My mistress washes me in a shining little white tub," said Silky proudly.

At that the little brown dog rolled over on his back again. He started to laugh. Then he remembered Silky did not like it, so he sat up and cocked his right ear and asked politely, "Did you have chicken today?"



He rolled on his back

gutter on three legs to show that he could.

One day a great wind storm blew the front window out of the house and Silky with it.

How scared Silky was! People were hurrying along the sidewalk and he ran very fast to keep from being stepped on. Nobody heard his whimpering because the storm made so much noise. When he stopped running, he did not know where he was. That night the poor little dog slept on a cold, wet step instead of his soft warm cushion.

In the morning when he awoke, the sun was shining. Silky was a lonely, hungry little dog. He lay on the steps with his eyes closed, wondering what to do. Just then a warm, friendly nose rubbed against his cold one, and there was the burry dog!

"Oh," cried Silky, "but I am glad to see you! Please take me home!"

"Certainly."

"It must be very nice. Will you save me a piece tomorrow?"

"There is only enough for me," snapped Silky.

The little burry dog just said "Wow," flipped his funny little tail, and hopped across the



"All right," said his friend, "I will take you home. Come on."

Silky tried to run along beside Burry, but his legs were so weak and wobbly he could not run.

"I will get you something to eat," said Burry, "and then you can walk better." Burry ran under the steps and brought out a piece of bread and a small pork chop.

"I put those there yesterday. They are good; I found them in a garbage pail." Silky ate them all up. They *were* good.

"Now wash your paws in the gutter in this clean rain water," advised Burry. "But first take a drink before you put your paws into it."

Silky did as he was told and felt much better.

"I can run, now," he said, and he ran along with Burry. Before he knew it, they had reached his home. A man was putting a new pane of glass in the window.

Silky's red cushion lay in the areaway, all wet and spoiled. "I do not want the cushion any more," declared Silky. "It is silly for dogs to have cushions."

Burry did not say anything about the cushion. He looked at Silky and told him he had better go in and let his mistress wash him in his bathtub with soap.

"You must come in with me," said Silky.

Burry didn't want to. He thought Silky's mistress would call him a common street dog and drive him away.

Just then the little girl came to the door.

"Oh!" she cried. She looked and looked, but she could hardly tell which was Silky and which was Burry.

"Woof!" and Silky wagged his tail. He meant that Burry was a brave dog, and he wouldn't come into the house without him.

"Oh, Mother!" cried the little girl. "I believe this little brown dog brought Silky home. Come in, you good little doggie. I'll give you some chicken."

Both little dogs wagged their tails and ran in, as happy as could be. Burry dried himself by the kitchen stove, while Silky was bathed upstairs in the bathtub and had his beautiful long hair combed out.

Then the little girl gave the burry dog a plate of chicken in the kitchen behind the stove. Silky's plate she carried into the dining-room and set on the velvet carpet. But Silky would not eat there; he ran out into the kitchen and ate out of the same plate with Burry.

"Won't you stay here and live with me?" he asked Burry. "I won't be mean any more."

"I couldn't," said Burry. "I have another fine pork chop waiting for me in one of my homes."

"You can have chicken every day here," said his new friend.

"Chicken is nice, but it is good only for Sundays when you are not working hard. Besides, I have several nice bones buried and getting juicy for me. You don't know how good they are! Then, too, I could never get used to walking in the park with a red blanket on."

"I am not going to wear a red blanket any more. I am going to chew it up!"

"Woof, that's right! I'll come to see you often!"

Just then the little girl's mother called her out of the kitchen a minute. "I'll slip out the back way while she is gone," said Burry. "I have a lot to do. I know thirty-two automobiles have passed that I haven't barked at. Thank the little girl for the chicken. Good-bye!"

"Woof!" said Silky. "Come to see me every day, and I'll save some for you."

"Woof!" replied Burry. "As soon as my bones get good and ripe, I'll take you over in the park and let you chew on them."

"Woof, woof! That will be fine!"

"Woof, woof!" and Burry slipped out of the back door. He hopped away on three legs, which was a little trick of his when he was happy.

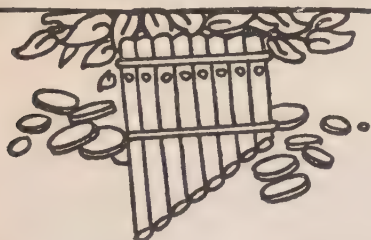
JASMINE STONE VAN DRESSER



MIDAS

The

FOOLISH KING



WHEN we think of a king, we are most likely to think of a man seated on a great throne of purple and gold and dressed in an ermine robe and a shining crown. But some kings are very commonplace when we know them as they really are, without the robe and the crown. Midas was one of these and, in the first place, I am going to tell you how it happened that he chanced to be a king at all.

When he was a little boy, his father—whose name was Gordius—lived in a rugged country and gained the food for his family by tilling the soil. One day the father and mother

and little son made ready for a great merry-making. They took a long ride in their rough wooden cart, and as they plodded slowly along, noting the crops and wondering if the season would bring them enough to supply their wants, they little thought of what was in store for them. The father was really a very simple man and was well content with his farmer's lot. But the Fates had destined him for other if not for greater things. You must remember that real greatness does not necessarily belong to a king—and Gordius, although he did not know it, was about to become a king.

As the farmer and his family came riding into the market place of the city, they saw a great crowd of men, women and children assembled. When these people saw the rustic cart they shouted and danced as if in great joy. They surrounded Gordius and tearing him from his seat, lifted him high on their shoulders, crying out that here was the King of Phrygia.

The old king had died but a short time before and an oracle had foretold that the future king of Phrygia would come riding to the market place in a wagon. The people



GORDIUS IN HIS CART

were talking about this when Gordius, the farmer, came driving toward them with his wife and little boy beside him in a cart. "This," they thought, "must certainly be the man," so they seized him and made him their ruler. Gordius proved to be a good monarch and, when he died, his little boy became king in his place. But Midas was not a very wise ruler.

He had a good heart, however, and enjoyed doing a kindness whenever he found opportunity. One day, in return for a friendly deed he had performed, the god Bacchus offered to grant him any request he might see fit to make. Midas thought for a moment, and then, as he wished very much to become rich, he asked that everything he touched might be turned into gold. The god granted the request, and the king went forth happy.

How wonderful it was! He walked on, and as he went he broke a twig from the nearest tree—lo! it was a golden rod. He plucked some fruit, and it was as if it were a golden apple from the garden of old Atlas. The very stones, the clods he touched, grew instantly yellow and shining. Delighted as he was, he grew weary of his golden sport at last, and ordered his servants to bring food before him, for he hungered. The attendants did as they were commanded and set a delicious repast for their weary king. But even as he raised the food it turned to gold and lay hardened and untasted upon his lips. He was very thirsty, but the wine in the cups ran molten gold and choked him as it reached his fevered throat.

Then it was that old Midas saw the folly of his choice and wished





himself rid of his wonderful gift. It was no longer a joy to feel the gold clinking in his palm, and, hungry as he was, he hated the very sight of the yellow metal. Hunger and thirst overmastered him and he would have sold all Phrygia for a bit of bread. His sufferings grew terrible and more terrible until, at last, he bethought him to return to the god who had bestowed upon him such an unpleasant power. Bacchus heard his complainings, for he had granted the gift very reluctantly, and now, after having given the lesson, was glad to provide the wretched king with a remedy. He sent him to the fountain head of a beautiful clear river called Pactolis and bade him plunge into the flowing waters. This the poor king did and lo, as he came out, the sands of the river lay like a bed of shining gold.

Midas, now thoroughly cleansed, went happily homeward and ever afterward hated all pomp and vanity. But, in spite of this experience, he had not grown so very wise. He went to live in the fields and woods and became a boon companion of the rustic god, Pan. This god went about piping on an instrument made of reeds, and Midas thought him the most perfect musician he had ever heard. Puffed up with vanity because of the king's praises, Pan challenged the god of music, Apollo, himself, to a contest of skill. The Phrygian ruler was one of the judges. Pan came in his rough goat skin garments smelling of the soil, and piped a ditty very cleverly upon his rustic pipe. But when Apollo arose in his flowing robe of Tyrian

purple and played upon his golden lyre, the very trees stilled the rustling of their leaves to listen. All the judges but the king awarded the prize to the god of the lyre. But Midas still thought the rustic piper to be the most beautiful of musicians because he could understand him better. So the prize was awarded to Pan.

Apollo was angered, and since the king of Phrygia was possessed of such faulty ears, he took them away and gave him a pair long and hairy like those of an ass. Midas hid his deformity with a great head dress and only the servant who cared for his hair knew the change. This servant was bound to keep this terrible secret to himself and he became very restless, for he loved to talk to his neighbors. At last he could bear the silence no longer, so one day he went into the meadow and, digging a hole, whispered into it: "Midas hath ass's ears! Midas hath ass's ears!" Then he put back the sod, thinking no one would know that he had told. But, alas, when it was summer, a bed of reeds sprang up over the spot, and every time the wind went breathing through them, they sang out: "Midas hath ass's ears! Midas hath ass's ears!" So all the world knew the secret of the unfaithful servant.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE

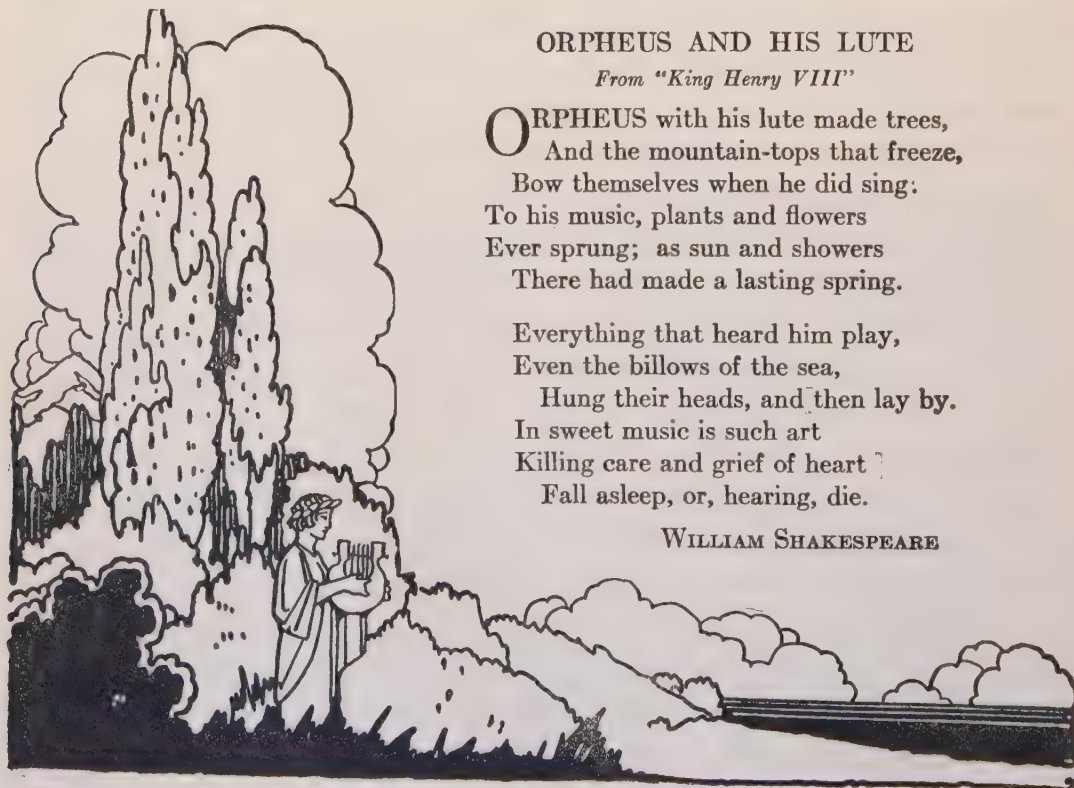
ORPHEUS AND HIS LUTE

From "King Henry VIII"

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



HINA MATSURI

OR

THE DOLLS' FESTIVAL



CHILDREN in our country dream of their birthdays a long, long while ahead of time. Indeed, one birthday is scarcely over before they begin to look forward to the next one.



In America no day passes when some child or other does not celebrate a birthday. But away across the Pacific Ocean, in the land of Japan, it is quite different. There is just one day in the year which is set aside for the celebration of all the little Japanese boys' birthdays, and one day to observe the birthdays of all little girls.

From antiquity, March third has been celebrated as one of the great annual festivals of Japan. It is known as the "Hina-matsuri" or "Dolls' Festival." The exclusive celebration of the girls, it is certainly one of the quaintest and pleasantest of all Japanese holidays.

To celebrate this time-honored day, little Japanese girls wear their gayest kimonos, their brightest-hued hair ribbons, and their most beautiful "obis" (sashes). Pretty pictures they make as they go through the streets in jinrikishas and automobiles, making the rounds of "Dolls' Festival" parties. Their hearts are overflowing with joy, and every face is wreathed in smiles. The Dolls' Festival, besides marking one more year added to the little girl's small record of years as ordinary birthdays do, represents ancient customs which are a part of all Japanese life, even that of the tiniest little Japanese girl.

For weeks and weeks before March third, the toy-shops are full of dolls and articles that belong to them. In the olden days a special dolls' fair was held yearly in all the leading cities of Japan. Nowadays the department stores have beautiful groups of dolls on view. Besides those displayed

in the toy-shop windows, dolls of every kind are shown in booths built along the streets and decorated with banners and lanterns.

Little girls in America have their dolls for their constant companions and carry their favorites about with them. Little girls in Japan, on the contrary, never play with dolls. They look upon them as treasured possessions whose birthdays they celebrate on March third with their own. During the long year they are carefully laid away to await the next "Hina-matsuri" festival.

You will wonder where and how this curious custom began. Most people believe that it originated in China. Centuries ago, in Northern China, a paper doll was hung above a new-born baby's crib to frighten evil spirits away. The superstition was later brought to Japan. At that time the people made dolls by crossing bamboo sticks and covering them with paper. To these they prayed for the welfare of babies. After a while people forgot the old superstition, but little girls still clung to the dolls for toys.

March third, as the celebration date, makes that story the more likely. It is the day of the snake. This reptile in the zodiac signs is symbolic of misfortune, and on that day people used to rub paper dolls all over their bodies so that the evil spirits would pass from them to the paper images. Then they hastily threw them away. In the last four hundred years, however, March third has no longer been looked upon as the day of evil-bearing snake, but as the day of little girls and their dolls. Only paper dolls were used at first, but about two hundred and fifty years ago, earthen and wooden dolls came into fashion.

On the first dolls' festival after a girl-baby's birth, each relative presents the child with a doll. The collection, started at that time, increases with the gifts of each year until the girl, grown into a young woman, takes her dolls with her to her husband's home, as an American bride takes her silver and linen.



The dolls are always shown on a terraced stand covered with red cloth. This is set up in the general living room or in the children's playroom. The Emperor and Empress, throned in state and gorgeous in brocaded robes, form the center of every set of Hina dolls. They are seated either in a miniature palace or on a platform, and below them attendants are ranged, row upon row. On one side there is always a small cherry-tree in bloom, on the other an orange-tree, just as, from ancient custom, these trees are always placed in the Imperial court. Nearest the Imperial pair there are three ladies in waiting, wearing white silk kimonos and long trailing "hakama" (overcoats) of brilliant red. On the next step musicians are placed and warrior guards with long feathered arrows.

In the collection there is usually an interesting group of three men who represent human life; one has his hand raised toward his eyes as the sign of tears; another is laughing merrily, and the third one is in a towering rage. Somewhere, in the background, is a pair of dolls showing a very old, white-haired couple with peaceful, happy expressions. Beside them stands a pine-tree with a crane on the branches and a tortoise at the base. These are all Japanese symbols of long life. On the lower steps are arranged

dolls of every description according to the means and taste of the owner: Old-time royalty, country girls with flowers or fagots piled upon their heads, a bride, a peddler, a geisha, all are shown with charm and exactness. Then there may be groups of dolls representing some well-known legend, a scene from a drama, perhaps, a fairy story or hero tale, the characters of which are as familiar to the little Japanese children as Cinderella and Red Riding Hood are to us.

Sometimes the children themselves take the parts of Emperor and Empress and court musicians, all seated solemnly on a raised dais beside the terraced dolls' stand, as shown in the picture.

At the foot of the dolls' stand there is placed a great array of toys and food. The



tiny furniture, tableware and miniature dishes, are all finished in black and gold lacquer and sometimes bear the family crest. In the richer homes the crest also may appear on the silk draperies hung in festoons around the festival room, setting off the tiers of dolls which often cover the wall.

The little girls first pay honor to the dolls. They present them with sweets and especially prepared delicacies on little trays and with tea in tiny cups. Then they, in turn, are served a feast of dainty fairy food. The refreshments include real fish, no more than one inch long, bright colored rice cakes, diagonal shaped, and, of course, a bit of the traditional "shiro-zake"—white, thick and sugary wine made of rice and alcohol. The little girls all visit one another on the dolls' festival day, and at every house a miniature court reception is held. Indeed, at these parties, everything is done with great formality, and one must behave exactly as children have been doing for centuries at their dollies' festival.

Mother and grandmother take pleasure equally with the little maidens in the half gay, half ceremonial occasion. Even in the poorest homes the girls and their mothers manage to assemble the household dolls for the humble feast they are able to prepare.

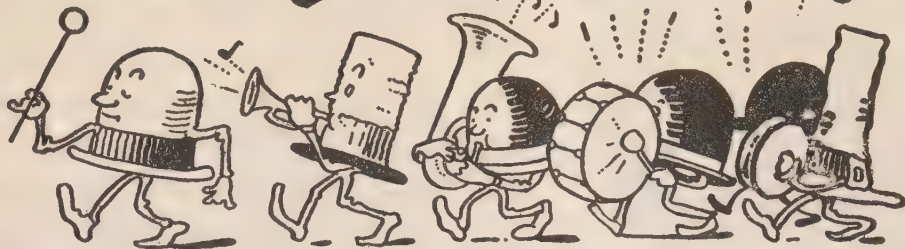
Ladies of aristocratic and wealthy families have collections of dolls which represent their own histories and which are kept with the utmost care. Nowadays many families of ancient lineage are meeting with misfortune and poverty; but the women cling to their Hina dolls, so full of memories of more fortunate times. These dolls have often been handed down from ancestors long since passed away. Such dolls, rare in form and style, are quite impossible to buy in the stores of to-day.

In recent times the Hina dolls have followed new fashions each year. For a while "foreign" dolls were much in demand—that is to say, American and European dolls, with blonde curls, dressed like little girls here with socks and slippers. You can imagine how strange they looked alongside their dark-haired sisters in their gay kimonos. For the last two years, however, carved wooden dolls, whose garments are delicately painted, have been the most fashionable. As another novelty, there are dolls painted on rice paper which have the effect of being embossed.

Little boys, of course, have no part in the Dolls' Festival. Perhaps some day we shall hear about their annual holiday.

MARION LUCEY

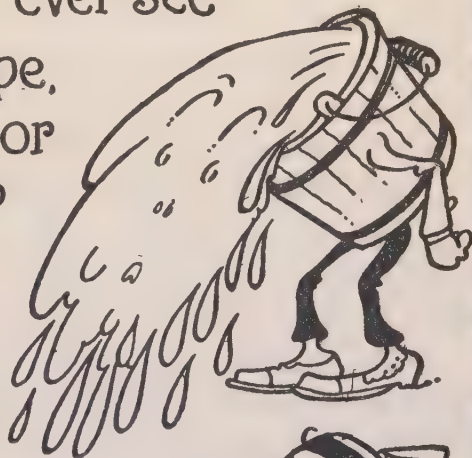
Did you ever~?



Did you ever hear a hat band ?



Did you ever see
a tin type,
or



a water pale?



Did you ever see
a home run ?



EMILY G. GERSON

THE NICEST PLACE



THEY all sat around a big old frog-stool in the meadow. There was Wise Owl, and there was Gray Mousie, and there was Brown Bunny, and there was Yellow Biddy, and there was Red Bird. They were trying to decide a very hard question—what was the *very* nicest place in the world.

You see, when they found it, they were going there to live ever after.

“Well,” began Wise Owl, very wisely.

“Do we really want to find the nicest place in all the world?”

“Yes, indeed,” squeaked Gray Mousie.

“Yes, indeed,” cheeped Yellow Biddy.

“Yes, indeed,” chirped Red Bird, and

“Yes, *indeed*,” said Brown Bunny.

“Then let us begin,” hooted Wise Owl. “Now, Gray Mousie, what do *you* think is the nicest place in the world? Do you know where it is?”

“Yes, indeed,” squeaked Gray Mousie. “It is a lovely little warm hole close to the chimney-place. Puss can never find you there, and it is quite near the pantry where the cheese lives!”

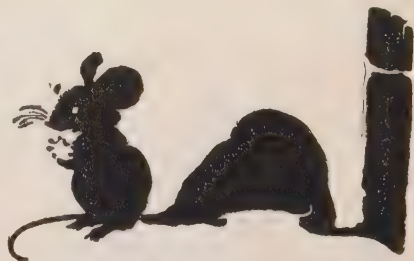
Everybody sniffed at this, but Wise Owl turned to Yellow Biddy, and asked,

“Yellow Biddy, do *you* know what is the nicest place in the world?”

“Yes, indeed,” cheeped Yellow Biddy, “It is under my mother’s big warm wings.”

All the others sniffed still louder at this. “Now, Red Bird,” said Wise Owl, “please tell us what *you* think is the nicest place in the world, so that we may all go there.”

“Yes, indeed,” chirped Red Bird. “That is quite easy. It is a cozy nest up in the



IN THE WORLD

apple tree, so sheltered that the rain can never reach it!"

Every one sniffed louder than ever at this.

"Now, Brown Bunny," continued Wise Owl, "you are the last! Think well, because we are most anxious to know! Where is the nicest place in the world? Can *you* tell us?"



"Yes, indeed," said Brown Bunny eagerly, "It is a deep little hole, under a fallen tree. Oh, but it is snug, and old Fox would never think of looking for me there!"

Oh, how loudly they all sniffed at this!

"Well, well, well!" Old Wise Owl remarked, after thinking for a long time. "Are we quite sure that we really want to know the nicest place in the world so that we may go there to live?"



"Oh! Yes, indeed," squeaked Gray Mousie.

"Yes, indeed," cheeped Yellow Biddy.

"Yes, indeed," chirped Red Bird, and

"Yes, *indeed*," said Brown Bunny.

"The very nicest place in the whole wide world," decided Old Wise Owl, "is *your own home—your very own home*. And so we will all go there and live!"

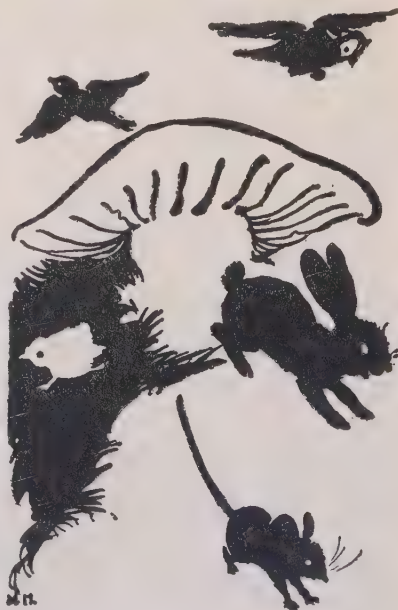
"Yes, indeed," squeaked Gray Mousie.

"Yes, indeed," cheeped Yellow Biddy.

"Yes, indeed," chirped Red Bird, and

"Yes, *indeed*," said Brown Bunny!

ROBERTA SYMMES



HOW SOLOMON GOT HIS SEAL



SOLOMON was very, very glad. Why was Solomon glad? Spring Shower had just given Solomon the nicest kind of bath. It was a shower bath with the water just warm enough and cold enough to make him say: "Oh, I feel so fresh and nice, I'm going to stretch and stretch, so that when Spring Shower comes to give me another bath I shall be ever so much taller."

So that was one reason why Solomon was glad.

And this is the second reason why Solomon was glad. He had such a very pretty new spring suit. You would think Solomon's suit queer. It had no knickerbockers, nor any blouse, nor any big, like-a-man's necktie, nor any buttons-that-get-into-the-wrong-holes. But Solomon didn't think his suit was queer at all. Solomon thought it was an exactly right spring suit, because it was green. It was bright, bright green. Solomon thought it was an exactly right suit, because it was shiny, like-satin shiny, and Solomon thought it was an exactly right suit, because it had such pretty trimming. The trimming was green, too, pale green, and it hung in little balls, two balls together on a fine green thread all up and down the front of what would have been Solomon's blouse if he had had one. The two little balls together swayed back and forth whenever Spring Breeze passed by.

Solomon knew that when he grew bigger and fatter he was going to have some white trimming on what would have been his blouse if he had had one. Spring Shower must have whispered: "By and by the little green balls are going to open at one end, and then there'll be little white balls, two bells together on a fine green thread, that will swing and swing, whenever my Sister, Spring Breeze, passes by."

So Solomon thought his spring suit was an exactly-right suit because it was green, bright green, and it was to be trimmed with bells, two little bells together on a fine green thread.

And Solomon was glad because he knew that he had a treasure of his very own, tucked away safe and sound. He couldn't see it and he couldn't feel it, for it was kept in a big, roomy, dark closet, but he knew that it was there just the same.

What did Solomon have in the big, roomy, dark closet tucked away out of sight that made him glad?



HIS SUIT WAS BRIGHT GREEN TRIMMED
WITH LITTLE BELLS ON A FINE GREEN THREAD



Now the special treasure that was Solomon's very own and that made him so glad was a Seal. It looked like the seal in your father's big ring, the one that makes such pretty figures when you press it into sealing wax. Solomon was very, very proud of his seal, because it was a very nice one and then, too, it was a present from his older brother. Last fall when Solomon's older brother took off *his* spring suit, he found the Seal in the big, roomy, dark closet. And Solomon is very glad he has this Seal, but he is happier still because he is planning a surprise. Next fall when he takes off his spring suit, he is going to leave a present of another seal for another little brother.

That is why Solomon is so glad. Why don't you go and see him in the woods? If you dig in the ground just a little with a stick, you can look at Solomon's Seal in the big, roomy, dark closet.

Every fall the green part of Solomon's Seal, the part that grows above the ground, breaks off, and where it breaks there is a little scar left on the root stalk, down under the ground. This little scar looks just like a seal. If you count *your* Solomon's seals, you will be able to tell *just* how many older brothers *your* Solomon had.

REBECCA DEMING MOORE

INDOOR GAMES *for* LITTLE FOLKS

MOUSE-TRAP

HERE we are all seated around a table just the right size, which means not too large for us all to reach easily to the center. What shall we play?

Mouse-trap, of course, and the very littlest person shall be the first catcher. We will tie a string to the end of a short stick, and make a loop in the end of the string with a loose slip knot.

The littlest person lays the loop flat on the table. This is the trap, and we all put one finger on the table inside the loop. Our fingers are the mice, but we don't expect to have them caught if we can help it.

The littlest person says, "Snap Snap!" At the first "snap" she jerks up the string, and we try to get our fingers out of the way. But none of us must move until the word is called. When she says the second "snap," we hold our fingers wherever they happen to be. If the string is around them it can be pulled tight and we are caught. Every finger caught, and it is caught if it is still inside the string, counts one for the catcher. The littlest person has two more tries, and then the one on the right is the catcher and so on around the table. When all have had their turn, the count is added up, and the one who caught the greatest number may start a new game.

MYRTLE J. TRACHSEL



A KNIGHT OF THE TREES

OH, LOOK at the rainbow bug!" cried Betty as she saw a streak of red, blue, green, and gold running up the trunk of an apple tree. "What is it, Mother? I never saw such a *beauty!*"

"That is a knight in armor, from a foreign land," replied her mother. "His name is Sir Calosoma Sycophanta."

"Is he a friendly bug?" asked Betty.

"Oh, yes, a *very* friendly bug," said her mother. "He came across the sea to kill our enemy, Gipsy Caterpillar, who eats the leaves on the trees. He is a cousin to the handsome Princess Golden Beetle, and a relative of Aunty Junebug, who is so nearsighted that she goes crashing against windows and bumping into people on summer evenings."

"Are all beetles so friendly as Sir Cal?" asked Betty, conveniently shortening the rainbow bug's long name.

"Our large beetles are generally friendly. Many of them are farmers who work the ground. Some are very handsome, but there are small beetles, such as Mrs. Potato Bug and her family, Mr. Elm Beetle and his numerous children, and the Rosebug family, who are enemies of the garden and woods. They eat the potato vines, strip the leaves from the elm trees, and spoil the roses."

"Well, Sir Cal is the most beautiful bug I ever saw," said Betty. "I shall be very careful not to harm him; but the rosebugs and the potato bugs had better beware; for they are pirates and robbers. Not knights at all like my beautiful Sir Cal."

HELEN L. CRAMM



My Hobby Horse

I'll tell you of my Hobby Horse
Godolphin—see he's here.
My word! he gallops, canters, trots;
Will sometimes kick and rear.

The other night I had a dream,
I saw him by my bed:
He stared at me with flashing eye,—
And *how* he tossed his head!

I mounted him and off we flew,
A tip-hoof, oh so light.
Down stairs we galloped gallantly,
Then out into the night.

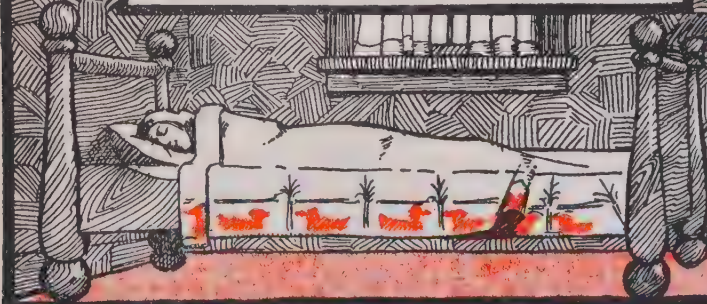
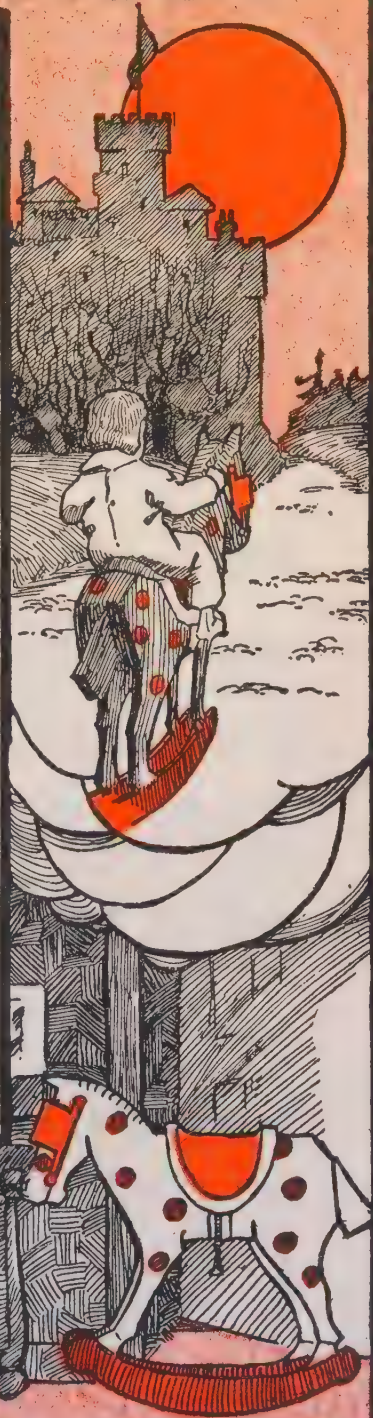
Went racing up the mountain side
And over walls and streams,
Until we clattered proudly
Adown the street of Dreams,

His hoofs were shod with silver,
And diamond nails all 'round.
He grew so tall and splendid,
He was six feet from the ground.

And six King's Daughters fed him,
And combed his golden mane.
And handed me a ladder
When I wished to mount again.

They brought me lemon-sherbet,
'Twas a stirrup-cup, they said.
But as I stooped to take it
He bucked me back to bed.

ELINOR MORDAUNT





Granny Shay

Verse and music by
Louise Ayres Garnett

Chattily

L.H. *f* *mp*

legato

went to call on Gran-ny Shay. I took some honey and some tea, And

said I hoped that she was well. She said she was o-bliged to me. And

that she'd soon be eighty-five And felt as chip-per as could be. And

so to be po-lite I said, "You don't look more than eighty-three."

"Humph!" said Granny Shay to me.

L.H. *f*

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The Twins' Vacation

by

Gertrude MacQuigg Warner

Each one of these Pictures was cut
out of black paper with a
scissors.



On SUNDAY the girlies were dressed in their best,
Their hearts full of joy, their minds quite at rest.
They hurried to Sunday School, both good as gold,
For the six coming days promised wonders untold.



On MONDAY the twins picnicked under the trees,
With a tiny tea table and seats, if you please.
And just as they came to the ice cream and pie,
A big, hungry, wicked old cow made them fly!



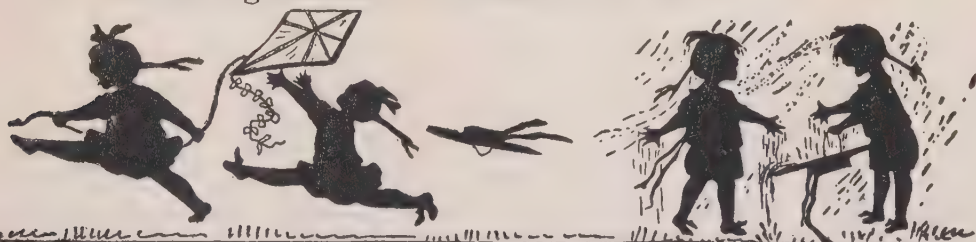
On TUESDAY they fished on the edge of the brook,
With a branch for a rod, and a pin for a hook.
But a spider scared Betsy. She jumped with a scream,
And straightway they both tumbled into the stream.



“It’s WEDNESDAY,” said Peggy. “We’ll stay home to-day,
And swing, oh so high, and with dollies we’ll play.”
And they “worked up” together—the swing flew so high,
They saw the white cloudlets at rest in the sky.



On THURSDAY they romped in the meadow, and found
Some dear little piggies at play on the ground.
The wee piggies squealed when they squeezed them in fun,
Then Mamma Pig came and the twins had to run.



On FRIDAY they carried a very big kite,
Out into the road, where they sent it in flight.
The Wind snatched it up, and tore it in twain,
And out of the clouds, came a downpour of rain.



A sunshiny SATURDAY filled them with glee,
They see-sawed, and laughed, and sang merrily.
The see-saw was old, and what do you think?
It split—and the twins fell, quick as a wink!

The House on the Hill - Giuseppe Verdi

THE
day
was

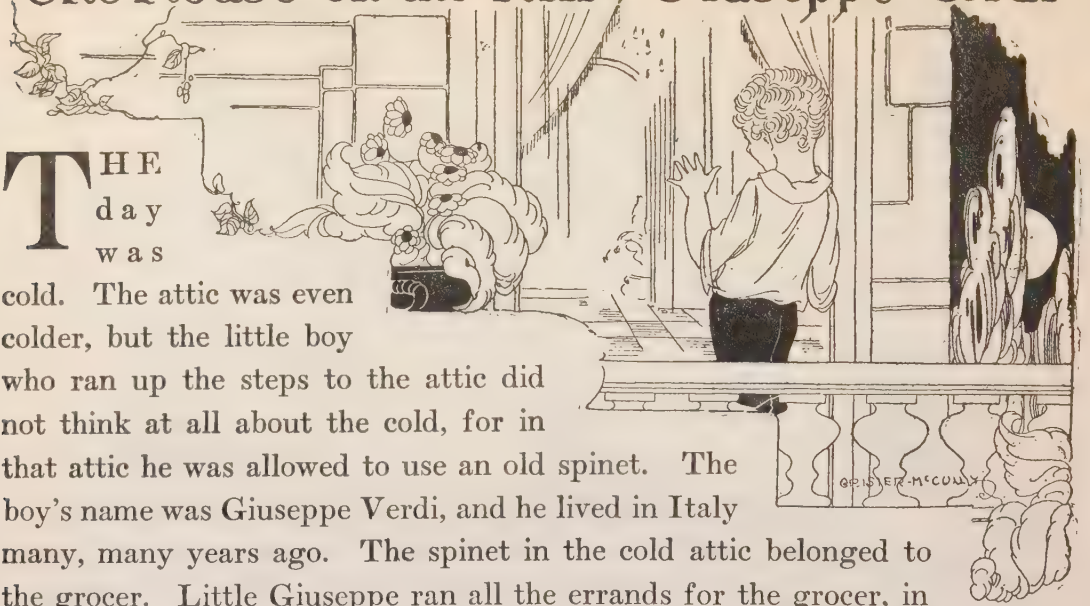
cold. The attic was even colder, but the little boy who ran up the steps to the attic did not think at all about the cold, for in that attic he was allowed to use an old spinet. The boy's name was Giuseppe Verdi, and he lived in Italy many, many years ago. The spinet in the cold attic belonged to the grocer. Little Giuseppe ran all the errands for the grocer, in return for which he was allowed to use that spinet four times a week.

One day, the lad was sent to deliver a very heavy basket. He was trudging along when he heard some music. He made sure it came from the big house on the hill. Then, setting down his basket as quickly as he could, he ran up the hill. "Surely," thought he, "that must be some fairy castle!" He stopped. Then he crept through the half-open gate, and pressing his thin little face against the cold wall, sat there listening, listening.

For a whole week after this experience, he climbed that high hill every evening as soon as his work was over and, crouching behind the stone statues, waited for the strains of the music to come to him.

One evening, the rain was coming down in torrents, and the little bedraggled chap, dripping wet, was waiting for the music, when along came the family coachman. You could not expect the coachman to believe that the little ragged urchin was hiding for no other purpose than to listen to music! Though the little fellow did his best to convince him, the result was a sound whack with the coachman's whip and a command never to return again.

The frightened little lad scampered off just as fast as his short legs could carry him, but the very next evening he quite forgot the coachman



and came back. This time he was rewarded as soon as he arrived, for the strains of music were coming straight to him. He pressed his face, oh! so close to that window-pane. He even forgot to hide behind the stone lion. The friendly moon was smiling down on him, and a million little stars seemed to say: "Be not afraid; the wicked coachman has gone."

Suddenly a hand was laid upon the little lad's shoulder. He jumped. "Oh!" thought he, "the family coachman again." But even as these thoughts were passing through his mind, a kind voice asked, "Do you like music, little fellow?"

For answer he gasped, "I thought you were going to strike me. I love music. Please don't send me away. I don't want to steal anything, really, I don't!"

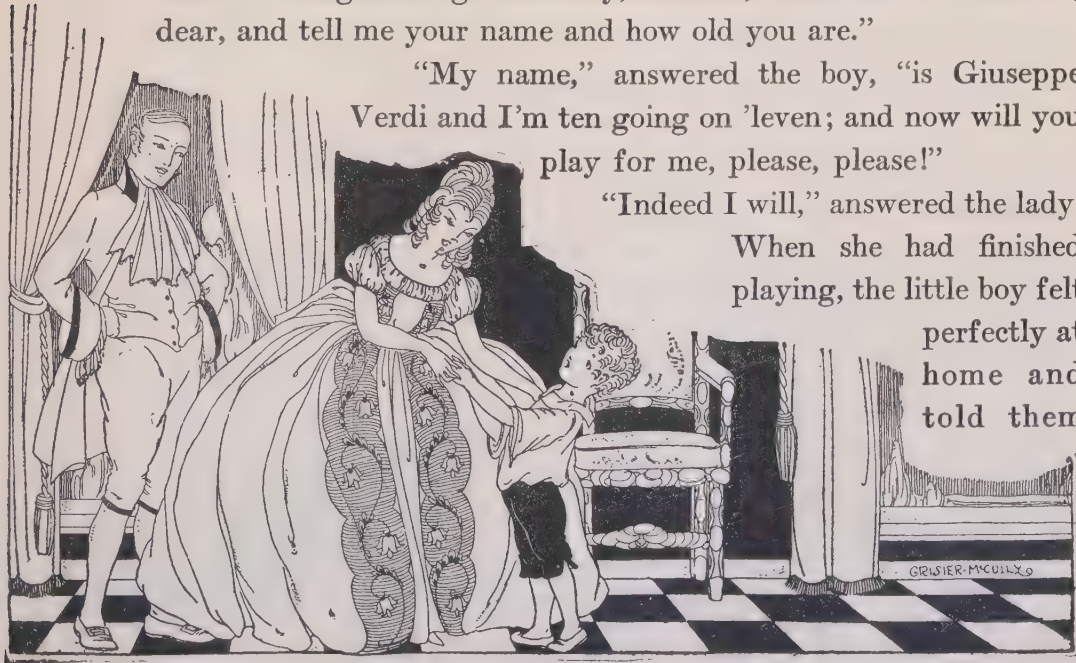
"My dear boy," answered Signor Barezzi (for that was the name of the gentleman), "I didn't think you wanted to take anything except some beautiful melodies, and you may have those." Saying this, he took the lad's little cold hand in his great big warm one and said, "Come." Then the tall, gray-headed, kindly man and the little ragged urchin entered the big house together, the lad holding firmly the hand of his benefactor.

The man opened the door of the music-room, and Signore Barezzi, his daughter, to whose music little Giuseppe had been listening, stepped forward. Seeing the frightened boy, she said, "Come over to the fire, dear, and tell me your name and how old you are."

"My name," answered the boy, "is Giuseppe Verdi and I'm ten going on 'leven; and now will you play for me, please, please!"

"Indeed I will," answered the lady.

When she had finished playing, the little boy felt perfectly at home and told them



all about himself. The kind lady and her father were greatly distressed when they learned about his poverty, and he was invited to come to the big house just as often as he wanted to, and, what is more, to play on that wonderful piano as much as he liked!

Though he had no further use for the grocer's old spinet, he did not forget the man's kindness to him. Soon the grocer's sales were greatly increased, for the Barezzi family became his best customers.

When Verdi reached the age of twelve, he played the organ in the village church. Think of a little twelve-year-old lad playing the church organ!

Many hours daily he practised on the piano at the Barezzi house, and at the age of seventeen was so far advanced that Signor Barezzi secured a scholarship for him at the conservatory in Milan. When he arrived there, however, the masters did not understand his genius, and much to his disappointment, he was not accepted as a pupil.

His homecoming discouraged him greatly, but the people in the village of Busseto, where he lived, believed in their young musician. He was appointed church organist and given a salary. Imagine, forty dollars a year! But he thought this quite sufficient to marry on, and soon thereafter wedded the daughter of the grocer.

Some years later he wrote an opera. It was accepted, and Verdi and his wife packed their scanty belongings and started off for Milan to be there for the first production. It was a total failure.

After years and years of struggle and poverty, poverty even greater than he had known when he was a little ragged urchin, Verdi was at last recognized.

He worked continually and knew that success would come to him some day, as it did. Fortunately he lived to enjoy it, and to be hailed the world over as one of Italy's greatest composers.

ELSIE JEAN



FUN TO DO

COSTLY toys are soon forgotten,
Laid upon the shelves,
While we're having endless fun
With those we make ourselves.



THE T. D. LADY

A WHITE clay pipe, a T. D., used to cost two American cents. Perhaps it costs more now, but it won't be much. The best use for a T. D., or for any other pipe, is to make it pose as a dainty lady. You will need the largest spool you can find, one on which linen or packing thread comes. Insert the pipe-stem into the spool, making it stand upright. With your paints, make features on the pipe bowl—eyes blue with dark brows, and a scarlet cheek on each side of the long “nose” of the pipe. The most fun comes now in dressing milady.

Fold a paper napkin in two, but not exactly in the middle, letting one edge fall below the other to make a double border. Hang this fold on narrow baby-ribbon and gather it, tying a bow under madam's chin. Tie another ribbon around the waist. The spool and pipe-stem are now covered. Fold another paper napkin from corner to corner, but not exactly in the middle, letting the corners form two lines. Drape this around the bowl of the pipe, or lady's head, making it look like a hood with her face peeping out. Tie another ribbon around the neck, allowing a bow to hang in front like bonnet strings. The border of the shawl, or cape, should hang below the waist-line.

If you have no paper napkins, use crepe paper, but have the skirt and shawl of different colors. Any bright tape or cord may be used instead of ribbon. A bottle dressed in this way makes a striking lady. The bottle will stand alone without a spool. A dark bottle makes an Indian Maid.

LILLIAN LORING TROTT

SOMETHING

TO PAINT
TO LEARN



"I WONDER if they like it—being trees?
I suppose they do.
It must feel so good to have the ground so flat,
And feel yourself stand straight up like that.
So stiff in the middle, and then branch at ease,
Big boughs that arch, small ones that bend and
blow,
And all these fringy leaves that flutter so,
You'd think they'd break off at the lower end
When the wind fills them, and their great heads
bend.
But when you think of all the roots they drop,
As much at bottom as there is at top,
A double tree, widespread in earth and air,
Like a reflection in the water there."
—"Tree Feelings," by Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

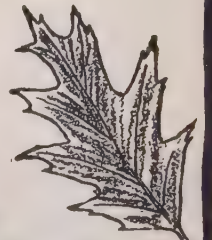


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HERE are some trees and leaves to paint. Paint the trees green and the trunks brown. Then study their shapes so you will know the trees and leaves by name, whenever you see them.



WHITE OAK LEAF
AND ACORN.



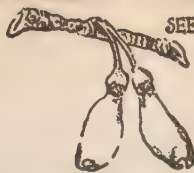
RED OAK LEAF
AND ACORN



We have fifty different Oaks, while England has only one native kind. The White Oak is the noblest one we have. The leaves are scalloped and the acorns fall every year. The Red Oak leaves are pointed and the acorns fall every two years.



ELM TREE



SEEDS AND LEAF
of the ELM



There are many kinds of Elm but nearly all have the same graceful vaselike shape. The chief pride of many cities are their beautiful arched Elms. They grow everywhere east of the Rockies.

There are a half hundred different Maples but all have five pointed leaves and pretty winged seeds. From Hard or Rock Maple comes Maple Sugar. Curley and Birds Eye Maple are just a freak of growth.



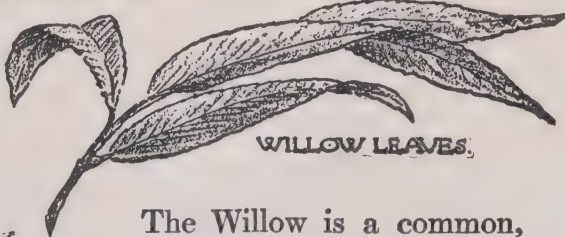
MAPLE LEAF
AND SEEDS



MAPLE
TREE

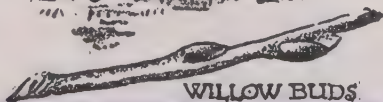


WILLOW
TREE

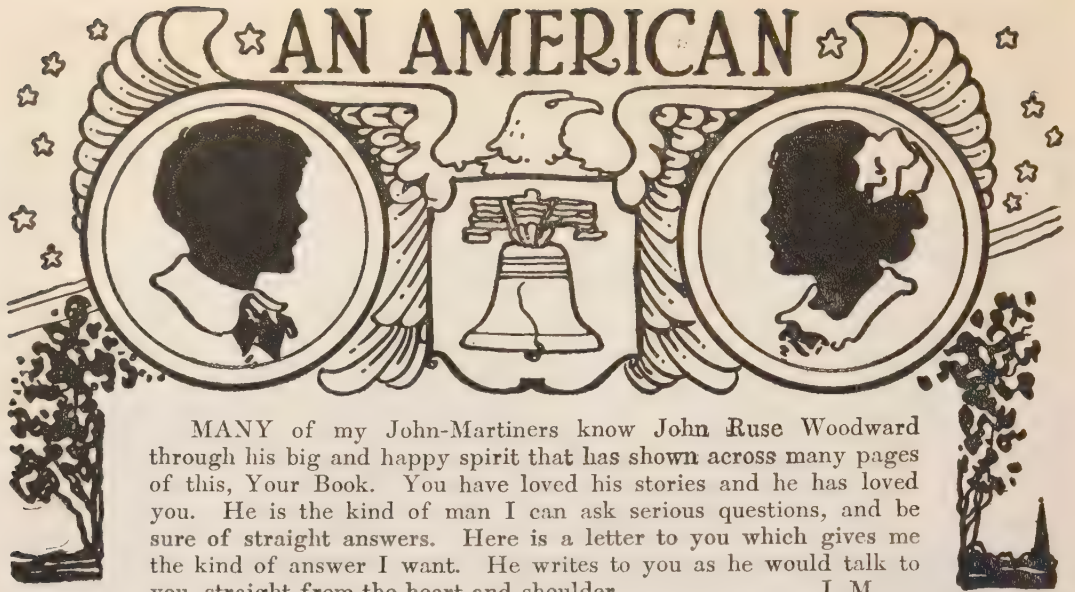


WILLOW LEAVES

The Willow is a common, easily grown tree that is found from the Equator to the Arctic Circle. It likes marshy places and streams. Its graceful drooping or "weeping" makes it the emblem of mourning.



WILLOW BUDS



Little Partners:

What does the word *American* mean?

Who are the really truly Americans?

John Martin asked me those two questions not long ago. At first I laughed. The answer seemed very simple. Then he said,

“No, seriously. I want you to tell my John-Martiners what kind of boy or girl a **TRUE AMERICAN** is.”

Then I began to think. The answer was not so simple as I supposed, but I decided that an American was made up of many fine traits of character bravely blended into fine manhood and womanhood.

In the first place, I believe every real American boy or girl is a good sport through and through, at heart clean, and always fair, generous, and kind. He will not impose upon any one or upon anything. If you would impose upon the weak you are not a **TRUE AMERICAN**. Your “insides” are not American. It is what our “insides” are that counts, if we would be truly American all over, and all the time.

Down my street I have a little friend. His name is David, and like another David he is a good sport from his toes to his cap button. He calls me his “Big Bud,” and he is an *honest-to-goodness little American*.

But, how, you may ask, do I know that he is an American **INSIDE**? I will tell you.

The other day I saw three boys at play. One of them was David. I shall call one of them Sneaky, because he was all of that. Another boy I shall call Sam; he was a very little, tar-black negro boy.

Well, some men had been at work upon the telephone cable in the street. There were some scraps of iron lying about. The iron had been heated ever so hot, but it did not look so. David and Sneaky knew that it was hot, but Sam did not.

Sneaky said, "Sam, let's see you pick up that piece of iron."

Good-natured little Sam, laughing till his white teeth shone from ear to ear, stooped and started to pick up the piece of iron, but David, quick as light, jumped and struck Sam's arm away.

"Don't pick that up, Sam!" said David. "It will burn you. Don't touch it!"

For a moment Sam did not believe him and he said, "How do *you* know?" David got a can of water from a nearby hydrant.

"Look, Sam," said David. And he slowly poured a little water on the piece of iron. Of course, it sizzled like a hot stove lid!

David was a good sport. He did not want to see Sam burn his hand. He could not be mean or cruel. He would not impose upon one weaker than himself, nor would he allow another to do so. He is a **TRUE AMERICAN** at heart; a good, fair, clean little *man*, brave and kind in thought and deed.

There you are! That is exactly what the word *American* stands for, *fairness, bravery, and kindness*. Every boy and girl with these fine traits is, of course, the kind that loves his God, reveres his flag, and honors his Father and Mother. And all this he is, from inside to outside of every bit of him.

As for me, with friends like David and you John-Martiners, who are doing your best to be **TRUE AMERICANS**, I will do my best to be one, and *your* "Big Bud" to boot.

Loyally yours,

JOHN RUSE WOODWARD





FLYING SPIDERS

SWARMS of baby spiders were climbing over each other, running around and around, up and down grass blades, and over and under sticks and stones. Now and then they would approach their mother who sat, half asleep, in the middle of her newly woven web.

But, "Away with you! Away with you! you silly spiderlets. Go and find houses for yourselves," was all the spider mother would say. Indeed this mother didn't even know that these spiderlets were her own children; for, you see, most spiders lay their eggs, cover them over carefully to protect them, then go away, forgetting all about them.

Poor little spiderlets! A hard time they would have if it were not for Mother Nature who broods over the whole world and takes care of all the babies that ever were—from spiderlets to boys and girls.

"Listen to me!" said Mother Nature again in her still, small voice. "Listen to me! You have come out from your cocoons, you have learned to run about; it is time, now, for you to think about homes for yourselves."

"Yes, yes," said the spiderlets, beginning to run hither and thither. "Where shall we make them?"

"Not here," answered Mother Nature, "not here. Too many spiders in this garden already. Find homes for yourselves in distant fields."

"Oh! but our legs are so short; must we travel very far?" asked one very tiny spiderlet.

"But you need not travel on foot," whispered Mother Nature. "You must learn to float in the air. For one day only you shall be 'flying spiders' in order to find new homes."

"Shall we fly like the birds and bees?" asked the orphan babies.

"Somewhat like the birds and bees," answered Mother Nature; and she whispered to them a wonderful spider secret—so wonderful that every spiderlet stood breathless, listening.

Then the spiderlets began, one and all, to climb up the garden fence or up the stalks of tall plants. All at once the strangest thing happened: every spider seemed to try to stand on her head. Her eight feet she planted firmly; then she lifted up her body, as if to make a hand spring, but instead, her spinnerets began to work. From the first threads each spider built a basket for herself and out floated one silken thread, then another—far, far out behind. The spiderlet that had dreaded to travel on foot was the first to let down a drag-line from a branch.

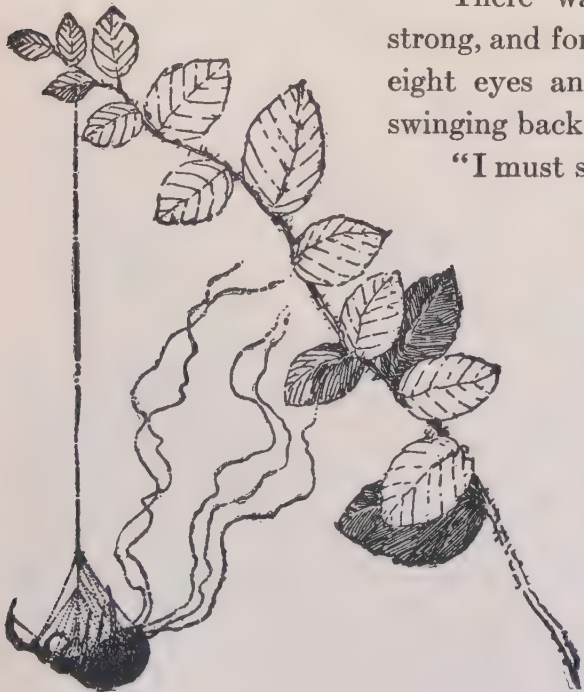


There was a delightful breeze, not too strong, and for a time the spiderlet closed up her eight eyes and gave herself up to the joy of swinging back and forth on her silken thread.

"I must spin out my sails," said the spiderlet. "It is long past noon; in a few hours the sun will be going down; it will be chilly, and dark, too, and it is better for spiderlets to fly in the warm sunshine."

"The air, too, has a way of standing still when we least expect it," said a nearby spider, "and we cannot fly when there is no wind."

"Let us, then, make sails while the sun shines!" said a third spiderlet.



So every spider, the sleepy one and all, set to work in good earnest to spin silken threads. Each spiderlet had spools of silk hidden away in her spinning room inside her fat little body, and it was not long before the air was filled with silken banners.

One foolish little spider threw out only a few trial lines; and when the breezes lifted her a little way from the branch from which she swung, ready, as she hoped, to fly, over she went, down, down toward the ground. Indeed, had she been anything but a spider she would have fallen; but spiders never fall; and so spiderlike, quick as a flash, she threw out a thread which caught upon a neighboring bough and held herself in midair.

Several spiders had climbed upon a fence instead of upon a branch, for they knew, every one of these wise little spiderlets, that it would be much easier to float away from a high and open place than from the grasses among which until now they had run about.

The spiderlets on the fence tried, too, to stand upon their heads; at least, so it seemed, but soon from their spinnerets the silken banners began to float and these the spiders unfurled by kicking at them with their hindmost legs.

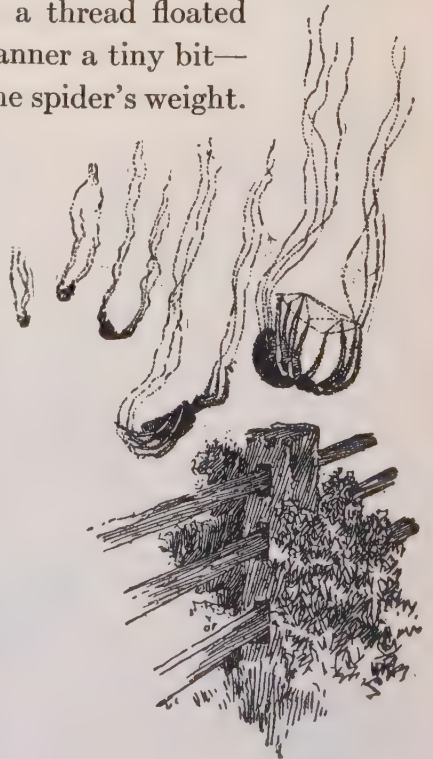
The autumn breezes were on the watch for Mother Nature had sent them to help the spiderlets; and every time a thread floated out from a spinner, the breezes lifted the banner a tiny bit—testing it, as it were, to be sure it would bear the spider's weight.

"One more thread, busy little spinners," said the breezes. "One more—just one more." And the spinners spun another thread.

"Now let go!" whispered the breezes. "Let go, now, now, now." And away floated the spiderlets, up, up into the warm sunshine, and off across the fields.

One little spiderlet had the misfortune to catch her threads upon a burr and had to stop and spin her sails all over again.

Another flew across the face of a child who was riding along a woody road. "What was that?" asked the child, "it felt like a spider web." But the horse trotted straight



along and the child never knew that a frightened little spider scurried down the side of the carriage, climbed a fence and spun a set of new sails for herself.

By and by the breezes began to die down; and the first thing the spiders knew they were dropping, dropping and a great sheet of water lay directly below. The spiders threw up their legs as if to spring; but there was nothing to spring upon. Their next impulse was to throw out a drag line; but there was nothing to which they could fasten a drag line.

Then the kindly breezes whispered: "Don't be frightened, little spiderlets; we'll carry you safely down; there is nothing to fear. All you have to do is to draw in your threads—reef your sails—and drop lightly."

The spiders obeyed, and, what do you think! When they reached the waters they were welcomed by hundreds of little spiderlets who had already dropped upon the waters and were sailing along, their silken banners now serving as sails.

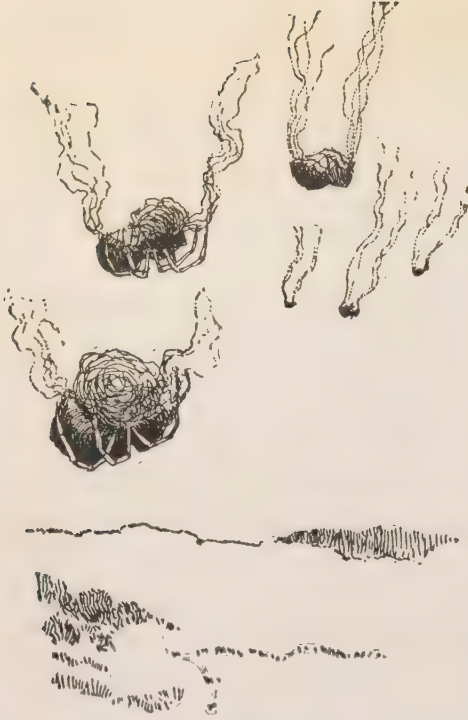
"Such fun to sail over the waters!" they cried. "Come, sail us across the waters to the opposite bank. There are broad fields to run about in, broad flat stones to hide beneath, stalks to climb, and best of all, swarms of mosquitoes to feed upon.

So the spiders settled down upon the waters, their sails flying, and away they floated, guided still by the kindly breezes.

In the air above fliers were still floating, guided by the same breezes toward the opposite bank of the pond; and just as the sun was sinking behind the hills, sailors, fliers, and all reached the bank, their new home, their Promised Land!

The sailors kicked off their sails, crawled up the bank, scurried across the fields and were soon busy feeding upon the mosquitoes which they loved so well.





In the air above, fliers were still moving toward the bank.

"Time to get back to earth!" said the kindly breezes.

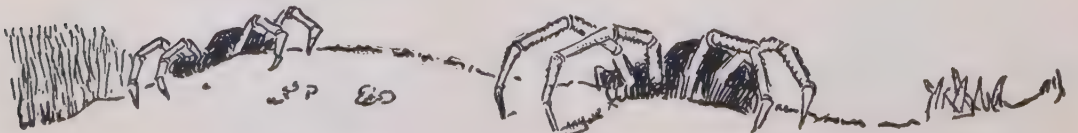
"Yes," answered the fliers, "we have had a glorious afternoon, but we are a little tired and very hungry and shall be glad to drop down to earth again."

So they, too, began to reef their sails. Stretching out one leg after another they seized the threads—carefully, slowly, lest they lighten ballast too rapidly. At last, every thread reefed, the fliers dropped to earth, looking for all the world like little balls of snarled up silken threads.

You may be sure it took these spiders only a moment to kick away their now useless sails, to straighten out their legs and scurry away to the swampy place where mosquitoes swarmed and sang, inviting them, all unknowingly, to supper.

So the spiders ate and ate; then they built webs for themselves; and, as time went on the newcomers made the acquaintance of many other spiders who had come to this field to live. There were house spiders from the old shack near the bank; there were handsome little autumn spiders who knew how to build staircases; there were water spiders who lived for most part beneath the waters of the pond; there were jumping spiders who built no homes at all for themselves but lived by their wits; and many, many other kinds of spiders, for believe me, little readers, the spiders are very wonderful people, and they have wonderful stories to tell to any boy or girl who will take the pains to watch them and to listen to them.

ELEANOR REJOICE MOREY.



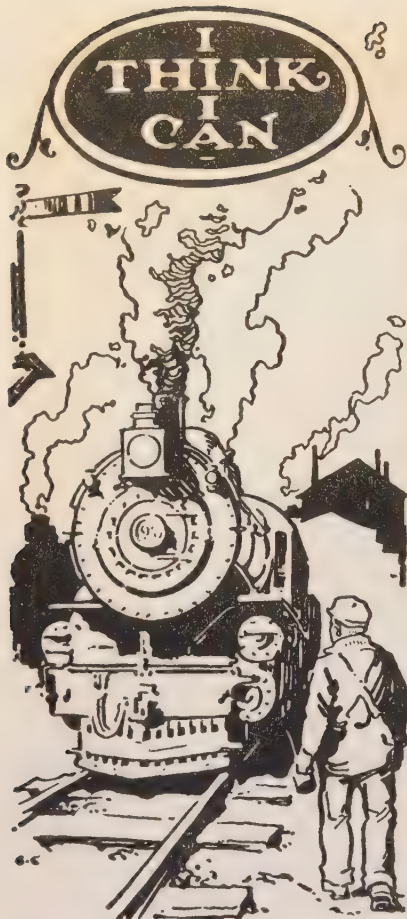
I've often thought

I'm very glad I do not have
To eat like old Giraffe ~



It might be quite uncomfortable,
Perhaps my friends would laugh.





THE old choo-choo train was loafing in the yards one cold morning, waiting for the engineer to take her out. She was grouchy and didn't want to get up and start that morning, just like little boys and girls sometimes, early in the day when their eyes first open. She grumbled to herself as she heard the engineer say that it was nearly time to start.

"Can't be done. Can't be done. Can't be done," she drawled, just like this,—*"C-a-n-t—b-e—d-o-n-e—"*

But the engineer whistled and went merrily on his way getting ready to take the engine out. Before long she was fired up, and the cars hitched on; the bell jangled, and the conductor shouted, "All aboard." The train pulled out slowly from beneath the shed, the old engine still grumbling, *"C-a-n-t—b-e—d-o-n-e, c-a-n-t—b-e—done—"* but all the time quickening her pace as she pulled. She was soon chugging along. In a minute her tune had changed and she was singing double time, "Can be done, can be done, can be done," until, right on time, she pulled into the next station. As she caught her breath, she gasped, "Thought I could, thought I could, thought I could."

If you don't believe this story, just listen the very next time you get on the choo-choo train and see if she doesn't say, at first, *"C-a-n-t—b-e—d-o-ne, c-a-n-t—b-e—d-o-n-e,"* and then, a little faster, *"C-a-n-t—b-e—d-o-n-e—, c-a-n-t—b-e—d-o-n-e—, c-a-n-t—b-e—d-o-n-e—,"* and finally see if she doesn't sing out "Can-be-done, can-be-done, can-be-done," as merrily as you please. Then, as you puff into the station and the old engine catches her breath, just listen to her satisfied murmur, "Thought-I-could, thought-I-could, thought-I-could."

If you ever once hear her talk like this, you'll hear it ever after when you take a trip on the train.

JOHN PEELE.



MY first is in sweet but not in sour;
My second's in minute but not in hour;
My third is in ice-cream but not in cake;
My fourth is in river and also in lake.
My whole is something that ever flies,
Yet has no wings. Guess, if you're wise.

(TIME)

HARRY HOFHEIMER

A SING-SONG ALPHA - BET (a)

A is for  so rosy and red

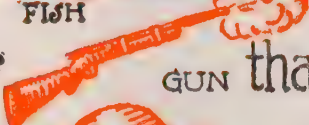
B is for  asleep in a bed

C is for  how big his back feels

D is for  who kicks up his heels

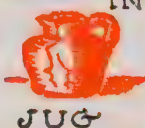
E is for  O, how he can squirm.

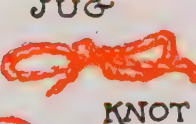
F is for  who is fond of a worm

G is for  that shoots off some lead

H is for  somewhat large for a Head

I is for  that is mussy and black

J is for  that is likely to crack

K is for  to tie things up tight

L is for  his nippers can bite

M is for  who plays foolish tricks

N is for  made of feathers and sticks
NEST

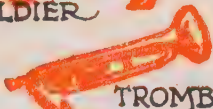
O is for  so round and so yellow
ORANGE

P is for  an untidy old fellow
PIG

Q is a  in a jar on a shelf
QUINCE

R is a  quite proud of himself
ROOSTER

S is a  too small for his boots
SOLDIER

T is a  with terrible toots
TROMBONE

U is a  proud of *one* horn
UNICORN

V is a  sure as you're born
VEGETABLE

W is a  with a toe that he licks
WOLF

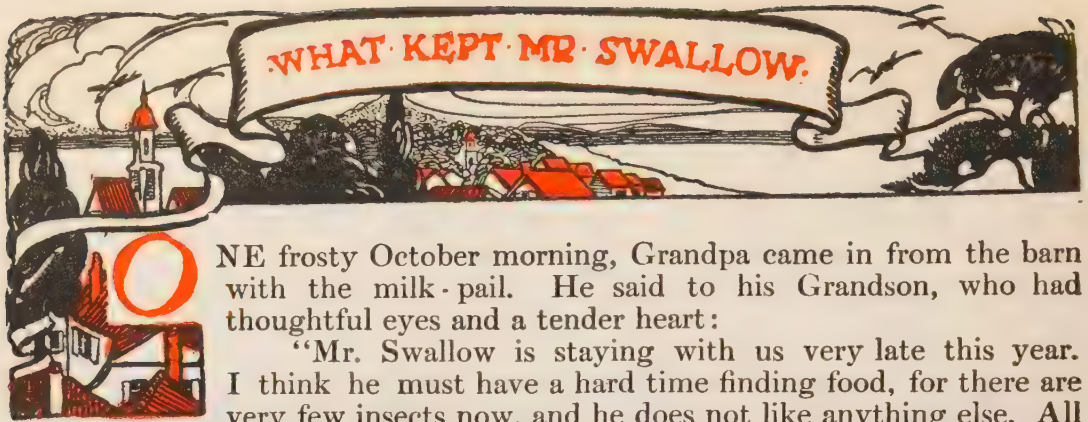
X is a **LETTER** as cross  as two sticks

Y is for **YOU**, Dear, as everyone knows

Z is for  with his stripes all in rows.
ZEBRA

©, dear! I had a terrible time

Inventing all that Alphabet Rhyme. JM ♡



ONE frosty October morning, Grandpa came in from the barn with the milk-pail. He said to his Grandson, who had thoughtful eyes and a tender heart:

"Mr. Swallow is staying with us very late this year. I think he must have a hard time finding food, for there are very few insects now, and he does not like anything else. All the other swallows flew South last month; even Mrs. Swallow seems to have gone. I wonder what keeps him!"

The Little Boy had watched Mr. and Mrs. Swallow all Summer as they wheeled and flashed in the sunshine and flew in and out of the little window in the top of the barn, to their funny mud-nest on one of the beams. Little Boy had climbed up to see the strange little mud-nest lined with soft feathers, while Mr. and Mrs. Swallow were away getting their dinners. He had seen too, the little speckled eggs; again he had climbed up to look at the baby swallows just out of their shells, but he had not touched or frightened them. His heart was too kind to let him trouble his little twittering friends. How busily and merrily they had chattered all through the long, bright days with their many neighbors who, like themselves, had chosen a beam in the barn as the best place to build their homes upon. But now it was quiet except for the faint twitter of the one bird, who still darted back and forth to its nest and then quickly out again.

The days were growing short; the evenings and early mornings were frosty. Down by the brook the butternuts and hickorynuts were dropping among the dry leaves on the ground for Little Boy to pick up. The squirrels were busy hiding away their share of nuts for winter, and the men were gathering the apples, and corn, and big, yellow pumpkins from the orchard and fields. It must be very lonesome for Mr. Swallow, Little Boy thought, and he decided to climb up to the nest to see if anything was there.

It was great fun scrambling up on the mass of sweet hay that came clear up to the little window in the gable of the barn. Very quietly he peered into the nest, and then gave a soft whistle of surprise. Mr. Swallow flew in just then and began to wheel about and chatter in a very excited manner—and no wonder,



There in the nest, held fast by a horse-hair caught about her leg and foot, was poor Mrs. Swallow, a *prisoner*. She looked up with bright, pleading eyes and gave a little twitter as if to say:

"Please help me, dear Little Boy." So of course the Little Boy did help her.

Very gently he loosened the stout, tough hair. Mrs. Swallow twittered a sweet little "*Thank you,*" and rose from the nest to greet Mr. Swallow, who was hovering and chattering near. For a second or two, they wheeled about the old barn; then together, they darted out of the window and spreading their wings for a joyous flight, they went flashing away into the blue and gold October sky, to join their friends in the South.

"He was a *good* Mr. Swallow," said Little Boy, as he told his Grandfather all about it. "He didn't want to leave Mrs. Swallow. He had to stay to comfort and feed her because *he* couldn't make her free. I will always love him."

"Yes, he was a good and true little Mate," replied Grandpa, "*good mates—playmates*, always stand by each other in trouble, don't they, Dear Boy!"

RUTH M. MILLER



GENEROSITY

IT'S easy to be a *generous* Child
When we have lots more than we need;
But giving away when
We've *little* to give, then
Makes us generous children indeed.



M. R. F.
JOHNSON



ONCE upon a time, in a very beautiful house called Ye Bodye, lived a busy and well organized company called the Manne family. It was composed of a great many members, each one having some specific work to do, which was usually done very well indeed.

Juleye and Jeneye, two sisters, sat, each near a window, and told to the others all the things they saw. Jimmyyear and Johnnyear were two urchins who perched themselves, one on either side of the house, and beat their little drums as hard as they could to warn the rest when danger threatened. Mr. Knose was stationed just over the Lip Gate to see that all the food that passed into the house was sweet and clean. Good natured old John Stumic was the cook and prepared the food and served it to all the family. Bobby Tung was a restless fellow who lived in a little room

just back of the Lip Gate. His chief duty was to carry food to John Stumic after it was ground up by a busy lot of Little Millers who sat in two semi-circular rows, and ground all the food for the whole big family.

This family was so large that there were telephone lines connecting the different members, and Sara Bellum and her assistants sat up at central and were kept busy all day answering calls and making connections.

At the top of the house was



Mother Brain-ard, who was the head of the household. Two of the busiest members of the family seemed to have no special duty, but just performed the tasks that no one else seemed to want to do. They were the Hand Sisters.

The trouble began when Mr. Knose began to complain of the bad odor that came from the Lip Gate every time it was opened.

"What's the matter in there?" inquired he of the Little Millers.

"Well, you see," said they, "we are all covered with the grist we have to grind, and we can't get it off, and it spoils and becomes most unpleasant in here."

"Why don't you clean it off?" asked Mr. Knose.

"We can't, all alone," said the Little Millers. So they kept grinding and grinding, and Bobby Tung kept grabbing the grist and throwing it down to John Stumic.

"Hold on," cried the Little Millers, "we haven't half finished that lot."

"Can't wait," said Bobby Tung, "I'm in a great hurry." So, only half ground, down to the cook it went. Bobby Tung was always jumping about and getting into trouble, and

if there were any misunderstandings with the neighbors, Bobby Tung was usually at the bottom of it. Perhaps if he hadn't been so busy chattering, he would have had more time for the little Millers.

"Hold on," said John Stumic, "that grist isn't well ground, and it's all mixed up with left-over matter from other grindings. How do you expect me to keep you people strong on such food as that?"

"Can't help it," said the Little Millers, "we do the best *we* can." So old John served what was given him and good-naturedly did the best he could.





By and by one Little Miller began to complain of a pain in his side. He telephoned to Mother Brain-ard that part of a grist he'd helped grind three or four days before was lodged down between himself and his next door neighbor, where it had begun to spoil and was making his side sore. That night there was a dreadful time over it. The Little Miller cried and cried and kept telephoning for help all over the house, so nobody had any sleep that night.

"We'll have to see the Surgeon-Dentist," said Mother Brain-ard.

So away to the Surgeon-Dentist they went. "Dear, dear," said he, "what trouble you are in! That sore on this Little Miller's side will eat in and eat in until the Little Miller is dead unless it is cut out. Why, what's all this on your sides and back," he asked of the Little Millers.

"That's the remains of the grists we've been grinding," said they.

"My, my, how it smells!" said the Surgeon-Dentist.

"I told 'em so," said Mr. Knose.

"I objected to it," said good-natured John Stumic.

"We don't like it either," said the Little Millers, "but what can we do about it?"

"Why, haven't you any servants?" said the Surgeon-Dentist.

"Yes, two good ones," said they. "Hands are very willing."

"Why haven't they cleaned you up, then?" said the Surgeon-Dentist.

"We didn't know we had to," exclaimed the Hands who had been listening. "We are perfectly willing if you will show us how."

"Very well," said the Surgeon-Dentist. "After each grinding you must scrub the remains of the grist all off the Little Millers with a good stiff brush dipped in a good powder or paste, rubbing the brush up and down, as well as crosswise, and across their tops. You must not fail in this for it is most important."

"All right," said the Hands, "we'll do that. What next?"

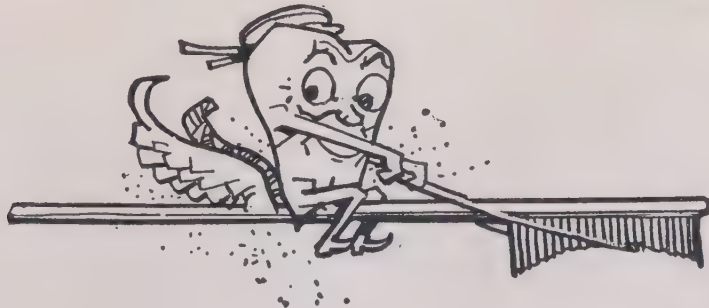
"Then," said the Surgeon-Dentist, "you must pass a good floss down into the spaces between the Little Millers to remove any remains of the grists that may be between them, for it is just that which makes these sores come in their sides, and gives you all so much trouble. Now I shall have to cut this sore and put in a patch just as you put a patch in a coat when it is torn. The coat is never so good afterwards, and this Little Miller will be a cripple all his life."

"That's better than being taken out, with nothing but a hole where I ought to be," said the Little Miller.

"Yes," said the Surgeon-Dentist, "and if the Hand Sisters will faithfully do their duty by you, Little Millers, none of the rest of you need have any sores. But, for fear you may miss some of this left-over grist matter, you must all come over to see me frequently, and I will clean you all up and care for you so you will be safe and need never have any more such trouble."

"Thank you," said Mother Brain-ard, "I think I have learned something, too." And they all went back and lived happy, healthy, and clean ever afterward.

BURT ABELL.
(by permission)





ANN ANT.

ANN ANT was a nice, perky little Ant. Rather fat as the Ant family goes. Ann Ant lived in a very big garden. The garden had an enormous wall around it. The wall was of red brick. It was as high as the sky—to Ann. The garden was the world—to Ann. Ann had walked. Ann had run. Ann had climbed in it, but there were miles, Ant's miles, she had never seen.

Ann Ant loved playing in the garden with all the other Ant children. Red Ant, Black Ant, and the rest. There was never any lack of children to play with in the Ant family.

The garden world was different from the real world. Rather nicer in some ways. There was candy always at the Candy-tufts, and there was always snowballing in summer. The Ants could never tell when they might be hit. The snowballs were always running away from their bush.

Ann had lived a very jolly Ant life until, one day, she made up her small Ant mind to go to housekeeping.

She had had a poor sleep. Miss Fly had gone to bed in the same Poppy. To be sure, there was plenty of room for both Ann Ant and Miss Fly, for it was a big Poppy. But Miss Fly buzzed a good deal about her new flying machine before she went to sleep.

Ann felt that she needed her own room. Her own little Ant bedroom.

Usually she chose for her bedroom a flower, the color of the sunset. Sometimes a glorious golden cloud made her tuck herself into a Marigold, or a purple one into a big Aster.

Last night the sunset was a deep rosy pink. The Poppy had just matched it. It was a beautiful Poppy. Still, Miss Fly! She couldn't say, "Fly away," for it really wasn't her Poppy.

Sometimes a Crocus had to do.



She must have a bedroom of her own.

She thought of a Wallflower. Of course, a Wallflower would have a wall. But even if the Beetle family couldn't get over the wall, Miss Fly could come flying in, and the Bees.



"Dear me," said Ann, "they would hum worse than Miss Fly buzzes."

The Wallflower would not do.

Then she thought of the Pink Rose Bush. A Rose is so cuddly for an Ant. A Rose would close its petals anytime she asked it, if she saw the Bees or Miss Fly coming.

Ann went to the top of the Pink Rose bush every Sunday morning. There was always a drop of dew in a Rose petal on top. As Ann said, week days she could take a bath in almost any flower. A very decent bath could be had in a Syringa blossom. A perfumed bath, too.

Even a Buttercup made a good tub. Sometimes, when she was in a hurry, a Crocus had to do.

But Sunday was different. "A Rose petal for me on Sunday," said Ann.

So up she went, a scratchy bit of grass for a bath towel in one feeler. A bathing cap made of rubber plant in the other. Ann did hate to wet her hair.

Every Rose loved to see Ann coming; she brought all the news. All the way up, the Roses bent over and blushed for joy. The Leaves got in her way to make the climbing easier. They thought there never was a nicer, fatter little Ant than Ann.

When she got to the top, she would first sit down on the edge of her Rose petal tub, as perky as you please. Ann always had been a perky Ant.

it was a long climb.



Then she would lay the grass towel on the edge, away from the drop of dew. The very pinkest petal always saved the dew for her. Lastly, she would fold her feelers and begin.

"Forty-nine Marigold children bloomed this week," all the Roses would nod their heads.

"The Pansies had their faces washed on Saturday," all the Roses waved on their stems.

"I had tea," said Ann, "at the Tea-Roses on Tuesday," and so it would go.

There was always news in the garden. Still, Ann was always tired by the time her bath was over. It was a very long climb for a very small Ant. She always had to crawl into another Rose for a nap. The Rose would close its petals around her. Then Ann would go sound asleep and dream of the Lilac's breath and the sweetness of Heliotrope. This did very well for once a week, but for every day!

If she lived up the Pink Rose Bush she must bring the news. Then, too, there was food. Ann was a hungry Ant. Quite fat for the Ant family. She must eat as well as sleep. Think of tugging the marketing up the Pink Rose Bush every morning. Ann was all worn out just thinking about it. The Pink Rose Bush would not make a good bedroom.

Ann Ant's heart beat very hard. She went over and sat on a velvet Heart's-Ease. Her poor little heart always felt easier on a Heart's-Ease.

the beetles went by



What should she do! She must have a bedroom. Miss Fly's buzzing filled her ears, tears filled her eyes, and a cobweb handkerchief filled her feelers.

Where could Ann Ant sleep? Ann felt sleepy then. If she only had a bedroom, she would go to sleep now. She was as sleepy as sleepy could be.

The Beetles went by. The Heart's-Ease was too public a place to go to sleep in.

The Bees hummed by. No, she could not sleep here.

Miss Fly buzzed a buzzy, "Halloa," from her flying machine.

"I shall not be a fat and perky Ant very long," thought Ann, "if this keeps on." The Black Ants went by. Going home to go to sleep, thought Ann.

Along came the Red Ants. Naps, thought Ann. And then Ann Ant thought the biggest Ant thought of all her little Ant life.

"Where do the Black Ants sleep?" thought she.

"Where do the Red Ants sleep?" thought Ann.

She jumped off the Heart's-Ease. She hurried down the garden path.

Ann Ant was going to her bedroom. She had thought a large Ant thought.

"Where," said Ann Ant, "should an Ant live except in an Ant Hill?"

PAULINE STODDARD HOWARD.



The Twin Pines Birthday



YOU know the Make-Believe Fairy, don't you? She is a very wonderful fairy indeed, for through her magic little boys like you have great adventures. Hasn't she taught you how to become an Indian war chief, a brave soldier or an Indian Princess? Listen! She's whispering to you now. Shut your eyes a moment,—now open them quickly! Don't you remember your visit to the Forest, and isn't this what

happened?

You were in a great Forest that spreads for miles over the mountains, except where men have cut down the big trees and made cabins out of the logs, and cleared the land and planted grain so that their wives and babies could have food and a home. Beside walked Fairy Make-believe, but of course you could not see her. All about you were the forest folk; the Sugar Pine trees and their close friends, the Yellow Pines, the feathery Spruces that have been gathered into groups as if talking over family matters, the giant Cedars, so velvety and beautiful that you wanted to rub your cheek against the flossy branches, and—

Just then a tiny squirrel skipped across your path.

"Hurry up, hurry up!" he called to you.

"Oh, wait a minute. Where are you going?" you begged.

He paused a moment, waving his big tail, then he leaped into a tree, and swirled around its trunk so quickly that it made you dizzy. He laid his tail over his little back and ran out on a slender branch right over your head.

"Look out! You'll fall," you told him, and just to show you how spritely he was, he turned a somersault and landed on your shoulder, his sharp claws making you jump.

"Hurry!" he screamed, tickling your ear with his fluffy tail.

"Where?" you demanded.

"Don't you know?" said Mr. Squirrel in surprise. "It's the Birthday of the Twin Pines. Now run along."

As you hurried down the path, Mr. Squirrel chattered so fast it tired you trying to understand all the things he had to say.

"How old are they?" you asked.

"A thousand years."

"A thousand years!" You stopped short.

"Oh, how many birthdays!"



"Yes," agreed Mr. Squirrel, pinching you until you started running once more. "I live in the branches of Father Pine. Mrs. Squirrel is busy to-day burying nuts for the winter, and we always plant a few in memory of the Twin Pines' birthday."

"Why do you do that?" you asked.

"Because a grandfather of mine planted the Twin Pines."

"He must have been a great, great grandfather," you said.

Mr. Squirrel sputtered to you: "Why, if you said great-great-great from now until you were a hundred years old, you couldn't say how great a grandfather he was!"

You were getting rather weary by this time.

"How far is it?" you gasped.

"To the top of the mountain. Can't you hurry?"

At that he sprang from your shoulder without so much as a good-bye and bounced down the path, now on his haunches, now on his head, chat-



tering as he went. When he had gone, you stood still to get your breath.

"Look up," said a little Pine against which you leaned; "you can see our Father and Mother."

And you looked up as the little Pine told you to and saw the most wonderful trees in the world. They were so tall that it seemed as if the sky must rest on their crests, and so close that the branches between them over-lapped, just as if they were holding hands, and perhaps they were, for they loved each other very dearly. Their outer limbs spread far over the tops of the young trees at their feet; in fact it seemed as if their arms were outstretched in blessing over all the earth. You knew which was Father Pine because he was the taller, and his trunk was so straight it was like the mast of a great ship built for giants.

You scrambled up the rest of the way so fast that, when you reached the top, you stumbled over the ankle of Mother Pine and fell flat among her fallen needles; but they didn't hurt like ordinary needles, for they were soft and springy and sweet-smelling.

Mother Pine sighed and fanned you gently.

"Come into my arms," she said, and her voice was like the sleepy sound of gently splashing water.

"No," said Father Pine, "here is the seat for a man-child." And so you climbed to his first low branch, and from that to another and to yet another, where at last you cuddled close to his great trunk, just a wee bit frightened, because you were so far from the ground; but Mother Pine held an arm before you so you knew you couldn't fall. You felt very much at home there between them, and all at once you remembered that you had often listened to their voices carried right into your own house by the wind.

Very soon you heard all sorts of queer little noises, churrings and chirpings, and, before you could say "Pillillooeet!" (which is How-do-you-do, in squirrel language), there were hundreds of squirrels all about you, flashing from branch to branch, their bright eyes shining, and their beautiful tails saying things just as your dog's tail does. And many of them scampered up the Twin Pines, stirring the needles until Mother Pine sang softly with delight, and Father Pine told where his choicest cones hung. These cones looked like pineapples to you, and there were a great number of them in the branches around you. At top speed the squirrels cut them off, letting them drop to the ground, stripping each branch as they went.

"Hello!" said a shrill voice at your side and there was your old friend, Mr. Squirrel.

"Where's Mrs. Squirrel?" you asked.

He pointed along the branch and there she was cutting off one of Father Pine's cones, that was over twice as large as the little lady herself. When it dropped to the ground she turned to you with a flip of her tail, as much as to say: "See what a wonderful squirrel I am!" Almost flying to the ground, she grasped the big cone with both hands, and, moving backwards, dragged it upon the instep of Father Pine, where she settled herself comfortably and proceeded to pull off the scales one by one, getting out the seeds which she ate with great enjoyment. You pulled one off and tried to pry the scales away, but they wouldn't budge and the cone was very sticky.

"Let me help you," laughed Mr. Squirrel, and with his sharp teeth he cut off the scales and there, under each, were two nuts, spotted purple like a bird's egg. You tasted them and they were very sweet and good to eat.

Then Mr. Squirrel hastened away to join his friends, who were on the ground collecting all the nuts, working like little farmers and not saying a word. Some of them scampered away storing the nuts to eat in winter, and you saw many hiding them under stumps and old logs, and in holes in the ground which they covered hurriedly. And oh, how goody-good everything smelled, even the squirrels themselves.

"That is what they were doing a thousand years ago," said Father Pine, "and two tiny seedlings out of many, many others lived through the long, hard years, and, to the forest folk, became Father and Mother Pine."

After a while all the squirrels stopped their work and climbed up into the branches of the Twin Pines, and you loved everyone, for they were the dearest, brightest, happiest creatures you had ever seen. They leaped from branch to branch just as birds do.

A tiny wind rustled among the branches, and Father and Mother Pine began to sing very softly, and it was a song of thanks to the squirrels for tucking their seeds into the good brown earth, so that some day they would grow into tall, beautiful trees to make the whole world glad.

"I must go now," you said, for the squirrels were putting their babies to bed. "I'm coming again very soon. Good-bye, dear Father and Mother Pine."

"Good-bye," chirped Mr. Squirrel sleepily. He was stretched out on the branch beside you with a fur robe spread neatly over him. He jumped to his feet to wave to you and you discovered that his nice, warm bedspread was only his fluffy tail, which he was using as all the other squirrels use their tails at night, to keep him warm.

Mother Pine patted you on the cheek and Father Pine helped you down from your snuggle-perch.

As you walked slowly home through the forest with Fairy Make-Believe at your side, you were very happy, for you could hear the song of the Twin Pines, and when you turned for a good-bye look, you saw two bright little stars playing hide-and-seek among their topmost branches.

GERTRUDE MCQUIGG WARNER.



Why Were We Babies So Long?



DONALD was visiting Aunt May when Father sent him a letter with wonderful news in it.

"You have a little brother. He is a May Day baby. There are some new May Day kittens in the barn, too."

That was the letter. Of course Donald was happy and excited. He wanted to go home at once to play with his new brother and the kittens.

When Donald did get home, he was disappointed in them all. Dreadfully disappointed!

Baby Brother lay with his eyes shut most of the time. His funny little fists made Donald think of claws, and there wasn't any hair on his head. Only a downy, brown fuzz.

The baby kittens had their eyes shut *all* the time. They were such squirming, awkward things that Donald did not like them one bit.

In another week, how different they were! In a month Donald and the kittens were having the jolliest times you can think of. But Baby Brother was still a helpless, sleepy little baby.

When another May Day came, the four kittens were grown-up cats. They seemed as wise as Mother Tabby. They could catch mice and do anything she did. Little Brother was just beginning to walk alone.

Donald loved Little Brother dearly, but sometimes he wished he had a brother that could run races and play ball with him.

"I think people babies are very slow!" said Donald.

His mother smiled. "Human folk are babies longer than kittens or puppy dogs. Do you know why?"

Donald shook his head.

"Babyhood and childhood are the great learning times of life. Father and I are learning new things every day. Even your great-grandpa learns. But we all learned much more when we were baby's age and your age.

"That was when we found out the first wonderful facts about the world and about ourselves. It would be a long list if we should write down all the things Baby Brother knows now.

"He has learned far more in the year than the kitties have. They can take care of themselves and *do* more things than he can. But Baby understands and remembers a great many things that no cat can ever know. They are important things, too, yet we are right in saying he is only a baby, beginning to learn.

"Even the wisest of cats can know so much less than a child that it can learn everything in a year. Indeed, a cat really learns very little; it does most things by instinct, not from teaching or finding out by itself.

"The dog and horse are what we call higher animals, so they take longer to grow up. Even they have reached their full growth and have learned most of what they will ever know by the time they are your age. Any animal is grown up while a boy or girl of the same years is still small and childish."

While they talked, Baby Brother had been playing on the floor. Now he climbed up by a chair and came toddling to Donald.

"Dood Donnie!" he said. His soft, warm arms hugged Donald's neck. His little hand patted Donald's cheek. His blue eyes were two stars of love and joy.

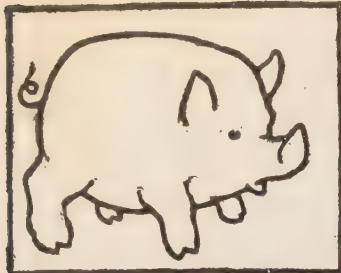
Donald hugged back. He looked up at his mother with awe. "Babies are the most wonderful things in the world!" he said.

"Of course they are!" Mother laughed and caught both her boys up in her arms.

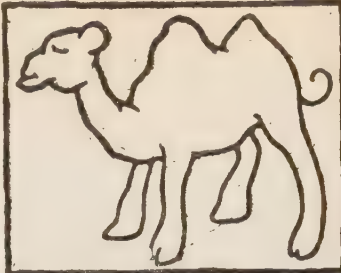
M. S. STOVER.



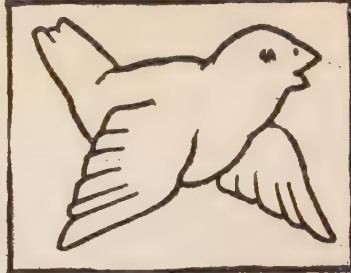
THIS IS NATURAL HISTORY



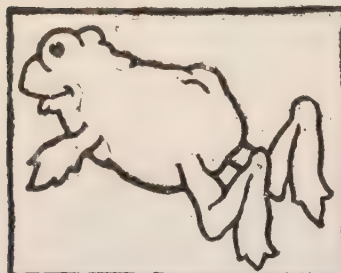
*Cows have
horns*



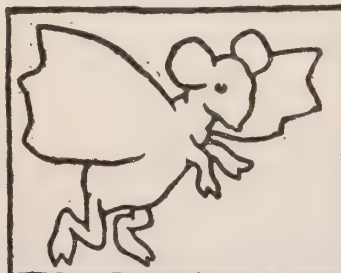
*and fish
have none*



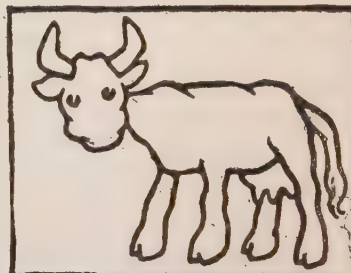
*Puppies like to
bark and run*



*Diggies
dig*



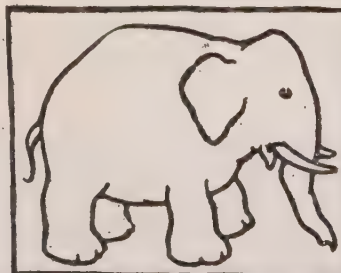
*and monkey's
climb*



*Bees are busy
all the time*



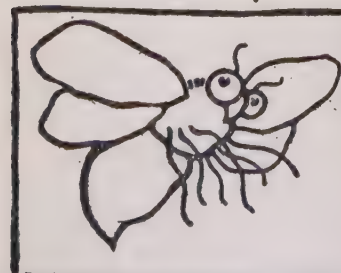
*Bunnies
hop*



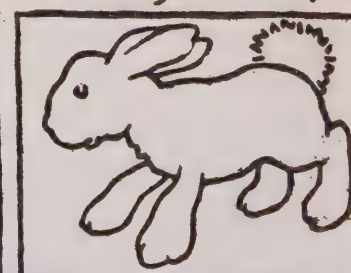
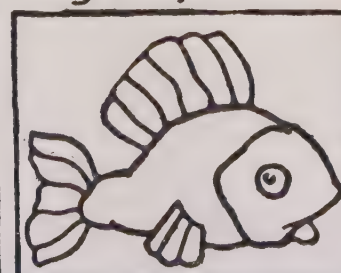
*and froggy
jumps*



*Camel has two
funny humps*



*Birds can fly
so can the bat*



*Elephant is
big and fat*



A RIDDLE

IF YOU judge by our whiteness and hardness alone,
You might take us for fragments of crystalline stone;
But plunge us in water, and what will ensue?
We shall pass out of sight—a thing stone would not do.
Yet, though we completely escape from your eyes,
By means of your taste you may still recognize
Our presence; for when we have vanished from view,
You will find we have sweetened the water for you.

HENRY JOHNSTON

Ans.—Lumps of Sugar.



CINNAMON

MAVIS was camping with her father and mother. What fun it was! First, Daddy had found a good place for the camp and put up the tent. Then Mother had made a cinnamon cake for supper and put it down near the little brook to cool.

The cake had been there only a few minutes when along came a little brown bear. Suddenly he stood still. Sniff, sniff! What was that delicious smell? Where was it coming from? He poked his nose through an opening in the bushes. Then his fat little body squeezed through. There was the warm cake. How good it was, and what a feast for a little bear! When he scrambled back through the bushes not even a crumb was left.

When supper was ready, Mother sent Mavis to get the cake. Of course, there was no cake to be seen. All Mavis could find was the empty pan. She ran back to the tent crying. Cinnamon cake was her favorite, and she had counted on having it for supper. Mother was very much surprised and puzzled when she saw the empty pan. But she said, "There, there, dear, don't cry! We'll make another cake to-morrow."

The next day Mother baked another cinnamon cake. Mavis thought it looked even better than the first one. This time they put the cake just outside the tent to cool. Mother and Mavis went inside to peel the potatoes for supper.

In a few minutes along came the little brown bear again. He was feeling very hungry and thinking of the delicious warm cinnamon cakes that grew in this place. He turned the corner of the tent, and—sniff, sniff! Yes, there was another cake almost under his nose. He tugged and pushed. Presently there was a little brown bear down behind the

BEARS *and* CAKES

bushes near the brook gobbling cake. He didn't stop till he had eaten every crumb.

When supper was ready, Mavis went out to get the cake, but again there wasn't any. Mavis looked all around the tent but she couldn't find even the pan.

The next day Daddy and Mother and Mavis all went fishing. While they were away, along came the little brown bear again, feeling very, very hungry. Of course, he expected to find another nice warm cinnamon cake waiting for him. But no cake could he find. He wandered into the tent, and then—sniff, sniff! There was that same delicious smell, only it seemed to come from a small round can on the table. He knocked the can off on the ground, and after much nosing and pawing, off came the lid. In went the hungry bear's little nose. In a few minutes he had eaten every speck of the spicy brown powder in the can. But when he tried to get his nose out, he couldn't. It was stuck hard and fast. Poor little brown bear! In a rage, he kicked and rolled and cried. But his kicking and rolling only made the can stick the tighter.

When Daddy and Mother and Mavis came home from fishing, they found a soft brown ball, crying and rolling on the ground, with the cinnamon can on its nose. How they did laugh at the sight! Then Daddy took hold of the brown ball, Mother took hold of the can, and they both pulled. Off came the can.

Mavis took the scared little bear in her arms and hugged him. "Now I know who has been eating our cake," she said laughingly. "It's a dear little cinnamon bear."

BESSIE M. MILLER





THE TABLE and the CHAIR



SAID the Table to the Chair,
"You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk;
Pray let us take the air,"
Said the Table to the Chair.

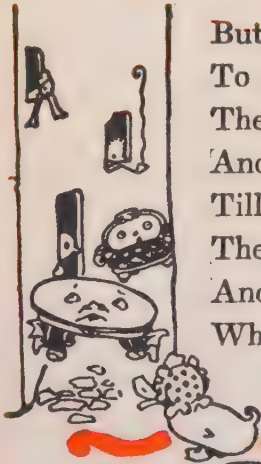


Said the Chair unto the Table,
"Now, you *know* we are not able.
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we *cannot* walk!"
Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try.
I've as many legs as you.
Why can't we walk on two?"

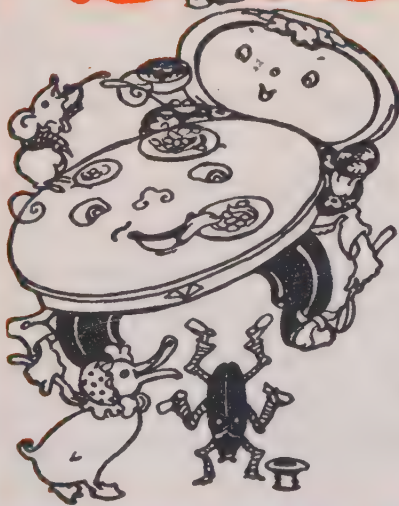
So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful bumpy sound
As they toddled round and round;
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
"See! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!"



But in going down an alley
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.



Harwell



Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we've taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon."
So the Ducky and the Leetle
Brownny-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.

EDWARD LEAR



WHEN you and the little folk next door come out on the seventeenth day of March wearing a silken shamrock or a bit of green ribbon, do you wonder why so many people, of so many different lands and customs, all

seem happy to wear the bit of green that commemorates good St. Patrick? Well, as often happens, when one person is remembered by hundreds and thousands of other people and a day is set aside to his memory, it is because of the happiness he left upon earth during his visit here.

In the last half of the fifth century (and that means about 472 years after the birth of our Christ) St. Patrick was born—not in Ireland, as you might suppose—but in Scotland. He was a very industrious lad and even in his childhood commanded the respect of his elders by good, kind thoughts. But, his very industry brought him into trouble for, at the age of sixteen, he was captured by pirates who frequented the vicinity. Noting his untiring energy for work, they thought that they could use him to help them, so they put him aboard their ship and took him up in the mountains of Antrim to tend swine. This was not a very pleasant task for Patrick, but it gave him many long hours to plan what he would do when he could gain his freedom.

As soon as he escaped from captivity, he began a study of the gospel of Christ, and when this education was completed, he devoted his life to the teaching of this beautiful new religion to the heathen who inhabited Ireland. Before his coming, the Irish people had believed in fairies of the air and woods and water, and many of their superstitions about the miraculous changes which these fairies brought about were transferred by the ingenious St. Patrick to the saints and teachers of the new religion to which he was so devoted.

There is a legend that St. Patrick held always in his hand a staff topped with the symbol of the Trinity—the trefoil or shamrock. At this

time (so the legend tells) the Irish were greatly bothered with snakes which not only destroyed their crops but poisoned their people. In order to prove the miraculous power of the religion which he taught, St. Patrick beat with his trefoil-topped stick upon a drum. This sent all the snakes hurrying into the sea, and they never again appeared in Ireland. That is why (so some people say) there are no snakes in Ireland, why the shamrock is held so dear by Irish people, and why it has become the symbol of St. Patrick.

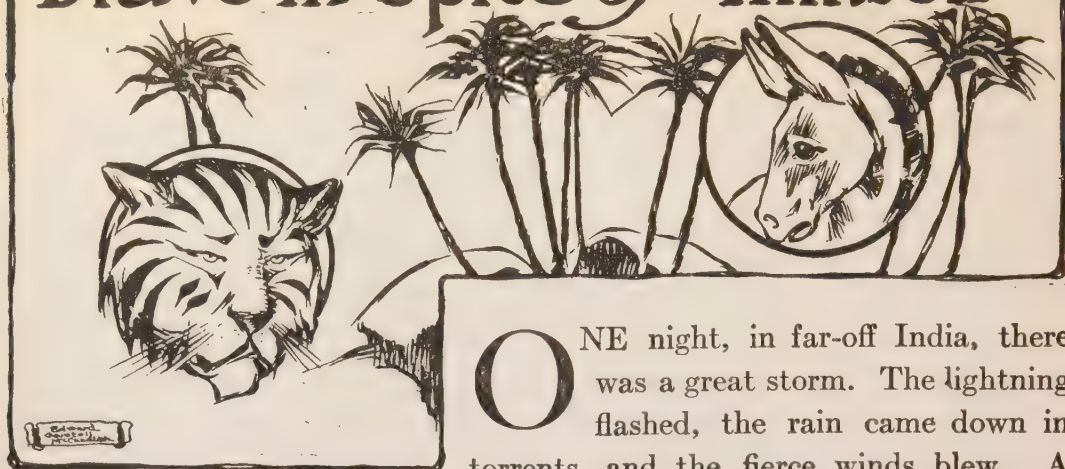


A party given on St. Patrick's day should be very jolly and very full of the spirit of kindness which St. Patrick felt for all the world. If it is a warm March, when the pussy-willows and the little green, peeping buds of the lilacs have ventured forth, it would be nice to have a party out of doors. The lads and lassies of Ireland have their St. Patrick's day sports and dances on the wide lawns of farms that are just showing green, or in the woods where, in the olden time, druids and elves played tricky games under their sheltering oaks.

If you are near the country or even near a city park where birds and little wild animals live, it would be both wise and good, and a great deal of fun besides, to feed them on this day. With nuts and crumbs in your pockets, find the first venturesome birds and the little grey and brown squirrels, just a little thin and hungry after the long winter, and see how eagerly they will greet you. To plant a row of shamrocks, which you can buy in tiny pots, in a window box or on the edge of the lawn, is believed to bring happiness and good luck to the people who live in the house, for the trefoil is supposed to carry with it not only the blessing of St. Patrick, but also of God and His angels. And then besides, you too want to remember St. Patrick because he had the courage to preach a religion that helped to civilize a great number of people and teach them right from wrong.

SHIRLEY WARE

Brave in Spite of Himself



ONE night, in far-off India, there was a great storm. The lightning flashed, the rain came down in torrents, and the fierce winds blew. A poor tiger, caught in the storm, crouched near the wall of a dilapidated old house for shelter.

In the same town there was a laundryman named Baghwann Dass. He had an old donkey which used to carry clothes to his customers. This night, when Baghwann Dass went out to feed his donkey, he discovered that the beast had run away. He needed him badly, so there was nothing to do but to go and look for him. He staggered along the muddy road, through the terrible storm, and before he had gone far, a flash of lightning showed him an animal crouching up against an old house. Thinking it was his lost donkey, he went up to it and gave it a beating, crying out,

"Wretched creature! Thankless brute! Is this the way you serve me? I have looked everywhere for you, and am drenched to the skin. Come home with me now, or I'll beat you again!" Terrified by the storm, the tiger allowed Baghwann Dass to drive him home and tie him up in the stable. Then Baghwann Dass went to bed.

The next morning, his wife went to the stable and was horrified to find a fierce-looking tiger there instead of the donkey. She hurried back to the house, and waking her husband, asked him,

"What in the world did you bring back last night?"

"Why, our wretched donkey, of course," answered the unsuspecting man.

"Come and look at your donkey, then," she said. And they went to



the stable. Baghwann Dass was astonished and horrified to see the tiger lying there, but as he was tied securely and could do no harm, Baghwann Dass soon began to be very proud of having caught such a beast.

In the course of a few hours, every one in the village knew that the laundryman had brought home a tiger. All the neighbors came running to him and asked eagerly,

“How did you manage to catch that big tiger? How on earth did you tie him up? Didn’t he hurt you?” The whole day was spent in answering their questions. After seeing the wonder for themselves, the prominent men of the village sent word to the prince that there was in his kingdom a man so brave that he could catch a tiger without a single weapon.

Surprised at this, the prince went down to the village to see the laundryman and his tiger for himself. As usual, his whole court followed him. When the prince inquired about the tiger, the neighbors said that he had caused great terror in the neighborhood, and they had never been able to catch him. Then the prince made Baghwann Dass a general, because he was so brave, and because he had done a great service to the village.

Some time after this, the prince of the neighboring country declared war on Prince Rabundra, and his counsellors, greatly frightened told him that the army was small, and they had no brave leader. Then up spoke one and said,

“Sometime ago, your majesty appointed a brave laundryman as gen-



eral. Why don't you make him the leader now, and send him out against the enemy? He can surely defeat the foe, when he played with a tiger as if it were a mere cat!" The ruler was pleased at this proposal, and sent for Baghwann Dass.

"Now, everything depends upon you," said the king to him. "If you cannot defeat the enemy, we are lost." Baghwann Dass was bewildered, but he said, coolly enough,

"First let me go out alone and see the size and strength of the enemy's army." The king thought that a wise step, and so Baghwann Dass went home.

"What shall I do?" he said to his wife. "I am desperate. The king has commanded me to lead the army against the enemy. I had to say, yes, for fear I should lose my head. And the worst of it is, the king is going to send a horse for me to ride, and I have never ridden one in my life. I don't know what I shall do!"

The next morning, a splendid charger waited at the door. He was so spirited and restless that Baghwann Dass was filled with terror at the sight of him.

"How am I ever going to manage him?" he cried in despair.

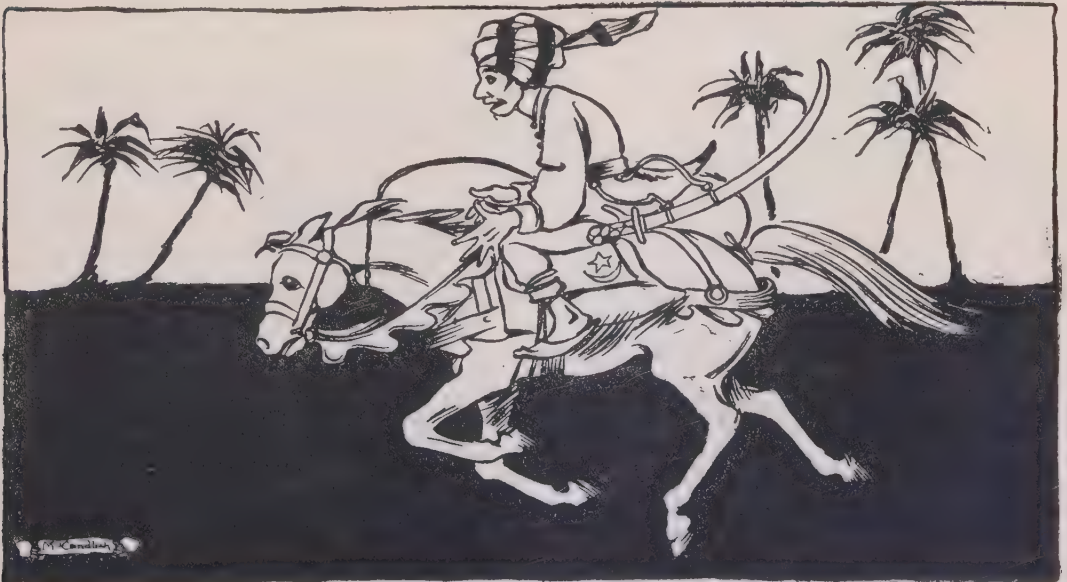
"Don't worry," said his wife. "If you will only leap upon the horse's back, I will tie you on him securely with ropes. Then you can begin your journey after nightfall, and no one will notice that you are fastened to the

horse's back." So, after dusk, they led the horse to a quiet place, and Baghwann Dass started to mount. But the horse was so tall that the poor man had a most difficult time getting up on him. He jumped and jumped, but each time he landed wrong, or slipped off, and by the time he was fairly on, the horse was champing his bits and acting very wild.

"Quick, quick, dear wife!" cried Baghwann Dass. "I am trembling with fear. I am going to fall!" His wife hurriedly tied his feet together under the horse, and then she tied a rope around his waist and fastened one end about the horse's neck and the other about his tail. This was all she had time to do, for the horse was rearing furiously, and, pulling himself loose from the tree to which he was hitched, he galloped madly off.

"Dear, dear wife!" called Baghwann Dass frantically, as they dashed away. "You have forgotten to tie my hands together. What shall I do with them?"

"Hold on to the neck of the horse," she called back—and Baghwann Dass disappeared from sight. All night the horse galloped wildly through the forests, over hills and dales, but he could not rid himself of Baghwann Dass. When the morning came, Baghwann Dass saw that he was nearing the camp of the enemy, and a new terror filled his heart. Suppose the horse should drag him right into the middle of the enemy's army? He put up his arms and caught hold of the next low branch he passed under. But the horse was going so fast, and, in his fright, Baghwann Dass held on so



securely, that between them they pulled the tree up by its roots, and it came dragging along behind, the branches waving in the air.

Nearer and nearer they came to the enemy's camp. The drowsy sentinels saw them coming and were filled with terror. They ran through the sleeping camp, crying that the enemy, with wild trees as their weapons, was coming to attack them.

The frightened soldiers hurried to the king's tent and set up a loud clamor.

"We can fight only with men. Our enemies aren't men—they're giants. See them coming there, with wild trees as their armor! We can't fight them." So they took to their heels as fast as they could. All the king could do was to scribble a note, pin it to the flap of his tent, and follow his terrified soldiers.

When the horse reached the camp, he was so tired that he dropped on the ground, and Baghwann Dass, whose ropes had long since become loose, slid off, unconscious. When he came to himself, he saw signs of confusion all about him, and hobbling up to one of the tents, he found the letter addressed to the king. Then he knew the army had fled. So he went home very happily, leading the horse behind him.

When he got home, he sent a messenger to the king, saying he would come to court the next morning and tell him how the enemy's army had fled. He sent the horse back to the king by the messenger. "Because," he said to his wife, "if I don't *send* him back, I shall have to ride him, and the very thought makes me shudder."

The next morning when he went to the palace, everybody thought he was a very modest man to be walking instead of riding his splendid charger. The king was more pleased with him than ever. He gave him a great house and many horses. But though Baghwann Dass lived to be a very old man, he never rode again. And the people said, "See Baghwann Dass, the modest in heart, who having great wealth and many horses, walks with the poor.

A. J. APPASAMY.



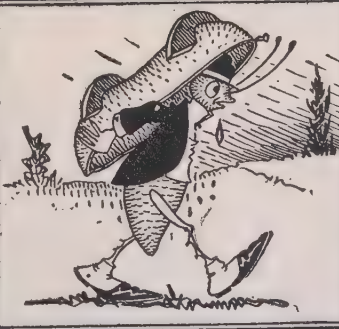
MR. ROACH'S LUCK

A BUG MOVIE-BY WALTER WELLMAN

MR. ROACH
IS POOR
BUT
HONEST.

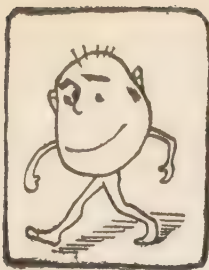


MR. ROACH
FINDS A
PEANUT
SHELL.



MR. ROACH
SELLS HIS IN-
VENTION FOR
100000000
PUMPKIN SEEDS
AND BECOMES A
'BIG BUG' IN
ROACHTOWN.





Strange Creatures



***A**s we hold up our end of Life
With things we have to do,
We run across peculiar folk,
So strange they scarce seem true.*

The Yip-Yap Bird



THE YIP-YAP Bird adores a noise,
Your own voice can't be heard.
When thoughtful persons try to speak,
They scarce can hear a word.

The Sling-Slam has a trying way
Of throwing things around,
And leaving them 'most everywhere
So nothing can be found.

The Sling-Slam



The Guz-Goo.



The Guz-Goo eats from morn till night
And always begs for more,
Some day he'll get so very stout
He can't push through a door.

The Gloomy-Gloop frowns constantly,
And wears an endless pout;
It's natural not to care to have
That Gloomy-Gloop about.

The Gloomy-Gloop



The Binger-Bong



The Binger-Bong is just a bug
Who seemingly enjoys
To damage floors and furniture
And smash his harmless toys.

A Snigger Snoo is always blue.
He's sulky and outrageous.
We do not call upon him much.
His manners are contagious.

The Snigger Snoo.

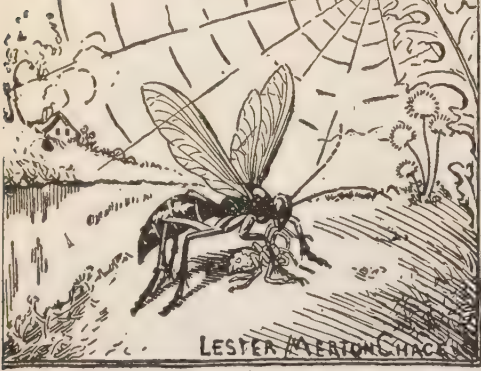


I DON'T enjoy these naughty things,
And I dislike them, too.
I much prefer to love a child
As good and dear as You.

VERSES AND DRAWINGS
BY DON DICKERMAN



THE BLUE DIRT DAUBER



THERE are brown ones and red ones and some little bits of black ones, but the Blue Dirt Dauber is the prettiest of them all, and she builds the prettiest shaped house. She is dark, dark blue in color, about as big as a wasp and is shaped like one, except that she is "longer waisted"; but she does not sting like a wasp, nor is she slow and lazy. Her wings are

always in a flutter, she seems to be saying:

"Please don't bother me, I am very busy and must hurry, hurry, or I won't be able to get my work done."

She is the quickest little worker on record and builds a little "'doby" house, like the Mexicans, out of mud. First she finds a nice mud-puddle where the water is clean, and on the edge of it she scrapes together as much mud as she can carry, a piece about the size of a pill. Holding fast to the little mud brick, she flies with it to some sheltered place where the rain will not reach her and begins to build her mud house. Back she will go to the mud puddle hundreds of times, for one brick is all she can carry; but, one by one, as fast as her little body can work she adds them to her house and presently she has it all shaped and finished. It is always a round house larger than a big pencil and four or five inches long.

On the inside, opening into each bed room, is a little store-room, or pantry and, just as soon as the house is finished, this busy little bug starts to market to fill up the pantry. Now what do you suppose she gets at her market? Little fat spiders! That is the only thing Mrs. Dirt Dauber considers pure food for her children. Not a cent does she pay either. I suspect she does not approve of this "high cost of living"; so, when she spies a fat young spider, she just pounces on him and carries him off and packs him away in her pantry; sometimes she will have two dozen in storage. When it is quite full, she puts her eggs in the bedrooms, only one egg in each room. Her egg looks like a slim little grain of rice. The house now is ready to be closed, so she hurries back to the mud puddle and gets a few more little mud bricks; with these she stops up the door to her house fast and tight,

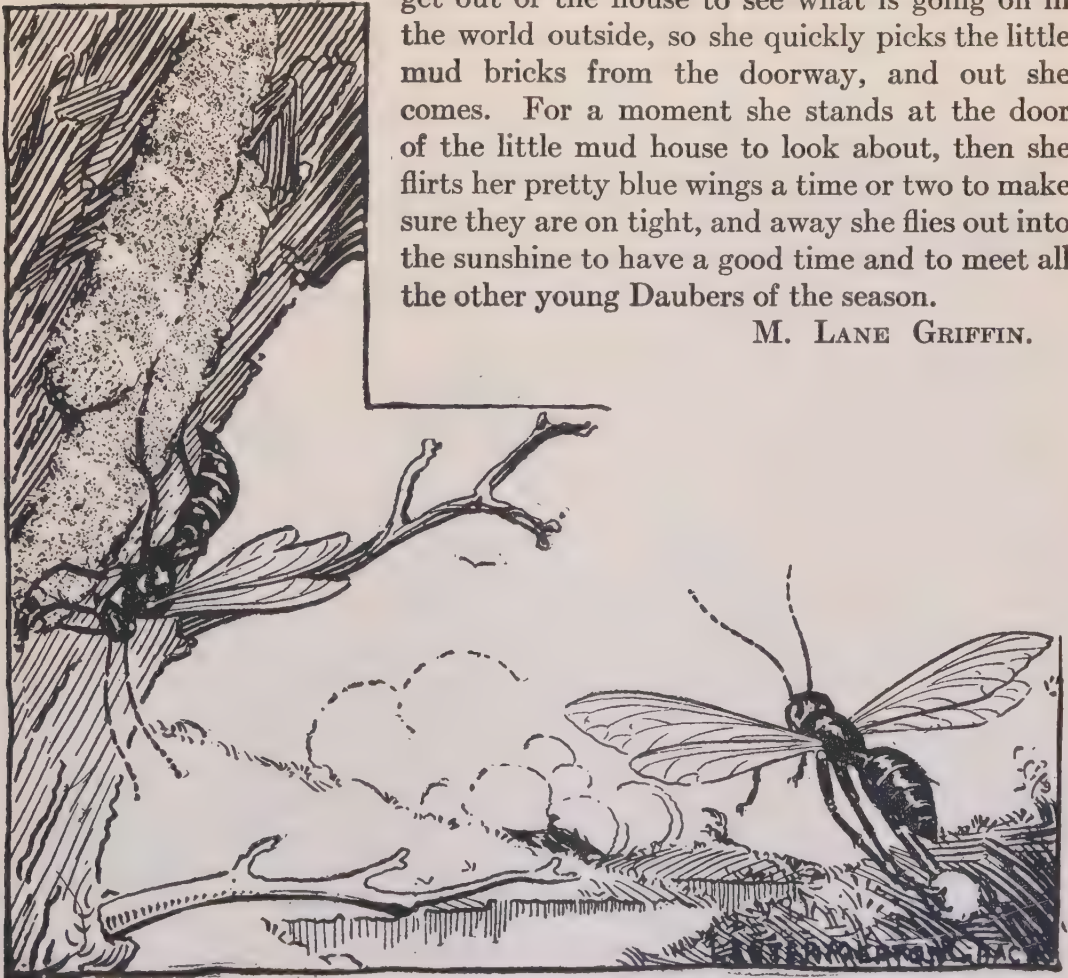
so that bug robbers can't get in to steal her eggs.

When the egg hatches, it is a little white worm, and just as soon as it can crawl—which is right away—it goes into the pantry for a spider steak and begins to eat; that is all the little fellow does for a long time, except to grow. It eats so much and grows so fast that before long it is almost as big as the bed room and has eaten up everything in the pantry; that is, all but the spider legs, which it doesn't like much, so it stops eating and goes to sleep. It takes a very long nap and when at last it wakes up, it is surprised to find itself no longer a worm, but a beautiful Blue Dirt Dauber like its mother.

Straightway the young Dauber wants to

get out of the house to see what is going on in the world outside, so she quickly picks the little mud bricks from the doorway, and out she comes. For a moment she stands at the door of the little mud house to look about, then she flirts her pretty blue wings a time or two to make sure they are on tight, and away she flies out into the sunshine to have a good time and to meet all the other young Daubers of the season.

M. LANE GRIFFIN.



A NUT RACE

HERE is a pleasant little game you will want to play. As I once saw a little girl and boy by the side of a dusty road playing it with hickory nuts, I call it a "nut race."

Perhaps you would rather play it in your sand-pile with marbles instead of nuts. In that case you could call it a "marble race."

This little boy and girl had been gathering hickory nuts in a big pasture. When the grown-ups went back to the automobile to rest, the boy and girl made a race-track in the dust of the roadside.

They drew a circle in the dust with a stick. The circle measured about two feet across. Two inches inside this circle they drew another. Then they had a race-track two inches wide all around. A line drawn across it was the starting point. Each child had a nut and a little stick. With the sticks they tapped their nuts and made them go around the track.

If they tapped a little too hard and the nut went over either line they had to take it back to the starting point and try again. If a nut was as much as half over a line when it stopped, it had to go back. Or, if it hit the other nut it had to go back.

It took a good deal of skill to keep the nut going around the track without getting out. Rolling the nuts was not allowed; they must be tapped and tapped very carefully. The boy and girl took turns tapping their nuts and also took turns starting.

MYRTLE J. TRACHSEL

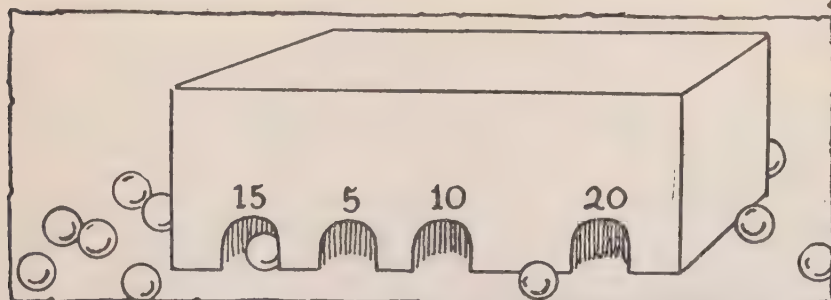




A MARBLE GAME

YOU get ready for this game by finding a good-sized pasteboard box. A shoe-box is just the thing. You don't need the cover.

Cut out, at the top of one of the long sides of the box, four little arches just about big enough for a mouse to crawl through; that would be about two inches across. When you turn the box, bottom side up, on the table, it will look like this:



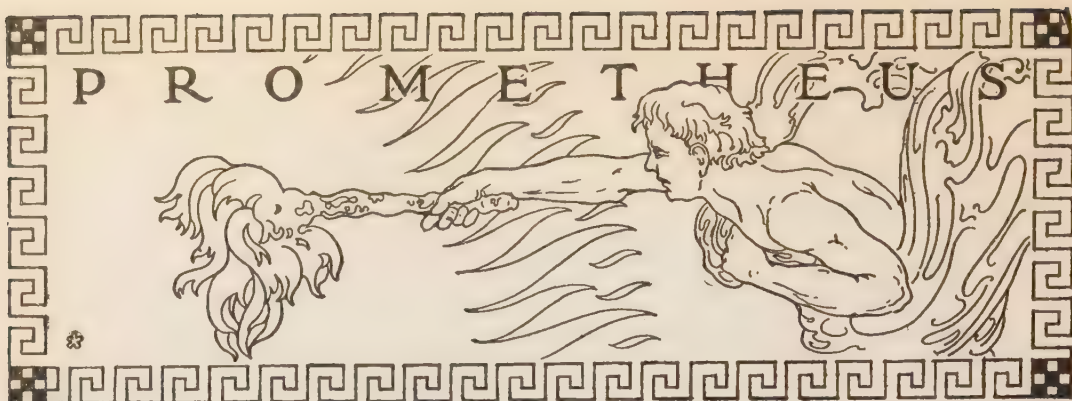
Make figures above the openings just as they are in the picture.

Place the box at one end of the table. Those who are going to play stand at the other end, each having five marbles to play with. Take turns rolling the marbles toward the box, and keep score for each person by recording the numbers over the holes that his marbles roll through. Make the game 100 or 200 or any hundred you choose, and the first player whose score equals the amount you have set as a goal is the winner.

After a while you learn to aim for the holes and to get through them almost every time. It's a good plan to practice this rolling by yourself. That makes you skillful. It's a good plan, too, to make a track of blocks around the edge of the box end of the table to keep the marbles from rolling off.



ALICE A. KEEN



LONG time ago, so long ago that no one remembers the time, people believed many strange stories of how things came to be as they are now. These beautiful and wonderful tales are called "myths," for we know they are not true.

In these far away days there lived two brothers. One was called Pro-me-theus or Fore-thought, because he was always thinking about what was going to happen and planning for it.

The other was called Epi-me-theus or After-thought, because his mind was so busy dreaming over the past that he was of no use at all in what had to be done to-day.

These brothers were the sons of a race of Titans, great Giants, who ruled the world before Jupiter and his companions conquered them. The reign of the Giant Titans was called the Golden Age and it was the happiest time the earth has ever known. All the world was a garden and there was nothing but love and joy and plenty everywhere.

But when Jupiter began to rule, joy went out of the world. Men's minds became unhappy and mean and wicked and full of envy and quarrels. The heart of Pro-me-theus was sad, for he saw how miserable the world was. He saw men who were wretched and full of fear. They were living in dark caves and shivering with cold and hunger.

"If they had fire," thought Pro-me-theus, "they could at least be warm. They could cook their food." So he asked Jupiter to give men fire.

"What, give fire to the Earth People?" said Jupiter. "Never! They might soon grow as powerful as we are. Not a spark shall they have."

Pro-me-theus walked sadly back to earth, but he resolved to get fire some other way. As he walked he came upon some dried stalks with a pithy center. Surely they would burn if once they could be lighted. But, how could he light them?

There was just one place in all the Earth-world where fire might be found. That was far away, where the sun rose out of the Earth to make its daily journey through the sky. Pro-me-theus knew how long and dangerous was the road to this place, but he decided to risk the dangers for the good that he might bring to the world.

At sun-down Pro-me-theus started out. All through the dark night he groped his way over mountains and through rivers with what haste he could make. Just before dawn he came to the place of the sun. With great care he approached and thrust the pithy stalk into the sun's flame. It caught the sun's fire! With joy he saw it burn deep into the pithy center.

With love and happiness in his heart, he hurried back to the shivering earth. Very soon every home had a fire. Everyone was warm and happy and strong, and glad to learn the many things Pro-me-theus taught them.

Once again the earth began to bloom. Men were busy digging treasure from the earth and making gardens and tending flocks, so they had no time for war and hatred. Contentment and prosperity grew everywhere, as the flowers grew, for Pro-me-theus had given them a gift from the sun.

But one day Jupiter looked down and saw the happiness and beauty of the earth, and he was more angry than you can believe.

"Who has done this thing?" he thundered. No one could tell him. So he raged and roared till the earth trembled and shook. At last the Earth-people grew so fearful that they told Jupiter it was Pro-me-theus who had brought warmth and happiness to them.

"Pro-me-theus?" said he. "That is what comes of letting him live. I will make him wish he had gone with the rest of his race of Titan fathers."

Calling his most stalwart slaves, Jupiter ordered them to take Pro-me-theus to the top of a mountain. Then Vulcan, Jupiter's Blacksmith, forged great chains and bound him to a rock.

There he was doomed to stay for ages, while great birds pecked at his body and tormented him. There he lay bound, waiting for someone to come who should be mighty enough to free him. That mighty person was Her-cu-les of whom you will read some other day.

HELEN WALDO.



The Pirate Free



OH, I am a pirate free and frank!
I made my prisoners walk the plank
And watched them sink with a loud "*ker-swank!*"
Many's the ship I fought and sank,
And I never was scared of the dismal *clank*,
Clank, clank-clank of the gallows dank;
For the King would give me title and rank
And tell me to play him another such prank!
(*But if I pirated much today,*
I'd lose all my bold and dashing way,
For the Judge would put me in jail—to stay!)

H. BEDFORD-JONES





ENGLAND had had five kings when Henry II, sometimes called the old Lion, died and left the kingdom to his tall son Richard. Already Richard held Touraine in his own name. Now was he crowned Count of Anjou at Angers, Duke of Normandy at Rouen, King of England at London, all these titles, honors, countries being his by right.

If Richard had stayed at home and ruled over all these countries you might think his duties would have kept him more than busy. But that was the last thing in the world that he proposed to do. Even before he was anointed, robed, and crowned King of the English in Westminster Abbey, he had taken a vow to lead the armies of Christian Europe against the Saracens* who held the Holy Land.

Men and money he demanded. Of soldiers there were plenty; of money there was very little. London was offered to the highest bidder that Richard might keep his holy vow.

At last all was in readiness. A great fleet, countless, like a flock of sea-gulls, sailed across the blue Mediterranean. At its head was Richard's royal galley, a red ship with a red bridge and the Dragon of England at the mast.

Thus he came to the shores of the Holy Land with his friends and allies, Leopold of Austria, and Philip of France. For two years he fought the Saracens. And he whom both friend and foe called Richard Coeur de Lion, Richard of the Lion Heart, won every battle he fought, took every city he besieged. Terrible was his name among the Saracens. They huddled like sheep at his sight, scattered like sheep at his onset. Still the victory was not his, nor the holy city of Jerusalem which he had sworn to conquer.

* *Mohammedans*



THIS was the reason: his own allies had deserted him. One by one they had departed, Leopold of Austria to his duchy, Philip of France to his kingdom. With them went their ships and armies. Then came the news that John, the brother of Richard, had seized the throne of England. He was ill-treating the people, robbing them of the houses, lands, and money. It was more than the Lion Heart could bear. He fell ill of a fever, lay delirious in his tent.

Now Saladin, the ruler of the Saracens, was no less brave and generous than Richard himself. He sent a messenger to the tent of his enemy, saying: "Never has there been such a king as this in our country. I would rather lose Jerusalem than have such a man to die."

"Death is not mine yet, nor Jerusalem either," spoke Richard from the sick-bed. "Make me a truce with my brother Saladin. When I am strong, I will return to fight him again."

And so the two brave warriors signed a truce which was to last for three years, three months, three weeks, three days, three hours. Then the sick king embarked for home, where John,* his brother, held the throne, and where Philip of France, too, was plotting against him.

Fresh news of these things was brought him as he fought his way through the stormy waters of the Mediterranean. He would have hastened, but could not. Twice he changed his course because of furi-

* This is the King John of Iwanhoe and Robin Hood, who ruled England after his brother Richard's death.

ous gales. He became separated from his convoy. He lost three of his four remaining ships. Instead of the great fleet like a flock of sea-gulls, he now had but one solitary vessel. At last was he forced to seek haven in the little fishing village of Gazara on the Adriatic shore.

From this point it seemed wisest to make his way by land, through Germany and the Low Countries, to England. But the country through which he first must pass belonged to Leopold of Austria, once his ally in the Holy War, now his deadly enemy.



WHAT should he do?

Perhaps, since his followers were so few, it would be safer to enter Gazara under cover of a disguise of some sort. He would attempt one. He of the Lion Heart would attempt anything. It was thus he won his name.

He would pretend to be a merchant of Flanders returning from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Master Hugh would be his name. So deciding, he sent his servants to the lord of the village to ask for safe conduct through his territory. It was granted, but not without questioning and investigations.

"Who is this Master Hugh? What manner of man?" asked the lord of Gazara.

"A fine man," he was told, "tall as a tree, and strong and straight, having keen blue eyes, and a reddish beard on his chin, such as the men of Flanders do not wear."

Not satisfied with this answer, the lord of Gazara rode in state to the inn to see for himself this curious merchant. Master Hugh, who was seated by the fire, did not make a reverence to the portly fellow. He forgot this part of his disguise, and his mistake cost him many a smooth word before he finally won his pardon and his safe-conduct.



AT LAST, however, he paid his bill and departed from the little village with the full consent of its pompous lord. His way now led high up into the Alps, through dark forests, past lonely inns. He urged his horse along, hoping to come to England while his brother John was still in France.

But there was something about this Master Hugh that set the village lord a-thinking. It may have been his great height or his courtly manner; it may have been his fine ring or his ready supply of gold. And his thoughts ran like this:

"What if this fellow were a king in disguise? What if he were King Richard of England, the Archduke's deadly enemy?"

With that he mounted his horse and was off to overtake the merchant. One day he rode and one night. And there was Master Hugh resting in a small mountain inn.

"King Richard of England," cried the lord of Gazara, "I make you my prisoner."

"So it seems," answered he of the Lion Heart, surrendering as only one of his high rank and courage could. That night he slept beside the lord on the floor of the inn. Next day he was delivered, a welcome prize, into the hands and castle of Leopold of Austria, at Gratz.

THUS came Richard Coeur de Lion to dwell a prisoner in the lofty tower that stood full sixty feet above the castle wall of Gratz. Days passed and months. Not a friend knew his fate.

The Archduke taunted him, made his bondage almost unbearable, even hired assassins to kill him. But never once did the Lion Heart fail to play his royal part. He wore no crown now, it is true. But he was ever a fresh and gallant figure, with beard trimmed sharply, hair brushed smoothly back. And his green doublet and fine leather trunks and shoes were no less becoming than his white velvet mantle and gold-brocaded cope of other days.

Whether he sat upon a bench in the sun, whether he walked his narrow cell with fettered feet, King Richard sang. He was a famous minstrel and a poet, who often made his own songs. This art was his one delight. Neither the Archduke, nor his cowardly hirelings were able to stop him,



NOW it happened that in his homeland of Normandy lived a minstrel, Blondel, who had often played and sung with Richard. And when month after month passed and his "love-some lord" did not return, this Blondel made a vow: He would search through all the world and not return to Normandy until the king was found. He started forth, earning his daily bread by the music of his harp, wandering on from place to place.

One day he paused, tired and weary, beneath the castle wall of Gratz. There he touched his harp and sang as he had done at every castle he had come upon since he made his vow. The tune he played was an old Norman song that only a Norman would be likely to know. When he finished the first stanza, a familiar and beloved voice began the second, sang it through. It was Richard Coeur de Lion in his lonely tower.

Blondel's heart leaped for joy. He had found his "lovesome lord." But his task was not yet finished. He must return to Normandy and England to arrange for the ransom which Leopold would demand.

Now England was empty of money even when Richard had departed for the Holy War against the Saracens. He had borrowed from the Jews; he had offered London for sale. What could be done now?

One historian of this king has written: "I worked for the ransom of King Richard as I should for that of King Christ. Many an abbey of Touraine goes lean now because of me; many a mass is wrought in a pewter chalice that Richard might come home."

And so it was in Touraine, in Normandy, in England, in all the possessions of the Lion Hearted king, until his ransom fee was raised. The Earl of Leicester and the Bishop of Salisbury carried it to Gratz, and he at length was freed. Going with all haste to London, he had himself crowned anew. Crossing into Normandy, he there likewise demanded a new coronation. And what Richard demanded, that he received. All knew him to be wholly without fear and cruelly just.

Many tales are told of this brave king who was more French than English, who spoke not a single word of the English tongue, who remained no more than six months on the island during his reign. Many myths, many legends have gathered around his name. There are those who maintain that not Hector, nor Achilles, nor Hannibal, nor Roland, nor Lancelot, nor Tristram was more gloriously mighty than Richard of the Lion Heart. And this we cannot doubt.

FRANCES HIGGINS





THE hour of six boomed from the big clock in the hall, as Kent and Barbara peered over the banisters. Baths were over, supper eaten, nighties and bath robes were buttoned and tied, all ready for bed. The clock ticked and the grate fire crackled, but these were the only sounds. Was nobody there? Could it be that their own half hour was forgotten? With troubled

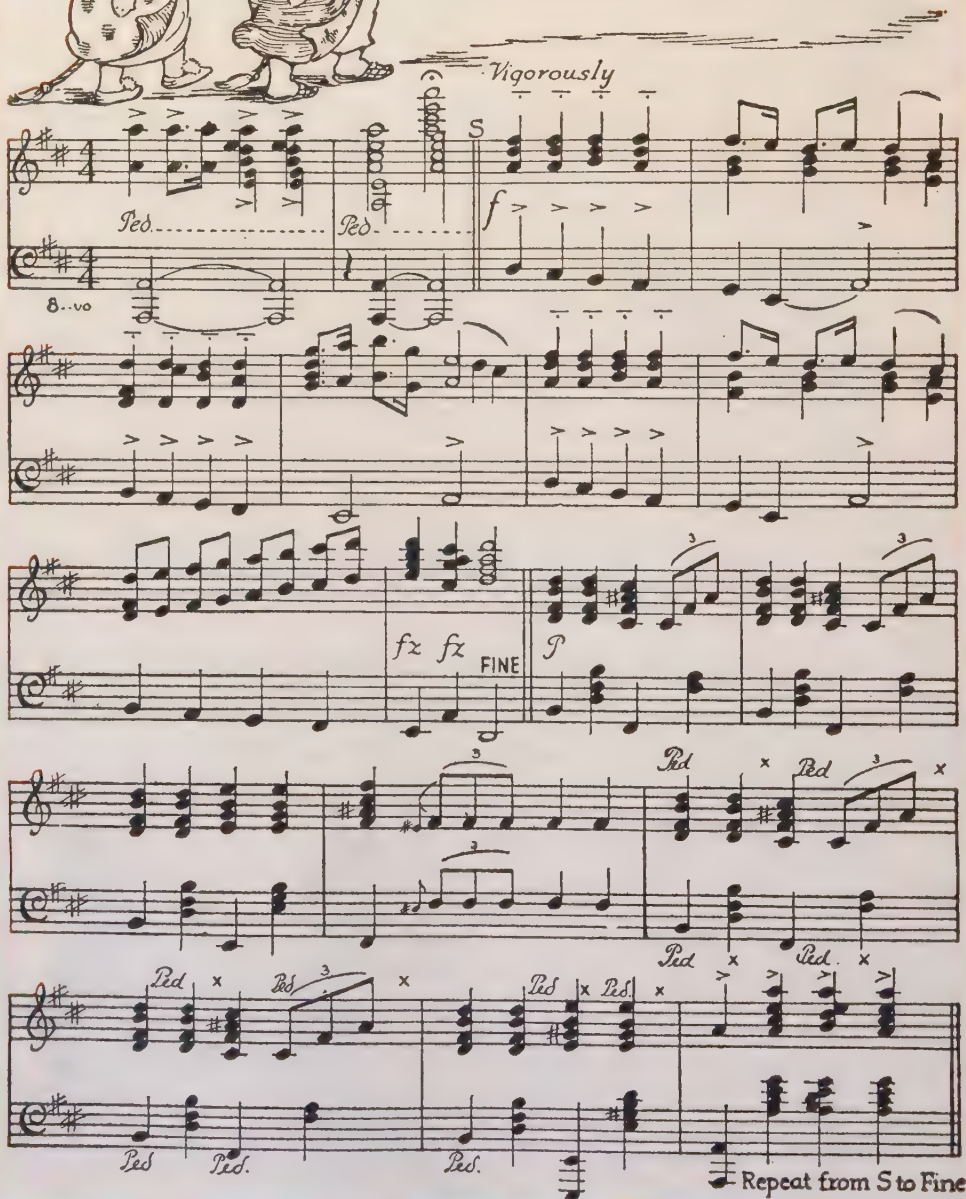
faces they crept down the stairs, one slow step after another. A sound outside, a key in the lock, and there was Mother, all rosy and hurrying. A rush, and they are in her arms, burrowing their noses in her cold fur.

"We thought you forgot us," said Kent, as he gave her an extra squeeze. Of course she hadn't! How could she forget the best time of the whole day? They must wait just a little for Daddy, who was in the cellar rattling the furnace. Then the fun would begin.

First came the story. Mother told that. It was a long story about a gnome, a nelephant, a big huggermugger and a naughtomobile that lasted through a lot of nights



by
HERBERT P. PEARSON





with just a little part told each evening. It always seemed that in the most exciting place of all she would say, "But that is all the Brownie told me, so I can't say what happened next." Of course if she didn't know, there was no use in teasing.

It was almost as much fun, anyway, to romp with Father. Sometimes they were Indians, sometimes pirates, and sometimes a circus. After that a game of "Roll the

ball," "I spy," or "Hide and seek." To-night it was "Hide and seek." They were both nicely hidden, waiting to be caught, Kent under Mother's chair and Barbara behind the dining-room portiere when they heard Daddy's piano signal. That meant the "Chug Wug March" and the end of play time. But they didn't mind stopping when they could march to that music. It was their very own. Nobody ever played it for anything else than going to bed. The first chord always meant "Attention." By the second measure they were up and in line, Kent leading because he was older and could keep time better. Ever since they could walk this had been their going-to-bed music. Bedtime without it would have been sad. Kent had really marched at two but Barbara was almost three and she was just beginning to keep step. One, two, three, four, that's it! Mark time for one measure; then off they go, once around the room, and up the stairs, each to his own room and wee bed. Two little heads on two little pillows, a good-night kiss and a tucking in, and Barbara and Kent are fast asleep dreaming of elephants and kangaroos chug wugging to the moon.

HELEN WALDO



JOSEPH and his BRETHREN

A large, ornate initial letter 'J' in a black serif font. The vertical stem of the 'J' is decorated with a profile of a man's head, likely Joseph, facing right. He has a beard and is wearing a turban. The horizontal base of the 'J' is decorated with flowing, scroll-like lines that extend to the right, under the word 'BRETHREN'.

THERE was once a large and goodly land which men called Canaan, after the son of Ham, who first possessed it. Here, in later years, came Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees, who, being a most righteous man, prospered exceedingly. Flocks and herds and silver and gold were his; also maid servants and men servants, camels, and asses. For his great wealth he was looked upon as a veritable prince by all those who dwelt near him.

Likewise did his son, Isaac, live and prosper in that same fair land, and, in turn, his grandson, Jacob, sometimes called Israel. These men also were esteemed for their great wealth and for their righteousness. But Jacob, who dwelt for some years in Syria, his mother's country, before coming into his inheritance, was blessed above the others of his race, for he had twelve sons.

Now, it happened that among the twelve were two much younger than the rest and these did Jacob love the most. One was Benjamin, who was born at Ephrath, or Bethlehem, when his mother, Rachel, died; the other was Joseph, born at Haran, in Syria, where his father tended the flocks of Laban.

Of all the brothers, none was so clever as Joseph, nor, indeed, so beautiful. He was like unto his father in his comeliness and in his love for wisdom and learning. Whatsoever Jacob taught him, that he learned willingly and with gladness of heart, for he was obedient in all things. Now, because his father loved him with a great love, he made for Joseph a coat of many colors, even such as the princes wore. But the brothers liked it not.

"Verily," said they, "our brother Joseph, who is younger, is dearer unto our father than we," and their hearts were filled with envy.

Now, it was their custom to watch their father's flocks in Canaan, driving them from place to place in search of pasture, also protecting them from the wild beasts. When Joseph was seventeen, or thereabout, he began to go out with them to learn the way of these things. If his brothers quarrelled among themselves or followed not the teachings of their father, he noted this also and spoke of it to Jacob. Then were the brothers wroth again because he did this.



One night Joseph dreamed a dream after this fashion: All the sons of Jacob were gathering the harvest in the fields of their father, and he himself was among them, binding the sheaves even as all the rest. As they toiled thus, his own sheaf arose from his hands and stood upright in the field. Then came the sheaves of all his brothers and bowed down around it as though it were a king.

Marvelling at this, Joseph told it all unto his brothers as



he had seen it in his dream, and they could but think that it foretold great things for him. Indeed, they deemed it to mean that he was greater than they and might, perhaps, come to rule over them, as in the dream. Because he was thus favored and, indeed, so much younger than themselves, they liked it not. Then did they hate him all the more and spake their hatred freely. Yet, when Joseph dreamed again he told it all to them, even as he did to Jacob.

"O, my father," said he, "verily I saw in sleep eleven stars, and the sun, and the moon. I saw them making obeisance unto me."

Then was Jacob sorry that Joseph had spoken so freely of these things among his brothers. For well he knew that they were the eleven stars that had made obeisance unto Joseph, and that the sun was none other than his mother, Rachel, and the moon none other than himself. These things he explained to the lad as he understood them in his own heart.

Though he was made happy by the promise of such greatness for his favorite son, he was also sad. For now he feared that the brothers, knowing of the vision, might plot to do him harm.

Now, it happened that when his elder sons watched the flocks near that city called Shechem, he had no word from them for many days. Wishing to know how they had fared during that time, Jacob sent forth Joseph to bring him news of them. The lad went willingly as he ever did at his father's bidding, and passing from the beautiful vale of Hebron, where Joseph dwelt, in time came near to Shechem. But there he found them not, neither his brothers nor their great flocks. Though he searched far about, he found them not.

At last, he heard that they had gone to Dothan, where the pasture was, indeed, better, and water was to be had in plenty at the two wells. Thither Joseph followed them to do his father's bidding, and he came upon them straightway, as if he had been led by angels. But, alas for him! His brothers saw him from afar and knew him for the one they hated. Before he reached them, they had plotted many evil things against him.

Some wished to slay the lad who wore the many-colored coat and dreamed strange dreams of greatness. Thus would they put an end to all his dreams and fancies. Nor were these ashamed to deceive their father, saying that some wild beast had done the direful deed, slaying their own brother even as it had slain the lambs among the flocks. But, as they plotted in their evil way, Reuben, the eldest of them all, heard them and came to counsel with them,





“Let us not kill our brother,” said he to those who were most envious and full of hate. “Rather let us cast him into this pit in the wilderness.”

In this manner did Reuben seek to save Joseph from their wrath, knowing that he alone could not prevail against so many, either by word or deed. He planned that when they had done this thing, even as he had counseled them, he would return to the pit in secret. Then would he rescue that son whom the father loved better than himself, the eldest one, and return him in safety to their home in Hebron.

Then came Joseph into the midst of his brothers. and he was more beautiful than they had yet seen him and a great light was upon his face. Yet those who hated him for his dreams and fancies set upon him, seizing him roughly and tearing his coat of many colors from him. Then did they cast him into the pit which was in the wilderness, even as Reuben had said. And they went their way, for it was then time to eat and to watch the flocks again.

Now the lad Joseph was sore afraid in that dark pit where his brothers had cast him, but he suffered no hurt from their hands. He prayed to God, as his father, Jacob, had taught him, and was comforted. Neither the water nor anything that dwelt therein came near him, and as he cried aloud for aid, his cries were heard and answered.

For even as his brothers ate their bread, there came a caravan from Gilead to that place—a great company of camels laden with spices and balm and myrrh. Seeing them, the brothers thought how much better it were to sell the lad to the Ishmaelites who drove them than to slay him as they first had planned. All were content to do this, for they did indeed repent them of their anger and rough ways.

And when they had agreed to this, they lifted up their brother Joseph from out the pit and sought to sell him to the merchants who were bound for Egypt. They said not that he was their brother, but rather pretended that he was their slave who had been rebellious. Nor did Joseph dare to tell them otherwise. Thus the brothers sold him for twenty pieces of silver, such as they might spend for shoes or clothing. The merchants carried Joseph down into Egypt, which was indeed a great country and very rich.

Of all this that happened, Reuben, the elder brother, knew nothing until he had come to the pit in secret, thinking to rescue Joseph. When he found the lad was gone, he was filled with a great fright and went unto his brothers in the field with the sad news. Even when he heard the truth he could do nothing. Then, even as they had planned, he took the coat of many colors and, dipping it into the blood of a kid, went with it unto his father, Jacob.

In this way did he seek to ease his father's grief for Joseph whom he loved, knowing that he would think some evil beast had slain him. And Jacob mourned in Hebron many days, though he could scarcely believe that Joseph was no more.

FRANCES HIGGINS



JOSEPH and his BRETHREN



THOUGH Joseph was freed from the darksome pit, he was in no wise happy to be taken from his home and kindred. As he journeyed to that far country called Egypt, he mourned for his father, also for his brothers, even those who had dealt wrongly with him. When the caravan passed his mother's sepulchre near Ephrath, or Bethlehem, he prayed again for aid in his great trouble. Then was he somewhat comforted to know that no harm would befall him, but only good, as God had willed.

The merchants as they looked upon him knew of a certainty that he was no slave, nor indeed one of low degree. His countenance was such as they had seldom seen. At first they would have returned him unto his father in Hebron, but as the journey was long and they were even then due in Egypt, they carried the noble lad with them. But they were mindful that he should fall into good hands.

It so happened that Potiphar, an officer of the great and mighty Pharaoh, desired a servant for his house. To him the merchants sold Joseph for many pieces of silver, making a great profit thereby. Then dwelt he in that house, which was like unto a palace in size and beauty, and he served his master well. In time he was set above all the servants of Potiphar, for he was trusted in all things. And he prospered even as his master, the captain of the guard.

All the while he was serving in Egypt, Joseph did not forget his father, who was a mighty man in Canaan, nor his brothers, who watched the flocks and herds. Often he prayed and fasted, as he had been taught, hoping that he might be returned to them in that vale called Hebron; neither did he drink any wine because of his sorrow; for he was mindful of the teachings

of Jacob, who was a goodly man and righteous. When misfortune came to him, he remembered those teachings and it was as if his father had spoken.

Now Potiphar, the captain of the guard, had a wife, and she was very beautiful. When she beheld the young man that was set above the servants of her house and knew that he was, indeed, good to look upon, she loved him more than Potiphar himself. And ever she tried to win his love in return. But Joseph listened to the voice of his father and heeded not hers. Then did Potiphar's wife speak all manner of lies about Joseph, for which he was cast into prison.

He was bound even as the prisoners of Pharaoh and cast into the ward beneath the house of the captain among all those that had displeased him. Yet, even there was God mindful of Joseph for his own and for his father's sake. The young man suffered not at the hands of the keeper, but rather was he trusted in all things. He was set above the other prisoners, having charge of all.

One day did Potiphar deliver into his keeping both the butler and the baker who had served Pharaoh and given him great offense. He was to serve them while they remained there. While these two men were bound in prison for their king's displeasure, they dreamed a dream. Then were they sad because they understood not this vision which had come to them as they slept.



When Joseph offered to interpret the meaning as he understood it, they told him their dreams gladly. Now the chief butler had seen a vine, one which had three branches and no more. He had beheld the buds, the blossoms, and the ripened fruit, and from this vine he plucked grapes which he placed in Pharaoh's cup and gave into Pharaoh's hand.

Then said Joseph to him: "Verily, the three



branches are three days, in which time thou shalt be restored to favor in Pharaoh's sight, even to thine office of chief butler." And furthermore, Joseph begged that when this came to pass, the butler would speak to Pharaoh in his behalf, for he had been in prison a long time and without just cause.

Now the chief baker's dream was different, and he told it to Joseph for his interpretation. It was as if he had had three baskets upon his head, and they were filled with all manner of food which he had prepared for Pharaoh. But even as he passed to Pharaoh's house, the birds came and ate the food out of the basket, all that which he had prepared.

Then said Joseph to the baker: "Verily, the three baskets are three days; yet thou shalt not be restored to thy position in Pharaoh's house, but shalt be hanged on a tree."

Now all these things came to pass as God had shown to Joseph in the prison. But when the chief butler was restored unto his place again, as Pharaoh willed upon his birthday, he did not remember the Hebrew lad who had foretold it. Neither did he speak of him to any one; and Joseph dwelt in the prison for a long time; some say for two years and some say even more. However that may be, it was full hard for him.

Yet finally did Pharaoh himself dream strange dreams and wonder at their meaning, for no one could interpret them in all the land of Egypt. Then the chief butler, who still served him, bethought him of his dream in the prison, and how the young Hebrew there had explained it to him, and it had come to pass even as he said. He spoke of this to Pharaoh and was sorry that he had not done so sooner.

Then was Joseph brought from out the dungeon in great haste that he might interpret the dreams of Pharaoh. And he told him both of them, for they were two. First had he stood beside the river, the great Nile that waters all of Egypt and makes it so exceedingly fertile. There he saw seven kine that were fat and sleek come up from the water to feed in a meadow which was near. After them came seven lean kine that promptly devoured them. So terrible was it all that Pharaoh had awakened from his sleep.

But when he slept again he saw still other things. There was a stalk of corn which bore seven good ears. Even as he beheld it seven thin and blasted ears sprang upon it and devoured it. These were things that troubled Pharaoh and which he wished Joseph to interpret.



Then Joseph spake:
“Verily, the two dreams are the same. The seven good kine are seven years of plenty, even as the seven good ears of corn. The seven poor kine which devoured them are seven years of famine, which shall come upon the land. Because thou hast seen it twice, it will all come to pass shortly.”

After that, Joseph reasoned with Pharaoh that he should appoint one to gather

a fifth part of the harvest in the seven years of plenty that were to come upon Egypt, and store that part for the famine which was to follow. For, unless this thing was done, neither the people of the land nor Pharaoh himself would be able to survive. This was the way Joseph understood the dream and explained it before Pharaoh who did, indeed, believe all that Joseph had said and harkened to his counsel.

When he looked about him to appoint a ruler over the land, he could find none in whom there was so much wisdom as in Joseph; and though he was a Hebrew and a slave, he made him Viceroy over Egypt and set him over all the land to do as he had said. Then was the young man from Canaan a slave no longer, but subject to none except Pharaoh himself. Even the king obeyed him and sought his opinion, and he was but thirty years of age.

Unto Joseph was then given clothing and ornaments of great value, even the king's own ring. He had a house like unto a palace in size and beauty, where he lived and ruled the land. Whenever he rode abroad in the royal chariot, runners went before to announce his coming, and all who saw him must bow down, as before Pharaoh himself. And Joseph took a beautiful maiden from among the Egyptians for his wife, even Asenath, the daughter of the priest of On.

Yet all that was done for Joseph was as nothing to what he did for the Egyptians. During the seven years of plenty he gathered corn from all the land and stored it in great storehouses. So much he gathered that it could not be counted, for it was to feed the people in the years of famine. In every city he had it stored in readiness for that time.

FRANCES HIGGINS



JOSEPH and his BRETHREN



NOW while Joseph dwelt in Egypt all these years and was subject to none except Pharaoh himself, his father dwelt in Canaan with his other sons. He was, indeed, older, and the sons had taken themselves wives, but of their welfare Joseph knew nothing, nor they of his. Jacob thought his favorite was dead, and the sons often repented their rashness.

In time the famine came upon the land, just as Joseph had foretold to Pharaoh. Not only was it in Egypt by the Nile, but over the earth besides, even in Canaan. Now Joseph had the great store-houses all filled and ready so that when the people had no more bread, it was left with him what should be done. He sold the corn to the Egyptians and to the people from other lands, for they also had heard of his great stores.

And among those who came from afar to buy corn from Joseph were his brothers from Canaan. As they bowed low before him, even as in the dream of his youth, he knew them, but they knew not him because of his fine raiment. Seeking to test them, he called them spies and cast them into prison as such. From them he learned that his beloved father still lived, and that his brother Benjamin had remained at home with him.

Then he begged them to bring Benjamin to him, and from their words he knew that they had repented them of their evil deed. They now thought of their father's welfare even before their own and strived

to keep sorrow from him. Yet still did Joseph test them, saying that except they bring Benjamin to him they should have no more corn from him. To make sure of their return, he kept Simeon as a hostage, though he returned their gold in each man's sack.

Now when Jacob heard how his sons were treated roughly in Egypt, and saw the gold that was in their sacks, he was afraid for them, nor would he have sent them for corn again except that the famine was severe in Canaan. Only that his family and his flocks might not suffer, did he consent to part with Benjamin, who was his favorite after Joseph. Great was his sorrow when they left him, though both Reuben and Judah promised that no harm should come of it. A second time then, the sons of Jacob came to Egypt, and brought their brother Benjamin as Joseph had commanded. They brought with them the gold which had been returned to them and an equal portion with which to buy more corn. They also brought some presents for the ruler of that land. Little did they think, when they bowed down before him among those that came for corn, that he was their own brother. Nor did they think that he meant well by them when he commanded that they go to his own palace. They went to that great house with much fear, not knowing that Joseph had commanded it because he loved them. They were amazed at all they saw and at their own reception there, for Simeon was released from the prison, and all were as honored guests in the house of Joseph. The steward served them until, at noon, Joseph himself came.

Then was a great banquet served and all partook of it. Each one was seated according to his age and rank, Reuben the first and Benjamin the last, which thing amazed them greatly. Yet the younger brother's share of the feast was greater than the rest, for Joseph was overjoyed at seeing him once more. He must find





where to weep in secret before seating himself with them, for, during all this time, they knew him not. Thus a second time he allowed them to depart from Egypt.

Yet, it was Joseph's order that his cup of silver should be placed in Benjamin's sack and with it the gold which he had paid. Likewise in each of the other ten sacks was placed the money the sons of Jacob brought for corn. This time Joseph sent after them in great haste, and the mes-

senger charged the brothers with the theft of the silver cup. When it was found in the sack of Benjamin, whom their father cherished, they returned to the city in great sorrow.

They cast themselves at the feet of Joseph, and when he likewise charged them with the theft, Judah spoke for all. He told of his father, the aged man in Canaan, and how his delight was in his younger sons, one of whom was dead, and one brought to Egypt that they might have corn in plenty and not suffer from the famine. And because Judah had promised that no harm should befall this Benjamin, whom his father loved, he offered himself in his stead to pay the penalty for the cup.

Then Joseph knew that none could offer more, and that his brothers did, indeed, consider their father before themselves, as God desired. He could no longer keep his secret from them. Sending all his Egyptian slaves out from the room, he did reveal himself, saying:

"Verily, I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt." Then when they seemed afraid, he explained to them how he held no grievance against them for the deed. Rather did it seem that God had sent him

from them for a great purpose, and that their guilt was naught. Because he had been exalted from the rank of slave to high place in the land of Pharaoh, he was able to help them in their time of need. Then he charged them to bring their father to him because of the years of famine that were before them. It was his will that his kindred should not suffer.

Pharaoh, hearing that Joseph's brothers had come from Canaan to buy corn, also desired that they should dwell in Egypt. He ordered, even as Joseph had done, that they should bring their father and their families and their flocks unto that land. Furthermore, he sent wagons that the wives and little ones might ride. With these commands and with food and raiment and silver, the sons of Jacob departed.

When they came to Canaan they said unto Jacob: "Our brother Joseph is alive and he is ruler over all Egypt. Verily, he it is who sold us corn that we might live."

Now that aged man had often hoped that he might hear such glad-some news of the son who had been lost to him, but hearing it so suddenly, he fainted. Nor could he scarcely believe all that his sons told him of that other one, until he saw the gifts, the wagons, the provisions and the raiment from the land of Egypt. Then he resolved to visit that great land, even as Joseph had commanded, and to see his son once more.



HE • C O U L D • S C A R C E L Y • B E L I E V E • U N T I L • H E • S A W • T H E • G I F T S •

Jacob and his sons, then, with their families and their flocks, departed from the land of Canaan, where they had dwelt for many years. And when they came to Egypt, Joseph willed that they should live in Goshen, that most fertile province in the delta of the Nile. For there, when once the famine had gone from it, would they find food and pasture for their flocks such as they had never known. And Pharaoh willed even as Joseph did.

When they arrived in Goshen after that long journey, Judah brought the news to Joseph, and he rode thither in his chariot to meet his aged father. Then was Jacob made happiest, for he had no greater desire than that he might see his favorite son again, as it had been promised him. Joseph advised them what they should do and say in that land which was strange to them, for he desired that they should have the best within his power.

Five of his brothers he took before Pharaoh, and they were made the chief herdsmen in the land of Egypt, for they understood about the feeding of cattle and the care of flocks and herds, having followed it from their youth up, and their fathers before them. Jacob, that goodly and righteous man, who had taught his sons much wisdom, he also took before Pharaoh. And Jacob blessed the mighty monarch after the fashion of the Hebrews.

Then Jacob dwelt in Goshen with his sons and with their households during the great famine and for many years thereafter. When he died, he was not buried there, but in the land of Canaan as he desired. For there lay his fathers in the cave in the field of Machpelah which Abraham bought. Joseph and his brothers and a great company of Egyptians, both the elders and the slaves, went up to bury him there.

Joseph continued to rule in Egypt and had great power there. Nor did he forget his brothers during all those days, but remembered them kindly for their father's sake.

FRANCES HIGGINS



A PRAYER



LORD JESUS, Thou didst come to earth,
A little child like me,
And in Thy bed at Bethlehem
Slept sound as sound could be,
While overhead a great white Star
Kept watch upon Thee from afar.

Lord Jesus, Thou art full of love
For little ones like me,
So send me star-white thoughts to-night
And happy dreams of Thee,
While overhead I know doth shine
A star that keepeth watch like Thine.

Dear God, the Father, Christ the Son,
Receive and bless us, every one.

AMEN



Verses by Louise Ayres Garnett

A Pin has a Head!

A PIN has a head,
But has no hair;
A clock has a face,
But no mouth there;
Needles have eyes,
But they cannot see;
A fly has a trunk,
Without lock or key;
A timepiece may lose,
But cannot win;
A corn-field dimples
Without a chin;
A hill has no leg,
But has a foot;
A wine-glass a stem,
But not a root;





A watch has hands,
But no thumb or finger;
A boot has a tongue,
But is no singer;



Rivers run,
Though they have no feet;



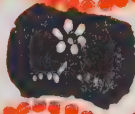
A saw has teeth,
But it does not eat;



Ash-trees have keys,
Yet never a lock;



And baby crows
Without being a cock.



CHRISTINA ROSSETTI





The BOY KING

The Tale of the Bow

THE Boy King stood at a casement window and looked down at the horsemen and their restless steeds waiting in the courtyard. It was the time of strong castles and brave defenders; of outlaw bands hidden in deep forests; of warlike and often unfriendly neighbors.

The Boy King smiled as he noted the rich liveries of the prancing horses, the bright tunics and plumed bonnets of their riders.

"Tell me, Ashmed," he said in a prideful voice, "is it not well that the King's Guards should be fittingly attired, even for the chase?"

"As your Grace commands," spoke Ashmed, leader of the King's armies. But something in the tone of the old soldier made the young King question the wisdom of having his company thus decked for the hunt. He looked around, doubtfully. The sage, Hahmur, his teacher, stood behind him and gazed at the gay scene below with troubled eyes.

"How be it, Hahmur," said the boy, "dost not fancy our gay trappings?"

"Ah, my King forgets, I fear me, that the fleet deer may lead him into dense forests where the quick eye of robber bands may alight on these gay cloaks. Also, these cumbersome trappings may become entangled in the brush and hinder the movements of the Guard should your enemies

set upon you. I am reminded of a famous tale of the west I heard in my travels."

"Speak," commanded the youthful King. "My father, before his death, did say thy tales contained much good counsel."

"'Tis the story of a hunter who owned a good strong bow," said the sage. "So strong was it, that this forester could shoot farther than any other. For this reason he was called the Chief Hunter. One day he took up the bow to put a new cord on it.

"'What a plain, ugly bow it is,' he thought. 'The Chief Hunter should have a more handsome bow than this.'

"The praise of the people had made him proud, and he forgot how much of the credit was due to his good bow. Now he was dissatisfied because it was so plain. But he knew it was strong, and he did not want to buy a new one. So he took it to a wood carver and said, 'Here, my good man, carve my bow. Make it beautiful and fit for the hand of the Chief Hunter.'

"The wood-carver made of the plain bow a thing of beauty. Deep in the wood he carved flowers and scenes of the chase. The Chief Hunter was delighted. Every one admired the bow and felt certain the owner would shoot better than ever before.



"Soon after the bow was finished, a great fête of archery was held. Such prizes were offered as brought hunters from far and near to try their skill. One after the other stepped up and shot two shafts at the mark.

"'Good! Good!' shouted the people, whenever an archer shot straight and true. 'But wait, only wait until the Chief Hunter tries his new bow. Then we shall see what really fine archery is.'



"Proudly the Chief Hunter stepped forth. Every eye was upon him. He took careful aim and then bent his bow. Slowly, carefully, he drew back the string. But just as he was about to let it go, there was a sharp 'Snap!' and the beautiful bow hung in two pieces from the ends of the cord. The deep carving had weakened the good, strong bow and made it useless.

"'Alas!' cried the hunter. 'Why did I do this thing? I should have prized my bow for its strength, for after all that is the best thing a bow can have.'"

The tale finished, the boy King looked regretfully at the gay assemblage below and then turned to a page standing near. "Say to Amahah, Keeper of the Stables, that the King wishes the trappings taken from the horses and reserved for ceremonial days. Say, also, that the hunters must wear plain tunics of forest green when we follow the chase. As soon as the change can be made we shall start, for the sun is now well up."

MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL



JACKIE *and the* WATER FAIRIES



ONCE upon a time there was a little boy whose name was Jackie. Jackie didn't like to have his face washed. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! How it did worry Mother! Every time she washed Jackie's face, he would wriggle and frown, and cry,

"I just know you're going to get soap in my eyes," and, "Ouch, that hurts." Really, Mother was just as careful as she could be, but she began to get a little worry wrinkle in the middle of her forehead whenever it came time to wash Jackie's face. You know that a worry wrinkle is very bad indeed for a Mother.

So thought the Water Fairies. They said, "This will never do. Why should we come out of the faucet all clean and gurgly to wash Jackie's face if he is going to act this way about it? We will run away."

The next morning Mother and Jackie were standing in front of the washbowl about to wash Jackie's face. Jackie had his frown all ready, and Mother was trying to keep the worry wrinkle from coming. Mother turned the faucet on, but no water came out! "Why, what is the matter?" said Mother, and she called out, "Father, do you suppose the water is turned off?" Father came into the bathroom and said, "It was running a few minutes ago when I bathed. I hope it isn't off. I want to wash my hands again." He turned the faucet. Out ran the water and he washed his hands. But when mother said, "Come on, Jackie, it's running now," it stopped instantly.

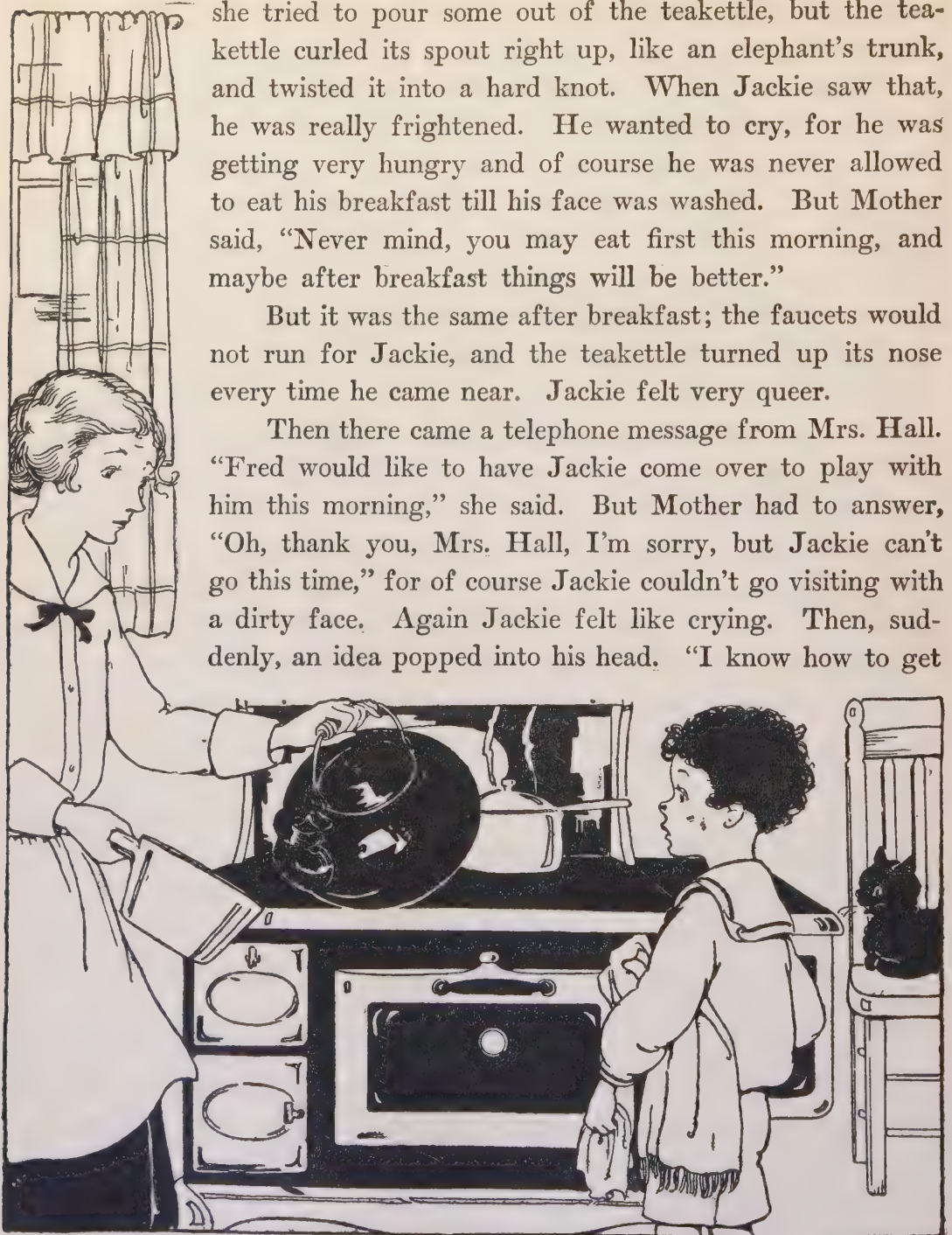
Mother looked at Jackie. Then she whispered, "I'm afraid the Water Fairies have run away from you." Jackie was just a little bit frightened, but he said, "Well, I don't care, I won't have to have my face washed then." But Mother shook her head very slowly and said, "We will try it down in the kitchen."

They went downstairs, and when Mother turned the faucet to get water for breakfast, it ran out, all clear and gurgly, but when she took a basin and tried to get some to wash Jackie not a drop came. Then

she tried to pour some out of the teakettle, but the teakettle curled its spout right up, like an elephant's trunk, and twisted it into a hard knot. When Jackie saw that, he was really frightened. He wanted to cry, for he was getting very hungry and of course he was never allowed to eat his breakfast till his face was washed. But Mother said, "Never mind, you may eat first this morning, and maybe after breakfast things will be better."

But it was the same after breakfast; the faucets would not run for Jackie, and the teakettle turned up its nose every time he came near. Jackie felt very queer.

Then there came a telephone message from Mrs. Hall. "Fred would like to have Jackie come over to play with him this morning," she said. But Mother had to answer, "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Hall, I'm sorry, but Jackie can't go this time," for of course Jackie couldn't go visiting with a dirty face. Again Jackie felt like crying. Then, suddenly, an idea popped into his head. "I know how to get



ahead of those Water Fairies.” Getting a dipper, he ran out doors in the cold, scooped up a big dipper full of snow and brought it in. He set it on the register to melt. Before long there was a little bit of rather dirty water in the dipper. Mother shook her head when Jackie brought it to her, but she poured it into the basin and got a washcloth. By now Jackie was decidedly anxious and quite ready to hold still to



have his face washed. He leaned over the basin, but the minute his face showed in the water, it splashed out of the basin all over the floor. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

When Mother had wiped up the water, she just sat down and looked at Jackie. Jackie put his head down in her lap and really cried. The tears washed little clean places on his dirty face, making it look more streaked than ever. Certainly any one but Mother would have hated to look at him. “Oh, Mother,” he wailed, “what shall we do?”

“I really don’t know, Jackie,” said Mother, “but perhaps if you are sorry all day that you acted so about having your face washed, and if you say ten times over, ‘I will always smile when my face is washed,’ the Water Fairies may come back.”

Well, Jackie had a most unpleasant day. In the first place, it makes a boy feel rather knotted up inside to be sorry all day. In the second place he couldn't go anywhere, and when a guest came in the afternoon, he had to stay upstairs by himself, for by that time he looked quite dreadful. He felt very much like crying again, but when Mother had sent him up she had whispered to him, "Now, Jackie, this is your chance to promise the Water Fairies that you will be good." When he thought of this he went into the bathroom, and standing before the faucet that wouldn't run, he said, "I will always smile when my face is washed." He started to say it ten times, but the guest stayed so long that he said it ever and ever so many more.

It was getting dark when the guest went, and Mother hurried upstairs, wishing so much that she could give Jackie a bath before Father came home. There was Jackie in the bathroom still saying, "I will always smile when my face is washed." And then, just as Mother came in the door, the Water Fairies came back! The faucet said "Glug, glug!" Mother turned it on quickly, and the water just poured out! Jackie jumped up and down, and squealed, "Oh, Mother, wash my face, quick!" And although his face was so dirty it had to be washed in three waters, Jackie kept his sunshine smile on all through.

After that Jackie always pinned his sunshine smile on tight when he went to be washed, and the Water Fairies never ran away from him again.

MARTHA HARTFORD WEBB





The GREAT BEAR *and* *The* LITTLE BEAR

THE little boy loved to sit in the twilight and listen to his mother's voice. It was a very sweet voice, the little boy had never heard one half so sweet, and always in the hour before the Sandman came and he nodded off to his pleasant dreams, it told him a story. Very strange and beautiful tales his mother told him, and this was the most won-

derful time in all the day. To-night it was later than usual when the little boy went to bed, and after he had knelt down in his nightgown and said his short prayer, his mother bent over and pulled the heavy curtain from the nursery window. And the child looked out upon a new world—the world of night. He had never thought before how strangely beautiful the world is, nor how high and wide the heavens. The stars burned with many colored lights like innumerable lamps, and the moon moved mysteriously among them through the blue deeps of the sky. It was like a new and wonderful tale to the child and he snuggled close to his mother and they were both very happy.

"Tell me a story about the stars," the little boy said. And looking far out to where the moonlight glimmered upon the sea, the mother told this tale:

Among the pleasant hills of Arcadia there once lived a maiden called Calisto. She was very light hearted as she sported in the meadows or chased the wild beasts over the mountain sides, and she was happy indeed when the gods gave into her care a little son, whom she named Arcas. But Arcas



was only a wee lad when his mother was obliged to leave him, for she had wakened the anger of Juno, queen of the gods. One day as she was playing in the fields, Juno, passing by, chanced to see her more flushed and beautiful than ever in her sport. Then the anger of the goddess was more bitter than before.

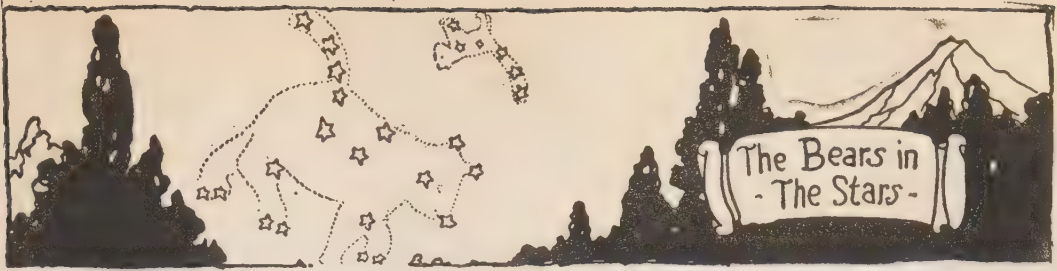
"I will take away that beauty with which you have wronged me," she cried. And immediately Calisto felt a dreadful change come over her. She fell upon her hands, and her knees bent beneath her; she looked, and a

heavy black coat was covering her beautiful skin, she tried to cry out, but her voice was only a savage growl, she was frightened at herself and ran madly, not knowing which way she went. Her companions came seeking her, but all they saw was a huge black bear escaping toward the woodlands. She heard them calling her name, but she only growled in return and ran the faster.

So she lived for a long, long time, which was only a day to the gods, but was years to poor Calisto. She was afraid of the wild beasts and frightened at the hunters, and wandered about very lonely through the long nights and the days. She longed to see her boy, and sometimes would go prowling about her old home; but the dogs would catch sight of her and send her panting back to the woods again.

But one day she saw a hunter in the fields; from whom she did not run. She knew it was her son, Arcas (now

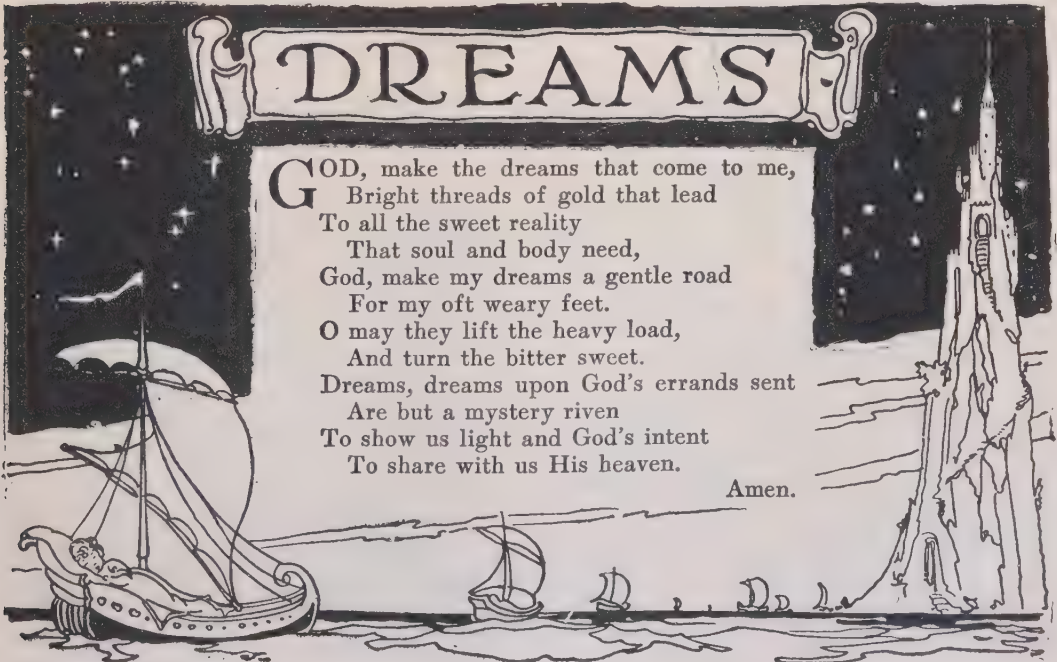




a handsome youth), and even when he would have pursued her, she ran toward him. The young hunter was surprised to see this great black bear coming so near, and when she arose upon her hind legs as if to embrace him, he would have run his sharp spear through her heart. But Jupiter (father of the gods) saw the deed and transformed them both in an instant as they stood. He caught them up into the heavens and set them there as stars.

But when Juno saw these new stars in the sky, and knew they were Calisto and her son, she was furious in her anger. She went to old Oceanus and Tethys (god and goddess of the sea) and asked that they might never allow this pair to rest in their waters as the sun and other stars did in their setting. Oceanus consented. And this is why you will find, after all these hundreds of years, the "Great Bear" and the "Little Bear" prowling always about their place in the heavens, and never going to rest, as the other stars do, in the ocean.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE





MAKING pictures without a camera is the very best of fun and just as easy as can be. A small piece of window glass—the glass from an old picture frame perhaps—and a sheet of

blue-print paper will be all you need. This paper comes by the roll. But for a very few cents you can buy a yard at any book store.

First, you might make a picture of the small flowers and pretty plumed grasses you will find about the yard. Cut a piece of stiff cardboard just the size of your glass. Cut a piece of blue-print paper the same size. Since this paper is easily affected by the light, it is best to draw the window blind before unwrapping it, although the room does not need to be quite dark. The paper should be rolled up again as soon as you have cut a piece the right size.

Now, arrange your flowers and grasses on the glass so that they will make a pretty picture. Lay the paper on top of them, the greenish-blue side down, and put the cardboard on top of this. Slip a heavy rubber band over it all at each end. Then you may look through the glass and see what your picture will look like.

Now, sit in the sunshine and with the picture side up press your frame tightly against your knees. Hold it very still for three minutes and watch



your picture being made. The greenish-blue paper that shows between the grasses will turn to a bright blue and then to a gray. When it is the color of ashes your three minutes will be up. Now you may go indoors and take out the picture. You will see bright blue flowers and grasses on a gray background.



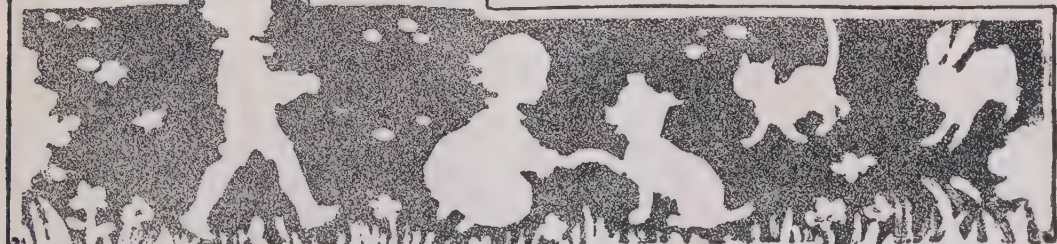
Put the paper in a pan of clear water, and it will again change. The blue flowers will turn bluish white and the gray will become a bright blue. Take the picture out and let it stick to the flat side of the bathtub until almost dry. Then it may be laid flat on a newspaper to finish drying. Your picture will stay just the same for years.

Perhaps you will find a picture in a magazine that you would like to copy. It may be one of a rabbit or that of a very large umbrella running away with a very small girl. Whatever it is, cut it out and make a picture of it just as you did of the flowers. It will make a pretty white silhouette against a blue background.



If it is your own very best magazine, you won't want to cut it up; but you may borrow a little transfer paper of Mother and trace the picture on heavy white paper. This may be cut out and a picture made. Try cutting out a little house and see what a pretty picture you can make of the children and animals playing in the yard.

MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL





ON the River Rhine, a long time ago, was a quiet little city called Andernach.

The people who lived there, it seemed, were always sleepy. They went to bed quite early at night, but they never got up early in the morning. In fact, they would lie in bed until almost midday.

However, when they did get up, they always expected to have fresh bread for breakfast. So it fell to the lot of the bakers of Andernach to rise early and get their bread baked. When their baking was done, they nearly always went back to bed and finished their sleep.

Once there was a war between Andernach and the city of Linz. The people of Linz knew that the Andernachers were in the habit of sleeping very late. They knew that the watchman himself, who occupied a little tower just outside the gates of the city, could not keep awake for long at a time, even though he tried his very best.

So they made their plans to climb over the wall into Andernach very early one morning, take the people by surprise, and capture the city.

On this same morning, before the break of





day, the bakers of Andernach rose, baked their bread, and went back to sleep. When the soldiers of Linz were stealing quietly along the road toward Andernach, every one was sound asleep except two young baker's boys, Hermann and Rudolph.



Hermann and Rudolph were not sleepy. They often got up early, made a breakfast of fresh bread and milk, and then played around or got into mischief, as the case might be, until their elders arose. It was fun for them to be up when everybody else was asleep, when they could tiptoe and whisper around the town, this way and that, through the quiet streets.

Sometimes they went over and played in the watch-tower. When the watchman was awake, he would often give them honey to spread on their bread, for he kept a hive of bees in the tower.

Hermann thought of this to-day.

"Let's go over and play in the watch tower," he suggested to Rudolph, as they broke some large pieces from the warm loaves. "We might get some honey for our bread."



"Come on, then," called Rudolph as he ran out of the bakery door.

But when they got there, the watchman was not awake. He was not even there. The tower was empty save for the beehive.

As Hermann and Rudolph stood there, undecided as to what they should do next, they heard a strange noise.

"That must be the watchman now," said Rudolph. "Maybe we'll get the honey after all."

"No," answered Hermann, "that can't be the watchman. He would have come up the stairs, but that noise came from the outside."

"What can it be?" whispered Rudolph, half frightened.

"Shh! Shh!" cautioned Hermann. "I am going to look down." Very quietly he tiptoed over to the railing and peeped down. Then he motioned to Rudolph to come.

There stood all the soldiers of Linz, fully armed, in the act of placing a ladder against the wall so that they might enter the city.

Poor Hermann and Rudolph stood there motionless! There was no time to lose. Something must be done and done quickly. It was too late to run and waken the sleeping inhabitants, and what could two small boys do against all those armed men?

Just at the same moment they both thought of the beehive. Hermann winked at Rudolph. Rudolph winked at Hermann. Then both took hold of the hive and lifted it, oh, so carefully, up onto the edge of the tower railing.





Just a gentle push and down it went, directly upon the heads of the Linzers who were gathered below. As it struck the ground, the hive broke into pieces, and the bees all flew angrily out. They flew around the heads of the soldiers and stung them fiercely, until they cried out with pain.

While the bees were busy defending the tower, Hermann and Rudolph ran quickly down the stairs and over to the courthouse, where they pulled on the bell rope as hard as they could.

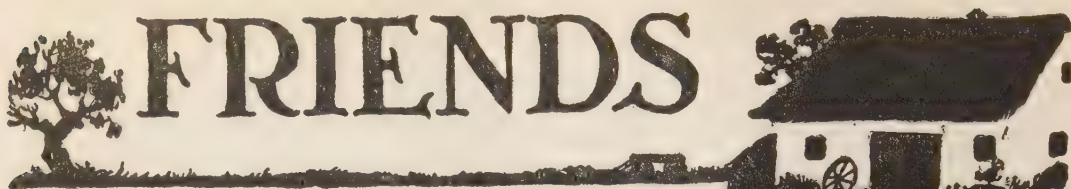
The inhabitants of Andernach awoke in wonder from their long morning nap, and came hurrying to their doors to see what was the matter. Then they saw the soldiers of Linz running away just as fast as they could go.

The Linz soldiers never came back again, and the people of Andernach enjoyed peace and quiet ever after. Out of thankfulness to Hermann and Rudolph, their statues was erected in front of the city which they had so ably defended. It stands there to this day, a tribute to their bravery. I think they really should have built a monument to the bees—don't you?

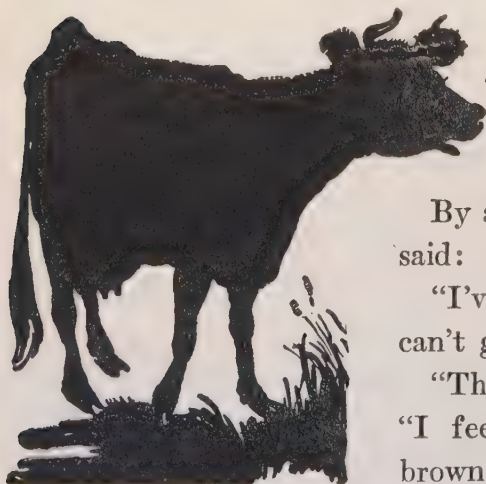
Translated and adapted by HELEN J. HEIDE



LITTLE HORSE'S FRIENDS



LITTLE horse was frisking about in the barnyard when he caught his foot in a loop of a rope that was tied to an old post. He stumbled and fell, and the more he tried to pull out his hoof, the more tangled it became. Though he kicked and pulled, he could not free himself, and at last he was obliged to lie still and wait for help.



By and by, brown cow ambled up to him and said: "What is the matter, little horse?"

"I've caught my hoof in this rope and I can't get it out," answered little horse.

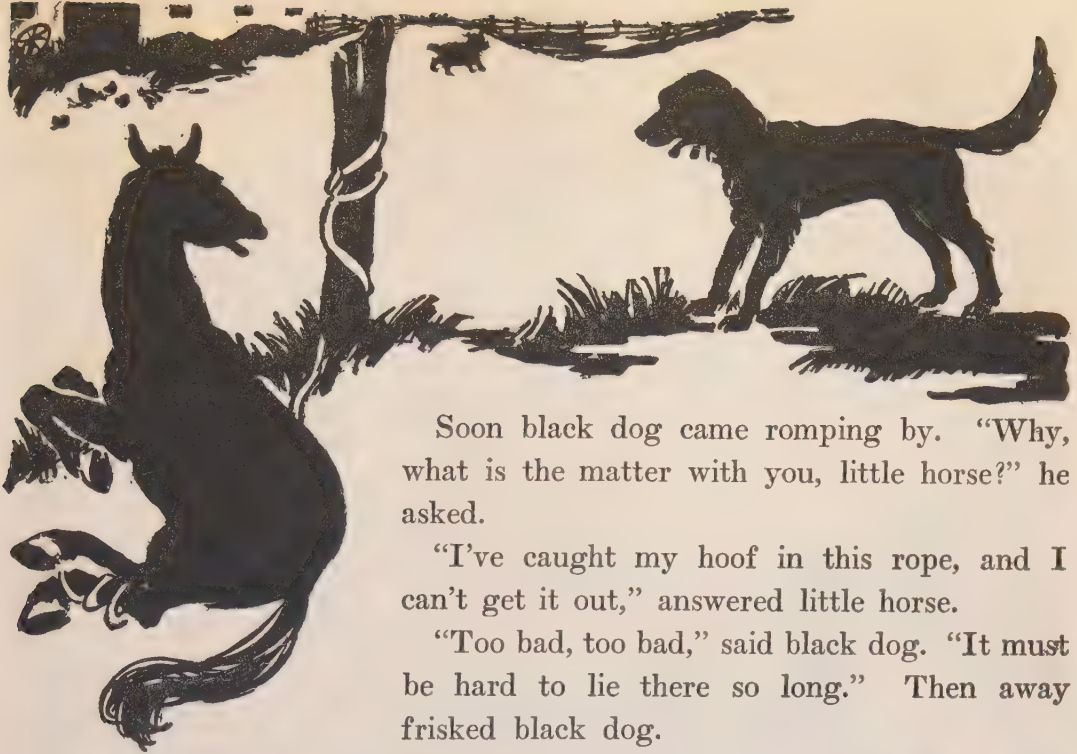
"That is certainly too bad," said brown cow. "I feel very sorry for you, indeed." Then brown cow ambled on.

Presently, along came old, fat pig and said: "What is the matter with you, little horse?"

"I've caught my hoof in this rope, and I can't get it out," answered little horse.

"Well, well, well!" grunted old, fat pig, "I am sorry. I wish I could do something for you." Then old, fat pig lumbered off.





Soon black dog came romping by. "Why, what is the matter with you, little horse?" he asked.

"I've caught my hoof in this rope, and I can't get it out," answered little horse.

"Too bad, too bad," said black dog. "It must be hard to lie there so long." Then away frisked black dog.

White pussy-cat came softly walking by, next. "What can be the matter with you, little horse?" she asked.

"I've caught my foot in a rope, and I can't get it out," answered little horse.

"That must be terrible," answered white pussy-cat. "I'm sure I never could stand it so patiently as you do." Then she softly and lightly disappeared.



After a while red rooster strutted by. "What in the world is the matter with you, little horse?" he asked.

"I caught my hoof in a rope and I can't get it out," answered little horse.

"That's certainly a shame!" crowed red rooster. "Isn't there anybody to help you?" Then, without waiting for a further answer, he flapped his wings and strutted off.

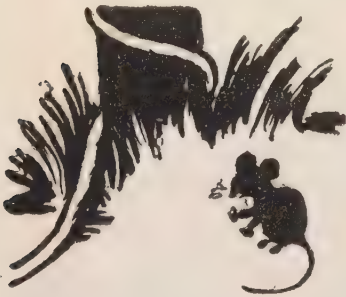


Then yellow duck appeared, saying, "What is the matter with you, little horse?"

"I've caught my hoof in a rope and can't get it out," again answered little horse.

"Such a pity!" answered yellow duck. "Such a great pity! I only wish I could help you," and she waddled off.

Little horse felt very sad. Many of his friends had seen him. All *said* they were sorry for him, but not one had tried to *do* anything to help him. What would become of him?



Just then a little gray mouse poked his head up by the old post. He never said a word to little horse, but his bright eyes at once saw the trouble he was in. Directly he began to gnaw the rope with his sharp little teeth. It took him some time, but finally the strong strands gave way, and little horse's foot was quite free again.

Little horse jumped up gladly and wanted to thank gray mouse, but gray mouse had disappeared faster than he came. "He shall have as much of my grain as he likes after this," said little horse, "for gray mouse did not waste any words in *saying* he was sorry, but he *did* all he could to help me."

MARY L. T. TUFTS



THE COMING OF SPRING

LITTLE Child, I can tell you a marvelous thing:
Do you know that the Earth dresses up for the Spring?
She drops her old bonnet of winds and her shawl
Of patch-leaf and snow that she dons in the Fall.

She puts on her girdle of grass and her gown
Of blossoming meadow and flowering town;
She loosens her hair till it flutters and flees
And brushes her cheek with a soft little breeze.

O Child, she is joyous and bright, for some one
Has scampered up north with the birds and the sun,
And Earth leaps to meet her and cries, "O, Spring dear,
I'm certainly, beautifully glad you are here!"

MIRIAM CRITTENDEN CARMAN.





JOE
KOR
1933

THE QUEEREST THING THAT I'VE SEEN YET, WAS
A FROG AFRAID
OF GETTING WET!!!



DOROTHY HAD LOTS OF FUN!!

The best fun she's had yet,-
She took a sail on a baby whale
And got all soaking wet!!

Of course she had her bathing suit on,
so everything was all right. ♡ Jo McMahon



A BIG red ball fell from a tree;
It said, "Why yes, you can eat me."
A small boy ate it and he cried,
"Oh, see the brown babies asleep inside!"

(An Apple)

MARY FLORENCE STEBER



OH, HERE comes Aunt Nell! I'm so glad!" exclaimed Eugene. "I have a surprise for you," said Aunt Nell, handing him a sack. Eugene peeped in, then drew out a little green apple. He looked up quickly, and there was surprise on his face. But he did not seem to be disappointed. Turning it around slowly, he examined it closely. It was about the smallest, hardest, greenest apple he had ever seen. Then he looked into the sack again but all he saw was more little green apples, two small knives, and a tiny piece of wood.

Aunt Nell laughed at his puzzled expression and said, "Do you remember the story we read once in John Martin's Book about John Gutenberg and his magic letters?"

"Yes," answered Eugene, "He whittled them out of wood."

"Yes, and the people were afraid of him because they did not know how he could print so fast. They called him a wizard and drove him away from his home."

As she talked, Aunt Nell spread a newspaper on the table and took from her envelope a small box of water-colors and a pad of paper.

"Now, with a glass of water, we have all we need to start a printing shop ourselves. Would you like to help make the type?"

"O, what fun! Where is the wood?"



"We have something this time that is much easier to cut than wood," answered Aunt Nell, as she cut across one of the apples. Then with brush and dark blue water-color she painted the smooth, flat surface of a half apple and pressed it against the white paper. When she lifted the apple, there was a circle of blue with a beautiful little white flower-form in the center. (Figure 1 on next page.)

"How easy!" exclaimed Eugene, "but where did the star come from?"

"It grew. It's the place for the seeds, you know."

"I don't see how you ever thought of using that, Aunt Nell. Did any one else ever print with apples?"

"Not that I know of. One day I wanted to decorate the covers of a sketch-book I had made and I thought I would try block printing. I went out of doors to find something to use for a block and I saw some tiny apples in the grass under the apple tree. I knew that sometimes people use a potato for block printing; so I thought of cutting my design on an apple. But when I cut the apple in two, I found a beautiful design already there. Nature had made it for me.

"Then, I used a tiny piece of wood to print a stem for my odd little flower. Together they made an all-over pattern like this," and she printed several "flowers" in diagonal rows with a "stem" in each space between.

Aunt Nell took another apple and cut a small section from one side, and removing four other pieces made the first surface a square. On this she cut two small grooves crossing each other, and when she made a print from this "block," Eugene called it a little window. (2)

"Why, it is just like the figures in your dress!" he exclaimed.

Then Eugene cut an apple and made his first print, which proved to be a very good design. (3) Aunt Nell cut and printed the letter "E," and Eugene was delighted. (4)

"Now let's print my name," he said.

"All right," she answered, "while you make 'U' I will make 'G.' We can use the same 'E' three times. That makes it easy."

"Why, Aunt Nell, you are cutting your 'G' backwards!"

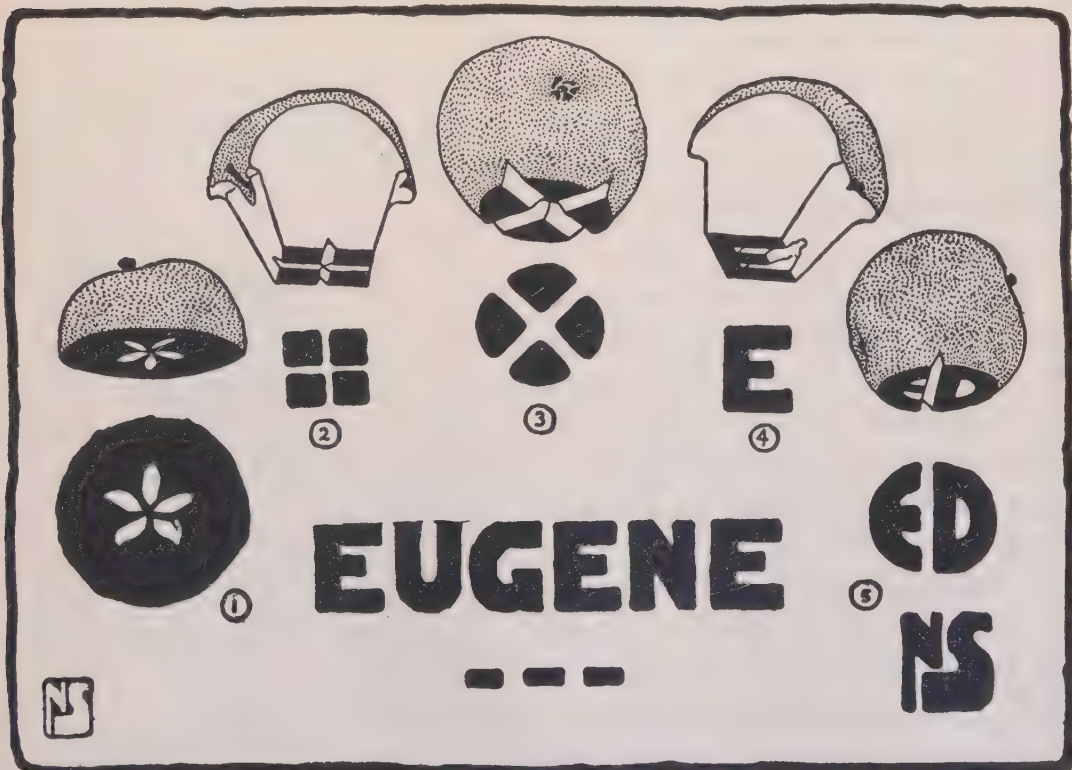
"Yes," she explained, "you see when it is pressed down against the paper, that turns it the other way."

"O, I forgot that. But it doesn't make any difference about the letter 'U' because it hasn't any backwards."

The name was soon printed, and then they cut and printed their monograms and talked of different ways to use them. Eugene thought of many things he would like to mark with his initials. (5)

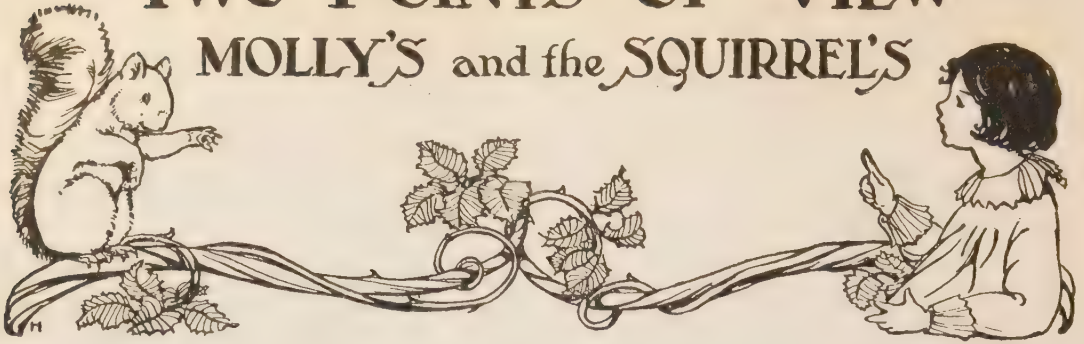
"Green apple magic is great," he said with a happy sigh, when Aunt Nell went home.

NETTIE S. SMITH



TWO POINTS OF VIEW

MOLLY'S and the SQUIRREL'S



ONCE there was a little girl and her name was Mollie. Mollie was six years old and she lived in a little white house in the country. Behind the house was father's garden. And behind the garden was a stone wall. And behind the stone wall were some woods.

Mollie could climb through a hole in the wall, and then she was right in the woods. Mollie liked to play in the woods. Birds lived in the woods and there was a gray squirrel there, too, and some rabbits. The squirrel was tame but the rabbits were afraid of Mollie. They would scamper off when they saw her coming.

The play that Mollie liked best was feeding the birds and the squirrel. But mother wouldn't let her play in the woods until the work in the house was done. Mollie had to wipe the dishes, and make her own little bed, and sweep her own little room. Every day she had to do it.

Now I am going to tell you something very surprising about Mollie. She didn't like to work! She loved to play, but she just hated to work. She hated to wipe dishes, and she hated to make her little bed, and she hated to sweep her little room.

One afternoon when Mollie's work was done, she took her little basket and put in it two crackers and a slice of bread and four peanuts. The crackers and bread were for the birds but you



can't guess whom the peanuts were for! Then she walked down through the garden to the place in the stone wall and climbed over, and then she was in the woods.

Mollie broke the crackers and the bread up into tiny pieces and scattered them on the ground. Then she sat down on a soft, green, mossy seat and watched. She saw a woodpecker running up and down a tree. "Tap, tap, tap, tap," he went with his bill. He was looking for bugs in the bark; he didn't want Mollie's crumb lunch. Then she saw some great black birds flying over the trees. "Caw, caw, caw," they said, when they saw Mollie, but they didn't want the crumbs, either. Then Mollie saw a robin red-breast. Hop, hop, hop, he went. Then he cocked his head at something in the grass. Then he began to tug and tug and tug, until he pulled out a big fat worm. Robin didn't want the crumbs, either. Then some little gray and brown chattering sparrows came. They flew right to the crumbs. Pick, pick, pick, pick, they went, until every crumb was gone. They liked Mollie's lunch.

Then Mollie took two peanuts, one in each hand, and hit them together. They made a little sound like "Click, click, click, click." Some one up in an oak tree heard the click, click. He peeped around the tree. Then he flicked his long, furry tail. Then he began to chatter. "Chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter," he went. Then he scrambled down the tree and hopped right up to Mollie. It was the big gray squirrel. He wasn't afraid at all.



He took a peanut from Mollie's hand and held it in his front paws, curled his tail up his back, and nibble, nibble, nibble, the peanut was all eaten up. Then he came to get another and another. But the last peanut the gray squirrel did not nibble. He took it in his mouth, and ran and dug a little hole in the ground, and put the peanut in, and buried it, and stamped it all down with his front paws. Why do you suppose he did that?

And then the gray squirrel ran up the tree again. And then he chattered at Mollie again. Perhaps he was thanking her. And then he ran around behind the tree trunk, and peeped and chattered again, and then he was gone.

Mollie sat on the soft moss and leaned against the tree, and she felt so comfortable, and she heard the grasshoppers and the crickets singing, and she heard a bumble bee humming, and she felt the breezes blowing, and she was so comfortable, so comfortable, and she closed her eyes for a minute, and she felt so-so-comfortable. And then—creeping, creeping down the tree trunk, came the gray squirrel again, and hop, hop, hop, nearer and nearer he came and he hopped right up on Mollie's knee and flicked his tail and chattered and chattered and all of a sudden he began to talk—not squirrel talk but real talk, and he said, "Thank you, Mollie, for the peanuts—and I want to ask you something—Why do you like work better than play?" "Why, I don't," said Mollie. "Yes, you do," said the gray squirrel, "Feeding squirrels is work, and feeding birds is work, too, and you like it, and wiping dishes and sweeping and making beds is play, and you don't like it. I wish I were a little girl and had nothing to do but just make beds and sweep and wipe dishes—but feeding squirrels—Oh! how I hate it. Thank you just the same, Mollie, I am glad you call feeding squirrels play"—and the gray squirrel hopped down and scampered up the tree.

And Mollie rubbed her eyes, and yawned, and stretched herself, and got up from her nice soft seat, and picked up her basket, and climbed over the wall, and walked through the garden and went in the house—and supper was all ready—Mollie had no idea it was so late. And after supper Mollie helped wipe the dishes and then she went up and undressed and got into bed. And Mother came up to tuck her in. And when Mollie was all tucked in she said, "Mother, is wiping dishes and sweeping and making beds work, or is it play?"

FRANK R. PAGE





The PRINCESS POCAHONTAS

THROUGH the forest ran a little Indian maiden, as lithe and as fleet and as noiseless as a fawn. The trees, bursting with their first green leaves, the morning sun shining through the branches, smiled at her as she sped along. Budding time had come!

On a hillside overlooking a shining river, she stopped; for everywhere on the ground, peeping through the dead leaves of winter, were the bright faces of the first spring flowers. Panting from her run, she would stoop and grasp some dewy red bud and hold it against her rosy cheek, her black hair falling in a mass over her bare, brown shoulders. She was the Princess Pocahontas, daughter of the Indian chief, Powhatan.

Suddenly she stood, tense and still, her hand at her brow to shield her eyes from the sun, as she looked out with amazed curiosity at the winding river. What were those huge white things rounding the bend? Were they giant birds swimming up from the unknown ocean?

She ran a little distance for a better view. No, they were more like three great canoes, only they had huge white wings spread out to the wind, and they floated across the water faster than any canoes she had ever seen!

Had the Spirit of the Ocean sent a gift to his Indian servants? Had he sent them a punishment? Full of frightened curiosity, Pocahontas turned, and, as fast as her nimble feet could carry her, sped away to her father, the chief, to tell him the marvelous news.

Thus the Indian princess, for the first time, beheld the ships of the Englishmen who had come from across the great ocean to make their homes

in the land of the Indians. They were strange beings, these White Men. As they lived quietly in their little colony at Jamestown, the Indian people marveled at them, and tried to decide whether they were gods or men. They had no women with them, they were never known to be sick, they spoke a strange language. They had beautiful colored trinkets, the like of which the Indians had never seen. These they presented to the Indians in all friendliness and in exchange for food.

But the friendliness between the Indians and the colonists did not last long. Sometimes, when the Indians refused to give them food, the White Men would use their weapons—magic weapons, which contained fire and made a great noise. Some of the Indians would be killed, and the others would flee in a panic of fright.

Powhatan, the mighty chief, grew jealous and fearful of these strangers. They had taken some of his land from him. Their power was growing so fast that some day they might try to overrule him and his people.

It happened that, one day, during the season of the fall of the leaf, a White Man was made captive by the Indians and brought before the chief, Powhatan. Powhatan, in all his regal pomp and dignity, sat ready to receive the stranger. Old and grizzled he was, beaten by the storms of many winters, but straight and strong still. Around his neck he wore a string of pearls, and his body was covered with a robe made of raccoon skins. Before him a fire burned, and on either side of it stood a double row of warriors, grim and silent, their heads and shoulders painted red and decorated with gay ornaments. Behind them were the women and children.

At the entrance of the prisoner, every warrior raised his hand to his mouth, and a terrific shout rent the skies, a shout mingled with the noise of drums and rattles. The Englishman could not tell whether it were a cry of welcome or a war whoop. A squaw brought water for the





White Man to wash his hands; another brought him feathers with which to dry them. Food was brought for him to eat. A solemn council was then held to decide his fate.

Little Pocahontas had never before seen a White Man. How strange he was with his short hair and his pale face! What a great many clothes he wore! The debate lasted a long time, and the Englishman could not tell what they said in their harsh language; but Pocahontas knew, and she was fearful for the life of the White Man. At last two great stones were brought in and placed before Powhatan. Two warriors grasped the struggling Englishman, and, dragging him to the feet of their chief, placed his head upon the stones.

The heart of the Princess Pocahontas was filled with pity for the brave and handsome stranger. Pleading for his deliverance, she fell on her face before her father. But even the plea of the chief's favorite daughter was of no avail. Above the head of the Englishman the warriors raised their clubs.

With a cry, Pocahontas flung herself upon the prisoner, grasped his head in her hands, and placed her head upon his. The blows did not fall; Powhatan relented. By her great courage and bravery Pocahontas had saved the life of Captain John Smith, the leader of the White Men. Little did she know what a great service she had done the colony which had been founded in the land of her people, and which was one day to be our great state of Virginia. There are American families now who are proud to trace their connection back to this little Indian maid, who afterward married and became one of their far-away grandmothers.

MARGARET M. MINER



IN ANCIENT days so long ago, when the arts of our modern warfare were unknown, there lived in India a certain marajah. The title *marajah* means very great king. Now this marajah was ambitious. He wished to make his army the greatest and most powerful in the world. Accordingly, he formed a council of one hundred learned ministers and one hundred distinguished generals. Then he bade this council study and learn how best to make an army invincible. As their lord commanded, every man studied diligently. Some talked with soldiers, and others read in books. Still others talked with makers of swords and daggers. Then, on a certain day, the marajah called the council and bade each one tell the results of his study.

Said one: "Most high and mighty marajah, it will be well to give the army short swords. With short swords, the soldiers can defend themselves skilfully and scatter the enemy."

"That sounds well," agreed the marajah graciously.

Said another: "Most illustrious and magnificent marajah, it will be better to give the army long swords. With long swords, the soldiers can keep the enemy at bay."

"That also sounds well," agreed the marajah and bade a third speak.

"Supreme lord and master of us all," spoke this third counselor, "chariots shooting forth flame and fire will be best. Driven in the face of the enemy, they would soon make him beg mercy."



"And that, too, sounds well," agreed the marajah, still gracious and amiable in manner.

So ran the talk at the council. Some thought that soldiers armed with poisoned arrows could conquer legions. Others declared that herds of elephants driven in advance of the army would always insure victory. The marajah listened with deepest interest to these various opinions. However, it did not escape his watchful eye that Ramma, his prime minister, had sat silent throughout the discussion. When the rest had spoken the marajah spoke to him.

"And what think you, Ramma?" asked he. "To make an army powerful, will long swords or short, poisoned arrows, or daggers serve best?"

"Honored lord," replied Ramma, "none of these weapons alone will make an army powerful. To my mind, courage in the face of danger is the best weapon of all."

This answer made the marajah angry. Kings do not like subjects to disagree with them. So he spoke scornfully in reply. "Ah then, Ramma," said he, "you set your wisdom thus against the wisdom of the entire council? You must think yourself the wisest of all."

"Otherwise, honored lord, you had not made me prime minister," replied Ramma and made deep obeisance to the marajah. "I say again, courage is the best and most powerful weapon that a man can possess.

And, after all, gracious lord, you will agree that the armies are made up of men, one by one."

The marajah was furious. However, since he could think of nothing clever to reply, he rose and dismissed the council. The counselors, one and all, began to wonder which of them would be called to the office of prime minister. They did not doubt that the marajah would remove Ramma at once. However, though the marajah was angry and looked coldly at Ramma whenever they chanced to meet, he did not remove him from office. Instead, the marajah planned and plotted in secret to bring shame and confusion upon his prime minister.

The marajah waited his opportunity. Then one summer's day, he looked from his balcony and saw Ramma sitting in the walled garden beneath. Ramma was feeding sweetmeats to his toy sleeve-dog. (In case you have never before heard of sleeve-dogs, I shall explain about them. They are very small poodles, so very bow-legged that they can scarcely walk. However, they can cling closely to the arm. They never tumble off, no matter how they may be carried. Royal folk at the courts of India, China, and Japan, often carry these dogs in the long loose sleeves of their robes. Hence the name, sleeve-dogs.)

The marajah sat watching for some time. Then suddenly he be-thought him of a plan to cover his prime minister with shame. Calling his servants, he bade them loose a certain wild elephant, and then to drive



it into the walled garden where Ramma sat. The servants withdrew, and presently the marajah heard the shrill trumpeting of the fierce beast. A moment later, he saw it tearing up trees and shrubs, and trampling on all in the way, as it plunged through the walled garden.

"Now we shall see what courage in the face of danger will do for Ramma," laughed the marajah within himself. "My prime minister will take to his heels to save his head. I shall tell his shame before the council."

Straight down the pathways plunged the wild elephant. But to the marajah's amazement, Ramma neither retreated nor sought to climb the wall. Instead, he ran boldly down the path to meet the terrible beast, and there stood waving his arms about like windmills. The sleeve-dog, thinking it was some new and delightful game, yelped and barked with delight to find himself flying through the air. Then, would you believe it,—that fierce wild elephant, frightened at the little dog, turned and fled from Ramma! So far and fast did he flee, that fifty mounted slaves were quite worn out before he was again recaptured.

You may imagine what a stir was raised in the palace. Tales of Ramma and of his courage and bravery were heard on all sides. Even the marajah, himself, could not restrain his admiration. He sent for Ramma, and for the first time since the council day, spoke kindly to him.

"Ah, Ramma," said the marajah, "you were right. I set the elephant upon you, just to see you flee in the face of danger. I had planned to tell your shame before the council, but you have shamed your king, instead."

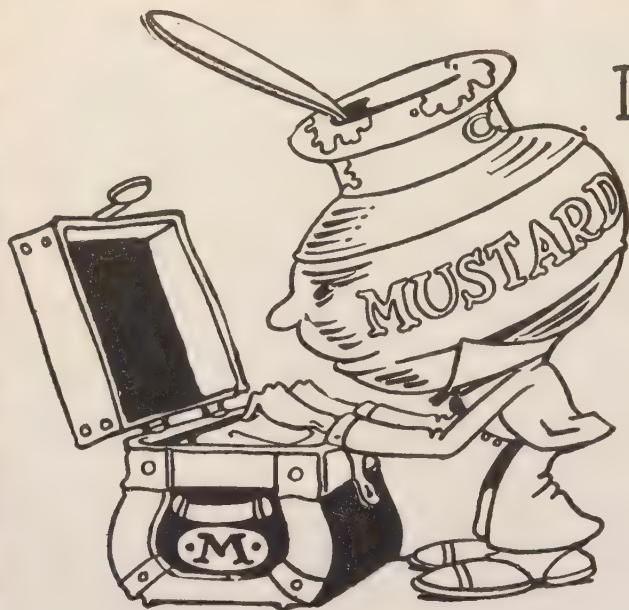
However Ramma's wisdom was equal even to this. He knew very well that the marajah did not like to be shamed, and, moreover, that the marajah was apt to hate the one that shamed him. Ramma did not wish the marajah to hate him, and so he answered: "Nay, gracious lord. I had said that courage was the best weapon of all and the most powerful. Your highness did but wish to find the truth of it, and so did try me."

"Quite so, quite so, my prime minister," agreed the marajah, gracious and amiable once again. "And you have stood the test. Courage is the best weapon of all. Come with me, and you shall tell the council."

LORETTA ELLEN BRADY.



Did you ever~?



Did you ever
see
a
mustard
pack
?



Did you ever
see a lamp smoke
and watch
the salad dressing?

G.C.
+

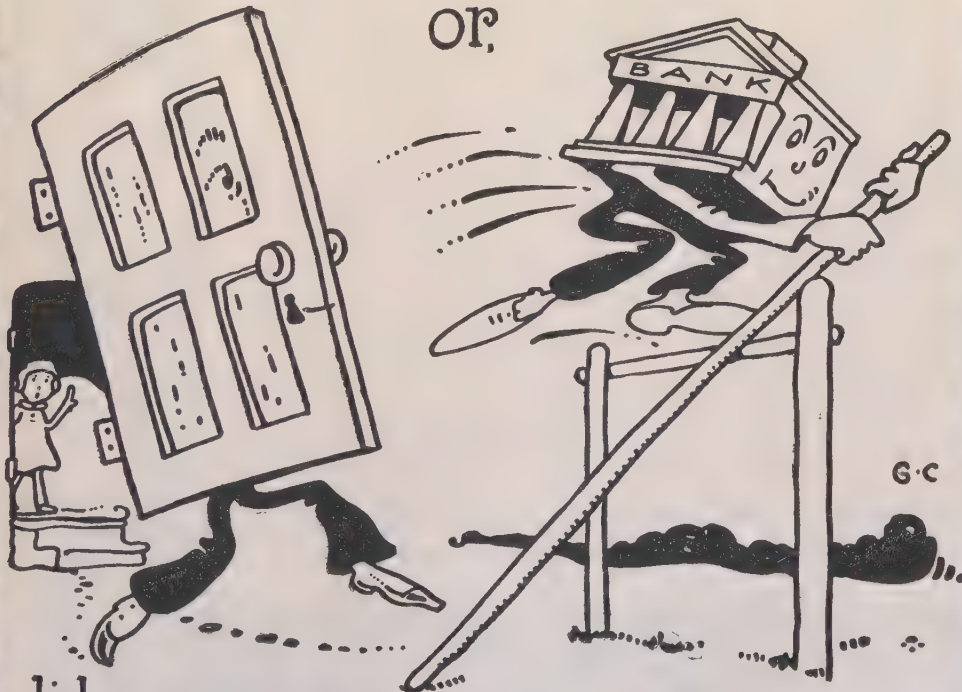
ELIZABETH WOODYATT

Did you ever-?



Did you
ever hear
a sheep
tick? ~

or



did you ever see
a door step,

or see a bank vault?

+ JOSEPHINE LAMB
LUCILE TANNER
W. BROWNLEE D. CARRINGTON

The DANDELION PARACHUTES

SPRING has come," say the dandelions, lifting their yellow heads in the grass. And then, in just a little while, their yellow heads have turned snow white. How we love to pick them now and blow the white wisps into the air, watching them sail away! Perhaps we never stop to wonder what becomes of them after that.

If we could put those little bits of woolly wisps under a magnifying glass, we should see that each one is a tiny parachute with a seed pod at the end. When we blow the white wool from the dandelion, all these little parachutes are caught by the wind. Away they fly with their burdens of seeds, which they finally drop in somebody's lawn or garden. There they grow and blossom and send out more seeds in little parachutes. That is why father gets out early in the spring with a sharp knife and tries to dig out all the dandelion roots before they blossom and go to seed.

The yellow heads of the dandelions look pretty on a bright spring day, but they are greedy little plants and soon crowd out all the green grass and flowers if left alone. Digging up dandelion roots is something every child can do to help make his own lawn beautiful. ELIZABETH BROWNE DUBRIDGE



OUR FLAG

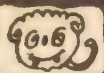


YOUR flag and my flag,
And oh, how much it holds!
Your land and my land
Secure within its folds.

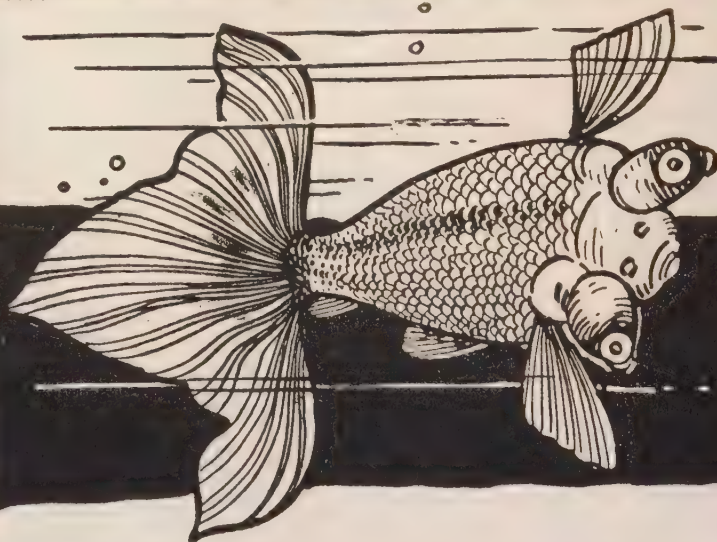
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight—
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed,
The red, the blue, the white.

The one flag, the great flag,
The flag for me and you!
Glorified all else beside,
The red, the white, the blue.

JOSEPH COLADE

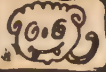


QUEER CREATURES



Telescope-Fish....

THIS is a most peculiar fish; look at his bulging eyes
That stick out like a telescope, as if in shocked surprise.
He's of the goldfish family, but lacking colors bright.
In his wild state he's dullish gray and sometimes simply white.
But Chinese fishermen know how to catch them, I am told,
And, by a certain bringing up, turn all their scales to gold.
The Chinese greatly prize this fish, as pirates prize their booty,
Perhaps because he looks like gold, they think he is a beauty.



QUEER CREATURES



Solitaire



HERE is the lonely "Solitaire," a strange and harmless bird.

He used to be the cousin of the "Dodo" bird, I've heard.

The "Solitaire" ate pebble stones, and on his two short wings

Were bits of bone that made a noise to scare off silly things.

He could not fly (poor "Solitaire"), nor run or waddle fast;

And being helpless, all his kind became extinct at last.

I learned this little bit of him by reading ancient lore;

Now get your big Britannica and learn a great deal more.



THE TWO OLD BACHELORS



TWO old Bachelors were living in one house;
One caught a Muffin, the other caught a Mouse.
Said he who caught the Muffin to him who caught the Mouse,

"This happens just in time! For we've nothing in the house,
Save a tiny slice of lemon and a teaspoonful of honey,
And what to do for dinner—since we haven't any money?
And what can we expect if we haven't any dinner,
But to lose our teeth and eyelashes and keep on growing thinner?"

Said he who caught the Mouse to him who caught the Muffin,
"We might cook this little Mouse, if we only had some Stuffin'!
If we had but Sage and Onion we could do extremely well;
But how to get that Stuffin' it is difficult to tell!
Those two old Bachelors ran quickly to the town
And asked for Sage and Onion as they wandered up and down;
They borrowed two large Onions, but no Sage was to be found
In the Shops, or in the Market, or in all the Gardens 'round.



But some one said, "A hill there is, a little to the north,
And to its purpledicular top a narrow way leads forth;
And there among the rugged rocks abides an ancient Sage—
An earnest Man, who reads all day a most perplexing page.
Climb up and seize him by the toes—all studious as he sits—
And pull him down and chop him into endless little bits!
Then mix him with your Onion (cut up likewise into Scraps),
When your Stuffin' will be ready, and very good—perhaps."

Those two old Bachelors without loss of time
 The nearly purpledicular crags at once began to climb;
 And at the top, among the rocks, all seated in a nook,
 They saw that Sage a-reading of a most enormous book.
 "You earnest Sage!" aloud they cried, "your book you've read
 enough in!
 We wish to chop you into bits to mix you into Stuffin'!"
 But that old Sage looked calmly up, and with his awful book,
 At those two Bachelors' bald heads a certain aim he took:



And over Crag and Precipice they rolled promiscuous down,
 At once they rolled, and never stopped in lane or field or town;
 And when they reached their house, they found (besides their
 want of Stuffin')
 The Mouse had fled—and, previously, had eaten up the Muffin.
 They left their home in silence by the once convivial door;
 And from that hour those Bachelors were never heard of more.

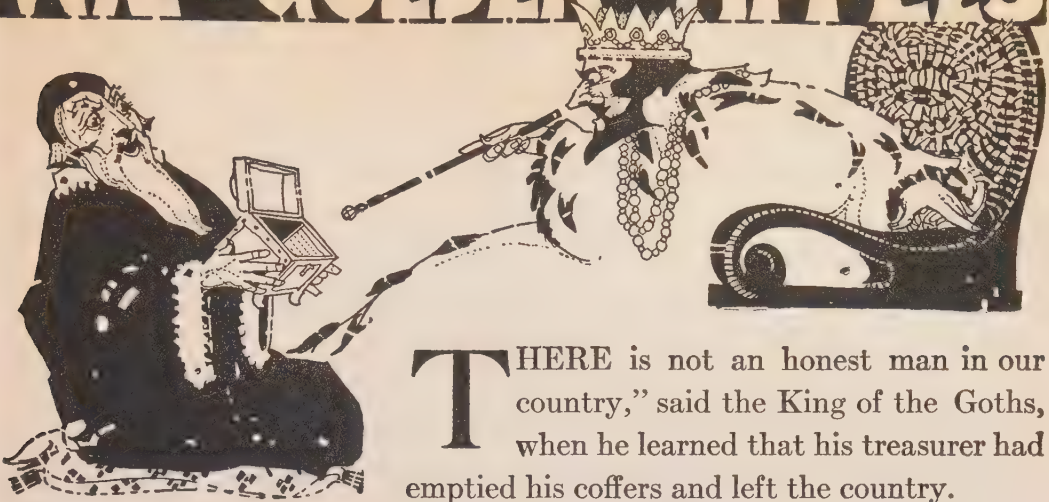
EDWARD LEAR





SEE what happened to my
best piece of paper, that I had
saved to draw a picture on ~~~~~
for YOU ! ~~~~~ Ima Cooky

THE GOLDEN APPLES



THERE is not an honest man in our country," said the King of the Goths, when he learned that his treasurer had emptied his coffers and left the country.

"I don't believe that all the Goths are thieves," remonstrated old Graybeard, the King's Councilor, "and if there is an honest man among them I will find him."

"How?" asked the King.

"Leave that to me," said Graybeard.

"I wish you luck," said the King and turned to other business.



A YOUTH is wanted at the King's court to tend the King's horses," cried the King's criers as they rode up and down the country of Gothland. "A youth is wanted at the King's court to tend the King's horses."

From everywhere boys flocked to the King's court in effort to secure the position of watching the King's horses. Among the first to arrive was young Egil. He was tall, straight, and strongly built, so old Graybeard spoke to him first of all.

"Will you serve the King?" he asked.

"Oh, yes sir," replied Egil.

"Then," said Graybeard, "listen carefully to what I say. If you can watch the king's foals for one whole day and tell me, at night, what they eat and drink, you will be greatly rewarded. But if you can't you will have to suffer the consequences of a betrayed trust. Do you understand?"

“Yes,” replied the lad, elated at the good luck so easily won.

Next morning the king’s coachman led out the seven foals, and Egil smiled brightly as he saw them. He thought himself as good as having the reward already and wondered what it would be. Something very great, he felt sure, since it was the king who was going to award it.

Away tore the colts over hills and dales and the lad after them. When the boy had run until he was very tired, he came to a cleft in a rock where a fair maiden sat spinning.

“Come here,” she said, smiling upon him, “and rest awhile in the shade. It is hard work to run all day in the summer heat.”

Egil knew that only too well, so he sat down beside the maid. She commenced to sing to him as sweetly as Valkyrias sing, glad runes, and strong runes, of runes of victory and runes of honor and the enraptured boy listened to her song which was as fascinating as her fathomless eyes and shining hair. He forgot the colts and old Graybeard’s words, forgot his trust and his poor mother in the forest who would suffer with him if he failed. At last he remembered and arose.

“Wait a while longer,” smiled the Valkyria. “At twilight the foals will return this same way. Then you can run back to the palace with them and no one will know that you have not watched them all day long. When the king asks you what they have been eating and drinking just show him this.” She held out to him a tuft of grass and a flask of water.



Egil pocketed the grass and the flask of water and thanked her for her advice which saved him the trouble of running all day, and sat down again to listen to more songs. Sure enough, when the sun went down behind the forest from which he had come, the foals returned and the lad ran with them to the king's palace.

"Have you watched true and well the whole day?" asked Graybeard, as Egil reached the palace gate.

"Aye, I ha-ave," stammered the lad as steadily as he could.

"Then, tell me what the king's horses have been eating and drinking."

The lad pulled from his pocket the tuft of grass and the flask of water.

"These are their food and drink."

"You have not watched true," thundered Graybeard, angrily. "You will be punished hard for betraying your trust. Return disgraced to the place you came from."

Egil limped home as quickly as he could. The punishment had been very severe and his back was bruised, his heart heavy, his limbs sore and wounded, and his temper wretched. "I went out to seek employment," he complained to his sympathizing mother, "but I will never do so again. The world is wretchedly cruel."

His mother petted him and cried over the hard luck of her poor boy, but his twin brother, Emir, said that, since Egil had failed, he would go out into the world and try his luck.

"Don't you do it," said Egil. "The world is very cruel and full of maidens who lure one to destruction by their sweet songs."

"Well, I won't listen," replied Emir and took up his cap, squeezed his mother's wrinkled hand and was off for the king's palace.

"Will you serve the King?" asked Graybeard, as soon as he was admitted. "Can you watch the King's foals?"

"Of course I can," replied Emir.

"If you can watch them a whole day and tell me what they eat and drink, you will be greatly rewarded," said Graybeard. "If you can't you will suffer punishment for betraying a trust. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

As the next morning dawned the king's coachman led out the seven foals, and off they went again, over hills and valleys and the lad after them. When he had run until he was both warm and weary, he passed by a cleft in a rock where a matron sat smiling beside a well-spread table.



"Come here and have a drink to moisten your parched throat," she called to him, holding up a cup full of foaming mead. "It is hot work to run on a day like this."

Emir knew it only too well. The sweat ran down his tanned cheeks, and there was not a dry thread upon his hot back. So he stopped and took the offered cup. He drank eagerly and handed the empty cup back to the good matron who filled it again and held it out to him.

"Now sit down a while and rest," she urged, when he had emptied the second cup and was ready to run after the colts. "It is nice and shady here and you certainly need a few minutes' rest. It is cruel to make a lad run a whole day in such scorching heat. Sit down, my boy, and I will tell you something worth knowing."

Emir sat down, indeed he could hardly stand, and he felt very comfortable as he stretched himself in the shade.

"Those foals will return this way in the evening," said the matron, smiling. "They always do. If you stay here until the sun goes down you can run with the colts back to the palace, and no one need to know that you have not been with them all day long. If Graybeard asks you what they have been eating and drinking, just show him this." She held out to the lad a tuft of grass and a flask of water.

"Thank you," said the boy. "I should be a fool to run the whole day

in the heat when nobody will know the difference.” Then he settled himself more comfortably to listen to the matron’s wonderful stories; stories of Helheim and Alfheim, of Swartzheim and Jotunheim, of Asgard, the city of the gods, and of the Urdar Fountain and the three Norns, of secrets of the past and secrets of the future, of awful things which none but the gods, or Valkyrias, could know. When the foals came back at nightfall, Emir followed them to the royal palace.

“Can you tell me what the King’s foals eat and drink?” asked old Graybeard.

“Yes,” quaked Emir, drawing a tuft of grass and a flask of water from his pocket and holding them up with trembling hand. “Here you—you see their me-meat and dr-drink.”

“You have betrayed your trust,” shouted Graybeard angrily. “You must suffer the punishment and then return to your home disgraced.”

The lad limped home as quickly as he could. The whipping had been very severe. His mother cried over his bruises, and his twin brother said: “I told you so.” But Totts, the baby, rose and took down his cap from its peg.

“Since both Egil and Emir have failed I am going to try my luck in the world,” he announced.

His brothers laughed at him. “Since we have fared so badly, you think you will succeed,” they sneered. “That is a good joke.”

“I mean to try,” decided Totts.

“The world is very cruel, my boy,” moaned his mother.

“If you must go, beware of maidens, who sing songs,” admonished Egil. “There is nothing in the world so treacherous as maidens who sing songs.”

“That is your opinion,” retorted Emir, “but I tell you mead is the real danger in the world. Beware of mead and of people who tell stories.”

While the brothers quarreled about the real dangers of the world, Totts slipped out and ran to the king’s palace, quite determined to be faithful to any trust.

“Will you serve the King?” asked Graybeard. “Can you watch the King’s horses a whole day?”

“I will try my best,” replied Totts.

“If you can watch them a whole day and tell me what they eat and

drink, you will be greatly rewarded," said Graybeard. "But if you can't you will be severely punished for betraying a trust. Do you understand?"

"I, I believe I do, sir."

Next morning the coachman led out the seven foals again, and away they went over hills and dales with Totts behind them. When he also had run a long while he came to the cleft in the rock where a girl skipped and played with three golden apples.

"Come and play with me," called the girl.

"Naw," answered Totts, grabbing the tail of the last colt to make sure he would stay with his foals, "naw, I have work to do."

"Oh, come now," cried the girl, running after him and tossing her golden apples before his eyes. "I will give you one of them if you will play with me, and each one is worth a fortune. Come on."

"Naw," shouted the boy, "I have promised to watch those colts the whole day."

"Foolish boy, foolish boy," taunted the girl. "Don't you know that the foals will return this same way at sunset? Then you can run home with them and none will know whether you have watched them the whole day or not. If the——"

But Totts was out of hearing distance. "I have promised to watch them," he shouted back.

"Good for you, good for you," called the girl in the voice of a Valkyria and disappeared, tossing her golden apples so skilfully that they landed in Totts' pocket.



The foals had reached an old vineyard in the heart of the forest, leaped over the fence, and commenced to eat clusters of purple grapes. It was almost dark when Totts with the foals reached the gate to the king's palace.

"Have you watched well and true?" asked Graybeard.

"I have done my best," replied Totts.

"Then you can tell me what the king's horses eat and drink."

"Yes," said Totts. "It is the queerest thing I have ever seen, but, whether you believe or not, the only things they have either eaten or drunk is clusters of purple grapes. There is an old vineyard up in——"

"My boy," broke off Graybeard, smiling, "you have watched true. You are the man we want for the King's treasurer."

"But, look at these," said Totts, drawing the three golden apples from his pocket. "A girl threw them into my pocket. I suppose that I must try to find her and give them back to her."

"They are yours, my boy," smiled the old man, leading Totts into the presence of the King.

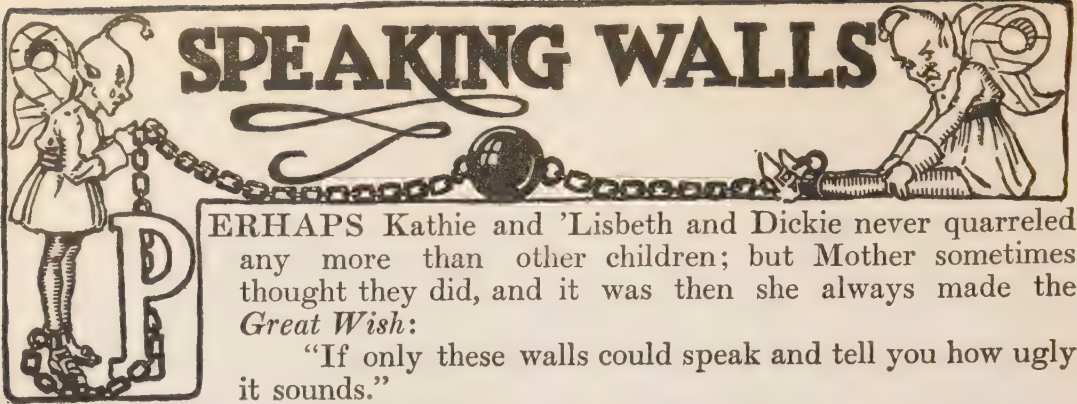
"Here is the King's treasurer," announced Graybeard. "He is perfectly honest, but, I presume, very ignorant."

"That is easily remedied," said the King, smiling.

The King's tutors trained and taught the peasant boy and, in time, he became not only the King's treasurer, but he sat upon the throne itself. As King Walande, Totts is known in the ancient legends of Scandinavia.

ANNA BOGENHOLM SLOANE.





PERHAPS Kathie and 'Lisbeth and Dickie never quarreled any more than other children; but Mother sometimes thought they did, and it was then she always made the *Great Wish*:

"If only these walls could speak and tell you how ugly it sounds."

"If only they could!" Kathie could *never* resist saying. "I'd love to hear the walls speak!"

One day Mother sent her alone to the nursery for this, and it was then the wonderful thing happened.

She had been in the room hardly a minute, when suddenly the walls began to quiver, and hundreds of wee, shining fairies began to flash and dart about through them. Then, before Kathie could move or speak or do anything, a voice, softer than the faintest whisper, sounded in her right ear.

"She has her wish at last," it said, a bit crossly. "I wonder how she knew the number!"

"Oh, she kept on until she reached it," another replied at Kathie's left ear; "but I don't believe she intended it, and I am sure she doesn't know what it is."

"Don't tell her! Don't tell her!" a lot of voices hissed together.

"Oh, yes; please do!" Kathie burst out then, suddenly getting her speech.

At once, everything was hushed, but, after a while, the first voice spoke again and said, crosser than ever:

"Well, I guess not! Don't you know you are one of our deadliest enemies?"

"I?" cried Kathie, very much surprised. "How?"

"Oh—Oh—Oh!" all the voices whispered at once. "She pretends she doesn't know why we are here!"

"I don't—honest!" Kathie protested, now very much interested. "Tell me, please, won't you?"

Again there was silence, then a voice behind Kathie said shyly:

"Maybe, if we told her, she would try to have us released."

"I would!" Kathie promised. "I would do anything!"

"Suppose we try her," said the voice at her left ear.

"Let's!" they all agreed, as if rather excited about it.

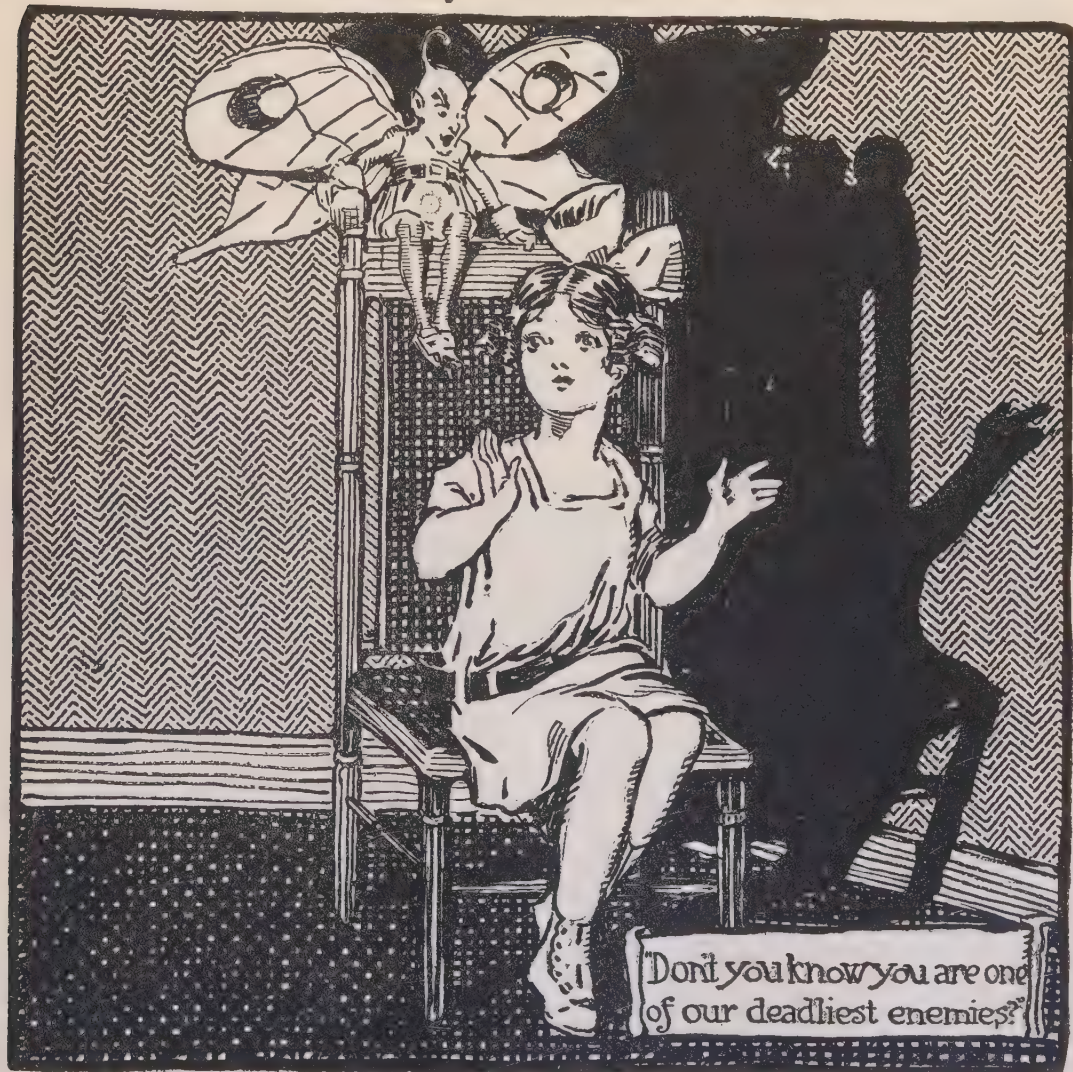
"Very well, then," said the voice that seemed to be leader. "In every house, for each cross word spoken, a fairy is shut up in the walls, and there it has to stay until it hears nothing but sweet and kind words. See how many of us are here in your walls, and new ones come every day—dozens and dozens—and none of us ever hope to get out. You and your brother and

sister quarrel dreadfully, you know, and if you go on, there won't be room here for any more fairies. Then the walls will begin to crack—you have seen this often in very old houses, and sometimes in quite new ones—and then some of the fairies get out and escape. However, somebody else's cross words get them into other walls; so they aren't really helped. The only real help for us is for everyone to be gentle-spoken and kind. Oh, if only *you* would begin!"

"I will!" cried Kathie with all her might. "And 'Lisbeth and Dickie will, too. I'll go tell them now!"

"Wait!" said the right voice. "I just want you to know that we have to whisper to make up for your loud and harsh tones. You will remember that, won't you, when you feel like screaming at people?"

"Oh, I will!" promised Kathie. "I'd be sorry not to have you in our walls, though. I like to know you are there."



When all the fairies get out of the walls we can see them whenever we like!



"Well, I tell you," said the voice—"when all the fairies in the world get out of all the walls, the little children who believe in them can see them whenever they like. All they will have to do is to look about them and wish."

"Oh, oh!" cried Kathie. "I'll start to get you out right away."

At that, the walls became solid again and the fairies disappeared, but Kathie knew they were there, just the same, waiting for her to let them out.

"Of course, they won't ever let me see them until I do it," she decided, "so, I guess I will hurry and start."

When they heard about it, Dickie and 'Lisbeth were glad enough to help her, and now Mother *never* has to make the *great wish* any more, for, of course, they wouldn't think of quarreling when they remember the poor fairies shut up in the walls. Perhaps before very long they can see fairies by just looking about them and wishing.

ELIZABETH HINES HANLEY.



ONE



Capt. Scantling and the Sponge-Cake Trade

time I was in the sponge-cake trade. It was an easy life. Every spring when the cakes were at their best, I used to take a little lugger called "The Little Bird" which I owned at the time, out to the Bakery Islands, and employ the natives who were expert sponge-cake divers, to get me a cargo.



THE HERMIT of PERIWINKLE HILL

ONE bright moonlight night in Autumn, Mother Cricket was giving her family of dusky little chirpers their nightly singing lesson. Mother Cricket would make a short little chirp, then the little crickets would do the same. How this did please Father Cricket, who sat under some golden-rod near by!

But to-night, one little cricket, by the name of Grumpy, did not join in the singing with the rest. Mrs. Cricket noticed that he had taken no part that evening, so she told him that he must sing, as it would soon be cold weather and he had only a short time to learn.

"I don't think much of singing," spoke up Grumpy, "for it seems to me that is all we do. I am sure if we sing so much, we will wear out our legs and wings. I want to save mine so I can hop a long way at a time, like Johnny Grasshopper, and fly around in the air like Miss Butterfly."

"My son," said his mother, "you should never want to do things that were never meant for you to do. And," continued she, "as you are such a naughty cricket, to-morrow night you will have to sing all alone." So saying, she left little Grumpy to think it over. But well he knew that Johnny Grasshopper, who lived next door, hearing him try to sing alone, would make great hops in the air and laugh. He knew this would be more than he could bear, so he decided to leave home.

Next morning bright and early then, while the rest were sleeping, Grumpy stole out of his little home, and scampered away.



All day he traveled over field and meadow, wandering here and there until night-fall when he came to a great hill. How tired and hungry the little runaway was, for he had not stopped to eat anything the whole day long. But, for all that he was so tired and hungry, he began to climb the hill, and when he reached the top, he sat down to rest.

As Grumpy sat there looking around, he noticed what seemed to be a tiny white castle not far away. "I wonder if any one lives in there who would give me something to eat and

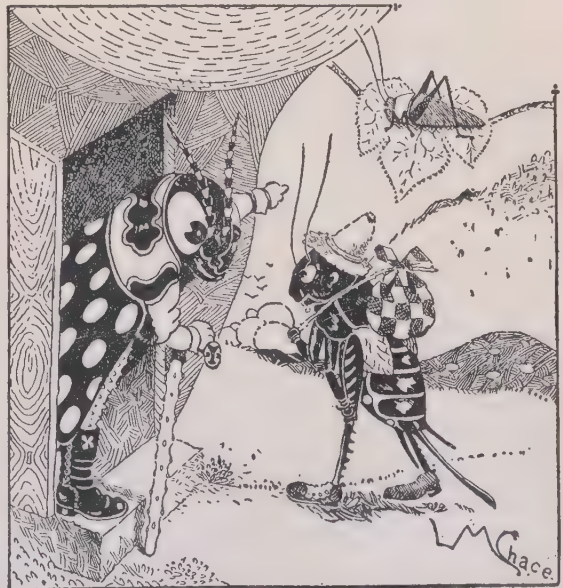
a place to sleep," said Grumpy to himself, and he made his way toward the odd little dwelling which he soon reached. Timidly knocking at the door, he heard a scratching and shuffling within, and then a great shiny beetle appeared at the door.

"Who are you and what do you want?" said he in a deep gruff voice.

"Please, Mr. Beetle," said the little wanderer, "I have traveled a long way and I am tired and hungry. May I stay here for the night?"

"No, you cannot stay here, but perhaps Miss Katy Did, who helps me, would do something for you. She is singing over there now, on that big grape-vine leaf."

Then the old beetle disappeared and Grumpy went in search of Miss Katy Did, whom he soon located as she was saying her name over and over. "There is one thing you haven't *did*," said Grumpy boldly, when



he was near enough, "You haven't given me anything to eat yet."

"Where did you come from, and why should I give you anything to eat?" said Miss Katy Did, quite surprised at Grumpy's boldness.

"Mr. Beetle sent me here, and said you might give me some supper and a place to sleep."

"That isn't a very nice way to ask for things, but I will see what I can do for you," said Miss Katy Did, in a kindly voice. Hopping down from the leaf, she led the way to a little toad-stool table, where she had a spread of nice sweet apple. While the traveler was eating his fill, she told him all about Mr. Beetle, how he lived alone in his little Periwinkle Castle, and was known as the Hermit of Periwinkle Hill. She also told him that she sang for the old Hermit and helped him in many ways.

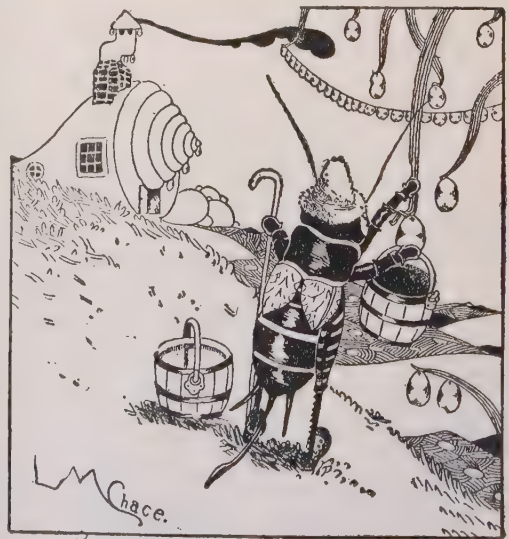
Grumpy, having finished his supper and feeling very tired, wished to go to bed. So Miss Katy told him he might sleep under the big grape-vine leaf where he would be well sheltered.

Grumpy slept soundly that night but when he awoke in the morning, a great change had taken place. The castle was surrounded by a beautiful spider's web, strongly spun by a large golden spider, who now stood guard at a little entrance.

"What has been going on?" asked Grumpy, with a surprised look upon his face.

"That web was made to keep you from running away," explained Miss Katy Did, who was hurrying around, making ant-egg omelet for the old Hermit's breakfast. Poor Grumpy was badly frightened when he heard all this and wished he was safe at home.

While he stood there wondering what would become of him, the old beetle came out and said to him, "We cannot have little fellows around here idle, so you may begin to work at once by helping Miss Katy Did." All that day Grumpy toiled steadily carrying ant eggs, rolling sweet apples



up the long hill, and collecting dew-drops in little walnut-shell pails. So when night came poor Grumpy was very, very tired.

Just when he was getting ready for bed, Miss Katy Did called him to sing. He was to sing with her each night as the old Hermit was very fond of music. "But I can't sing," said the little captive. "That is just why I ran away from home, because I did not want to learn."

"Then you must learn now," said Miss Katy Did, "for the old Hermit will be quite angry if he misses your voice."

So he began to learn that night, and many a hard lesson he had to take before he could suit Miss Katy. Grumpy did not like to sing with her as his little tinkling voice did not blend with her harsh one. How much he would have preferred being at home singing with his brothers and sisters.

Grumpy lived with the old Hermit for a long while, and a hard life he led, too. But one night, after a long day's work, as he sat on his little bed sobbing to himself, he heard a soft voice near by saying, "Why are you crying, little Cricket?" Looking up, he saw a beautiful moth.

"I ran away from home, and came here," said Grumpy, "and now I cannot get away again."

"What made you run away from home?" inquired the moth. So Grumpy told her all about it.

"Now," said the moth, after hearing his story, "do you think you would be satisfied with your home and obey your mother, if I were to take you back?"

"Yes, I am sure I should," said Grumpy eagerly.

"Well, if you will promise all this, I will carry you home to-night." How pleased Grumpy was, when the moth told him to crawl upon her back. After seating himself firmly, they floated gently upward and sailed away toward Grumpy's home.

During the journey, Lady Moth, for that was her name, told him that the old Hermit often found stray little crickets and made them work very hard, but she always watched them closely and when she thought they had learned their lesson, she would take them back to their homes.

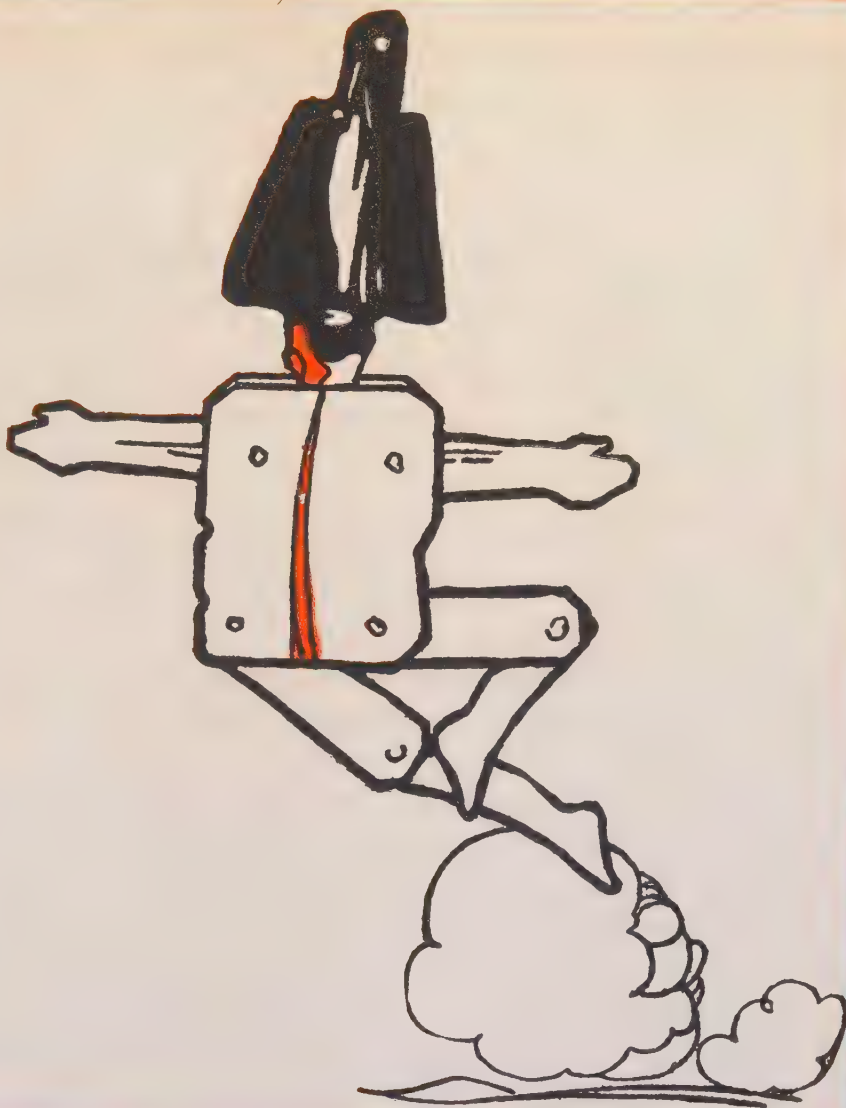
As she finished telling him this, she began to descend. Then Grumpy knew they were almost there. When Lady Moth left him at his door and bade him farewell, Grumpy began to sing with all his might, for he was not a little proud of his new accomplishment.

When Mrs. Cricket and the rest heard so much singing, they came out to see who the little stranger was. "Why, it is Grumpy," they all cried in a chorus, and glad they were to see him again. Then they all began singing and chirping with him in a great chorus.

While the concert was going on, Father Cricket stole away and returned after the singing, with a piece of sweet apple. And such a feast as they did have. Then they all crawled into their cozy little home, not to awaken until the warm summer days came again.

LOUIS B. CHASE





DRAWING AND VERSE BY GORDON CRAIG

THE HARLEQUIN

He thinks he's a bird,
But I know that he's not;
The idea is absurd
To think he's a bird.

The fact is I've heard,
He's right off his dot;
He thinks he's a bird,
But I know that he's not.

The Benevolent Butterfly



FOLK lore tells us many curious tales. For instance, who would ever think of a gay butterfly fluttering its way through the cold and snow far up in northern Alaska? There, the Eskimos live in ice huts and wear clothes made of seal and bear skins to keep warm, while butterflies, as well we know, live in warm countries. Nevertheless, there is a curious old Eskimo legend about a butterfly, which I learned in the museum at Juneau, Alaska.

It happened long, long ago, before the white man explored Alaska, that a certain Eskimo village was in great distress. The winter season had been unusually long, and the supply of dried meat and oil was gone. Day after day, the village hunters tramped over the ice and snow in search of bear or seal or walrus to feed their wives and children. Day after day, they returned empty-handed. Throughout the entire village there was no food save dried roots and moss. The children weakened and grew ill with hunger. Even the strongest men in the village began to grow thin and gaunt. Still the hunters returned empty-handed, and the little village faced starvation.

Then, one day, when the ice on the stream had broken, the hunters went down the river in their kyaks. (A kyak is a canoe made of whale skin.) As they paddled along, a butterfly was seen fluttering above them.

"Ah, see the beautiful creature!" cried the hunters one to the other, "It must be a good omen! Let us follow where it leads."

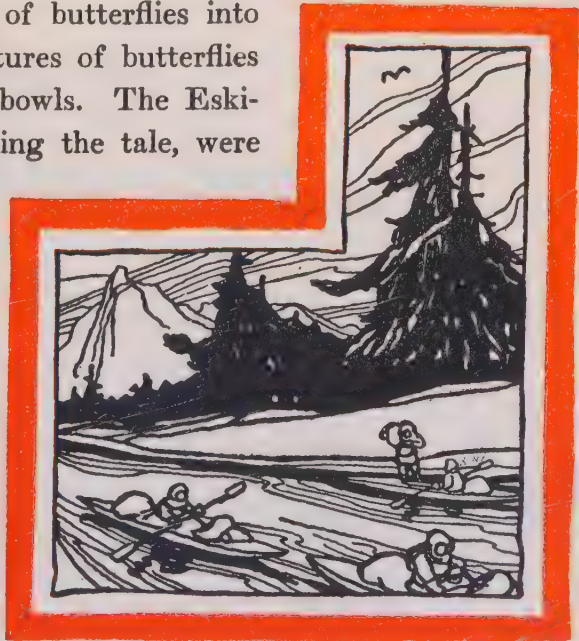
With that, the butterfly, as though it had understood, flew before the prow of the foremost kayak. The hunters paddled as fast as they were able following where the lovely creature led. For several hours the butterfly flew ahead, down the course of the stream which they knew well. Then suddenly it wheeled and led them to the mouth of a hidden inlet and up a stream they had never seen before. This stream ran thick with silvery fish, while upon the banks bear and reindeer were dwelling.

Quickly the nets were let down, and some of the kayaks were filled with fish. Other hunters raised their bows and brought down bear and reindeer sufficient to last their village for another season. Then, turning the kayaks about, the men started homeward, the beautiful butterfly still leading the way.

When the kayaks laden down with food appeared, there was great rejoicing in the little Eskimo village. A noble feast was made, and the hungry people ate their fill. In gratitude, the people begged the beautiful butterfly to remain with them and be their good omen forever and ever.

But the butterfly declined their kindly invitation. Waving its brilliant wings in farewell, it flew away, and never again was one of its kind seen by the Eskimos of northern Alaska. But the grateful people never forgot the lovely creature that had saved them from starvation. The village artist painted its picture upon the kayaks it had guided. The Eskimo women worked pictures of butterflies into their mats. The men carved pictures of butterflies upon their slatestone lamps and bowls. The Eskimos of other villages, upon hearing the tale, were charmed by the pictures of the beautiful butterfly and began to copy them.

And so it is to-day that pictures of the butterfly are to be found woven in the reindeer blankets, worked in grass baskets, carved upon ivory charms, and painted upon the treasure chests of the northern Alaska Eskimos. LORETTA E. BRADY





THE HORSE



THE HORSE is very big and strong,
He works with all his heart.
He pulls the plow and eats his oats
And draws the apple cart.
It's wonderful, a beast as big
And powerful should be
So gentle and obedient
To little folks like me.



THE GOAT



THE GOAT is just a *Billy* Goat,
With whiskers on his chin.
They say he eats your laundry up,
And dotes on cans of tin.
But I know well that isn't so
With our nice Billy Goat;
He only eats the buttons off
My Daddy's Sunday coat.



THE DONKEY



HAY

CART

I LOVE my little donkey beast;
His ears go flippy, flop.
He's sometimes very hard to start,
And often hard to stop.
My donkey has a splendid voice,
It's big, and thick, and strong,
And when he knows it's dinner time
He sings his sweetest song.



THE RABBIT



CAB
BAGE

CAR-
ROTS

A RABBIT is a gentle beast.
Would he harm me? No. not the
least.
He has two ears so soft and long,
And one wee tail where tails belong.
Sometimes he *bangs* his little heels
To show the way some kicking feels.
The way he hops is rather funny
But that's because he is a bunny.

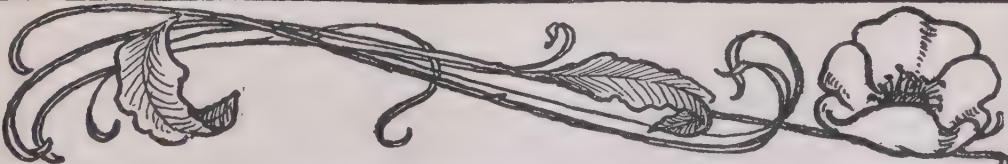


IF I WERE LITTLE
AS A BEE

IF I WERE LITTLE AS A BEE

IF I were little as a bee,
I'd let him fly away with me—
If he were willing.
I'd sit right on his back, and I
Would say "Get up," and off we'd fly;
It would be thrilling!
I'd steer him up above the trees,
And race with every little breeze,
And beat them quickly.
I'd dip, and toss, and rise, and fall
Where vines, and flowers, near the wall,
Grew tall and thickly.
I'd chase the thoughtless butterfly
As he drank dew; then hurry by
As lightning passes.
And, when I thought it right and best,
I'd give my bumblebee a rest
On rocking grasses.
I'd find where fairy people live,
And, when I found them, I would give
Them cordial greetings.
I'd tell the fairies all I knew,
And they would tell me secrets, too,
At *secret* meetings.
I think it might be just as well
If you would promise not to tell
What I have told you;
For bumblebees and fairy folk
Are sad if talked of as a joke;
Besides, they'd scold you.
But, if you want to, you may try
To be as small and light as I,
And go a-flying.
At first, perhaps, you cannot see
The *way* to ride a bumblebee;
But keep on trying.

JANE TATE.



The BOY who PLAYED with DOLLS



THE little king lived in a stately castle high up on a hill. Around the castle were lovely gardens where roses bloomed and birds sang all day long. From the garden wall one could look down into the town at the foot of the castle hill, and beyond it, far, far away over the green fields and shining rivers of France.

One bright morning the little king was sitting on the wall, watching the children at play down in the streets of the town. They were tossing a ball, laughing and shouting.

"I wish," said the little king to himself, "that I might go down and play with those boys and girls."

Just then a strange looking person came along the garden path. He was the court jester. He wore a suit that was red on the right side and yellow on the left, and on his head was a cap decked with jingling silver bells. But though his clothes were ugly his face was very kind.

"What was that you said, sir?" he asked the little king.

The little king repeated his wish. He liked the jester, and was glad to talk to him.

"Dear me!" said the jester. "That is a strange desire. Those boys and girls are the children of common townsfolk."

"But they have good times playing together," insisted the little king. "I am often lonely up here in my garden."

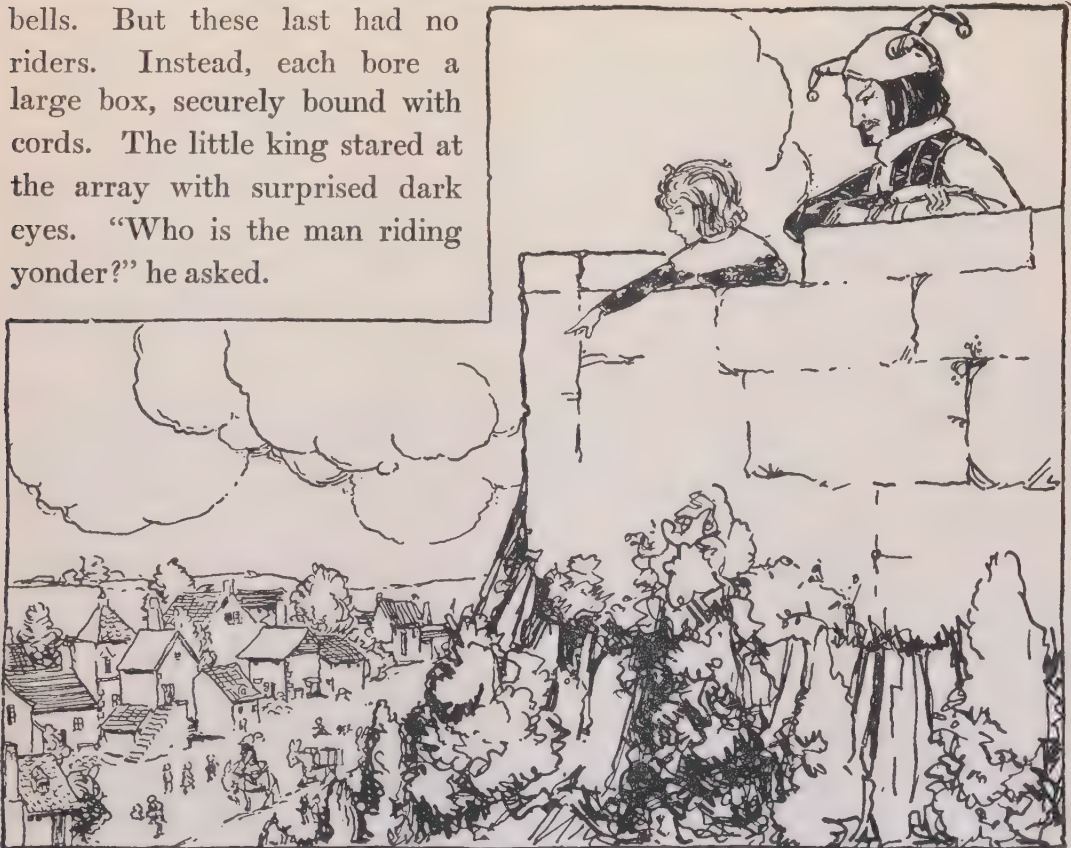
The jester put his arm about the little king's velvet clad shoulders.

"Look," he bade him, "away beyond the town, across the fields and rivers. As far as you can see the fair land is yours, all yours. Surely the king of glorious France should not pine for playmates and romping games."

The little king said no more, but he began to spend a great deal of time in the garden watching the town children at their sports.

He was not taught to read and write and do sums. Such things were not considered important in those days. But he had lessons in music and fencing, and once or twice each week he rode on his white palfrey to the hunt. He liked the music and the fencing, and he enjoyed riding at the head of a band of gentlemen. He also spent pleasant hours in the chamber of his beautiful mother, the Queen, where that great lady and her maids embroidered glowing tapestries. But best of all he loved to watch the games of the children.

One day, as he leaned in his favorite place on the wall, the court jester at his side, he saw an odd procession coming down the principal street of the town. The laughing children separated to let it pass, and gazed after it wonderingly. First came a donkey in a gay red harness covered with bells, and on his back rode a wrinkled, dark, old man. Behind him were one, two, three, four other donkeys, also decked in red leather and bells. But these last had no riders. Instead, each bore a large box, securely bound with cords. The little king stared at the array with surprised dark eyes. "Who is the man riding yonder?" he asked.



"He looketh to be an Italian, sir," the jester answered.

"What doth he bring on those donkeys?" the little king demanded.

"Something for thee, perchance, my liege," the jester replied.

"Something for me!" the little king exclaimed. "Thinkest thou so?"

The animals trotted swiftly, through the town and began to climb the castle hill.

"See, the train cometh to our castle!" the jester said.

The little king slipped from his perch on the wall. "Come," he urged, putting his hand into his friend's. "Let us go to meet the Italian and learn his errand."

When they reached the castle court, the donkeys were already there. They stood side by side, shaking their heads and jangling their bells. The beautiful Queen was also in the courtyard. She had seen the visitor approaching, and thought him a peddler selling ribbons and jewels. Soon her maids and everybody else in the castle had gathered around.

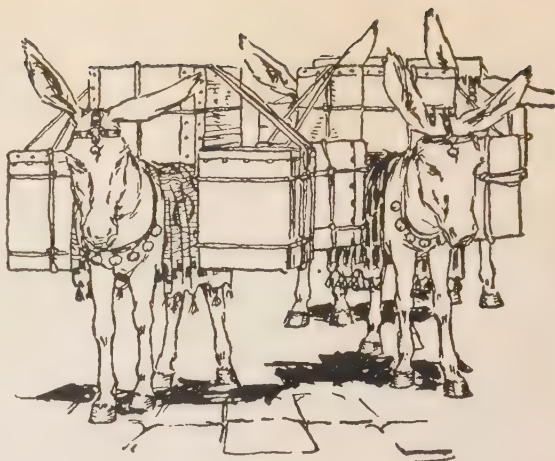
The Italian, pushing through the crowd, bowed low before the Queen.

"Madame," he said, "I have something here which I am sure will charm you and your ladies."

He turned to one of the donkeys and took the box from its back. Then he untied the cords which bound the cover and lifted out a strange thing. It was a little figure, about the size of a baby, clothed in rich garments.

"A doll, Madame!" the Italian explained. "In my country of Italy, all the great ladies now have dolls for companions." He took from the boxes figure after figure, while the Queen and her maids exclaimed delightedly.

The little king looked on with wide eyes. As the Italian took a golden-haired figure, dressed in white satin and pearls, from its wrappings, he started forward.





"Madame-Mother!" he exclaimed, holding out eager hands. "May I have a doll? Oh, may I?"

"My dear Charles," the Queen objected, "dolls are not for boys."

"To have one," the little king pleaded, "would be almost like having a little boy or girl to play with. Oh, please, Madame-Mother!"

The jester said something softly in the Queen's ear, and she smiled.

"Very well, my son," she said. "a doll you shall have."

After that, many a happy day did the little king spend in the castle garden with the golden-haired doll. Of course, the doll could not run and play, but as she was always ready to sit beside him and listen while he talked, he was lonely no more.

This is how dolls were first brought into the land of France, and how little King Charles the Sixth came to have one to play with. Perhaps if he had not begged for one on that long ago day, dolls would still belong to the grown-ups, which would certainly be a great pity. I think all little girls should be very grateful to the little French king, don't you?

GRACE E. CRAIG



STORY-BOOK PEOPLE TO COLOR *and* PAINT



TO COLOR this picture we commence with the figures, making face and hands flesh color, or pale orange and the hair golden yellow. The boy's cap is dark blue, his coat red, and collar, buttons and stockings white. The patch is light green, his pants brownish yellow and shoes brown. The girl's jacket is dark purple, sleeves white and skirt red with yellow flowers. The tree trunks are brownish gray, foliage deep green with bits of blue sky showing through. Grass is light green and paths and toadstools are yellowish-brown. The house has a yellow-brown roof and dark-brown walls, also pink window, light green door, red and white chimney.



LITTLE LAD *and the* FIRST CHRISTMAS

LITTLE LAD was the eight-year-old son of the best shepherd on Judea's hills. One frosty winter night, Little Lad, who was very proud of the fact that some day he was going to be a shepherd as great and good as his father, lay beside a glowing fire on a hill just outside of Bethlehem. As his father searched in a far corner of the pasture for a stray lamb, Little Lad idly studied the stars, which were unusually bright that night.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "Oh, Father! Just look at that big star overhead! Its rays seem to be pointing down at the Bethlehem Inn."

"Nonsense, Little Lad," replied his father.

"But I should like to see if it does really shine brighter there, Father. Please let me go to see," said Little Lad. "It isn't far, and I can be back in a short time." Little Lad's Father reluctantly gave his consent, and the boy was quickly off and away.

The star seemed to beckon to Little Lad and soon he found himself running over the rough ground, his heart pounding with a great excitement.

When he reached the Inn, all was still, and Little Lad looked several times at the star to make sure that its rays pointed to this spot. Yes, there was no doubt about that. Presently he discovered that the rays shone more directly on the Inn stable, and he saw a dim light gleaming forth through the many cracks in that rude building. Little Lad was awed and frightened, and, to tell the truth, even his teeth chattered and a shiver ran down his back. But Little Lad was the son of a brave father, and he clinched his teeth and approached the stable.

When he reached the open door, a marvelous sight met his inquiring gaze. A little lamb, a little calf, and many of the gentler domestic animals lay about in a semicircle before a manger. In the manger lay a beautiful, new-born babe who crowed and laughed at the surrounding animals. From the child's head, a golden light seemed to spread, for there was no other light in that stable. Beside the manger sat the babe's mother. There was on her face the sweetest expression Little Lad had ever seen, a mixture of great love and pride.

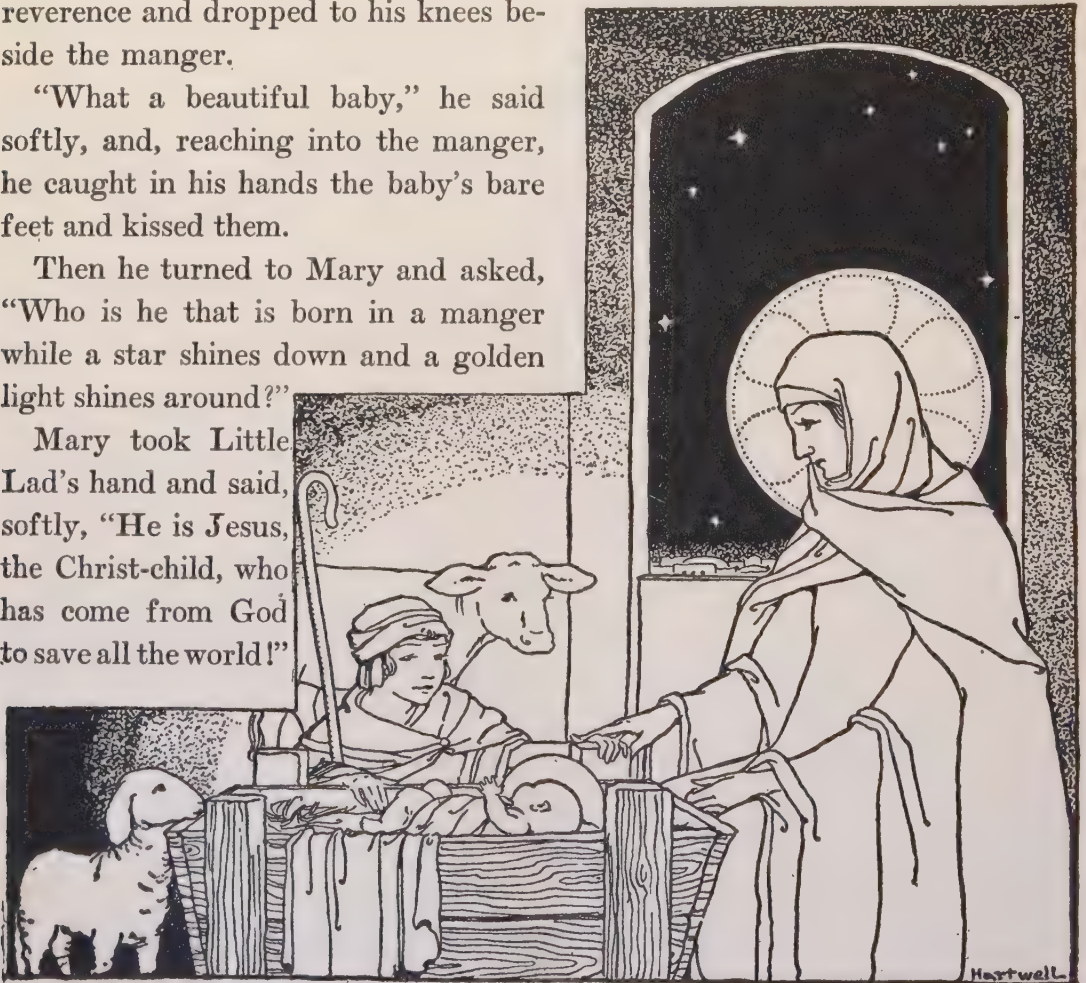
It was the first Christmas.

Little Lad stood in the doorway, worshipping and now unafraid. Mary, sensing a strange presence, moved her adoring gaze from the face of the most wonderful babe the world has ever known and saw Little Lad. Stretching out her hand, she bade him enter. Little Lad approached with reverence and dropped to his knees beside the manger.

"What a beautiful baby," he said softly, and, reaching into the manger, he caught in his hands the baby's bare feet and kissed them.

Then he turned to Mary and asked, "Who is he that is born in a manger while a star shines down and a golden light shines around?"

Mary took Little Lad's hand and said, softly, "He is Jesus, the Christ-child, who has come from God to save all the world!"





said, "My dear, He is the Son of God, who sent him for that purpose."

Little Lad, with a worshipping look at the now sleeping babe, said, "I will be good all my life and do all I can to make His task easier."

After a minute, Little Lad said, "Now I must go back to my father who is guarding the sheep out there on the hillside."

Mary drew him to her side and kissed his cheek. "Good-bye, dear child. Thank you for your promise."

As Little Lad left the stable, he saw angels in the sky and heard music. The angels were singing: *Peace on earth, good will to men, for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour who is Christ the Lord.*

Little Lad fell to his knees and prayed that he might always be good.

Then, rising, he stumbled quickly back over the hillside to tell his father of the wonderful thing that had come to pass in the little town of Bethlehem—and he stumbled because he kept watching the star and listening to the singing of the angels: *Peace on earth, good will to Men.*

G. E. BENNEM



AT NIGHT

AT NIGHT when I am put to bed
My mother goes around
And sees that everything is right
To keep me safe and sound.
She pats my pillow here and there,
And then it always seems
As if she made it very soft
And full of pleasant dreams.
With little smiles upon her lips
She smooths the counterpane,
And always gives my pillow one
More tiny pat again.
My mother's eyes are very dear
And full of lovely light
As she bends over me and says,—
“There dear, sweet dreams, good night.”
Then very soon I fall asleep,
As safe as safe can be,
For Mother tells God's gentle Night
To take good care of me.

J. M.



JOHNNY SMALL WOULD PLAY-BASE-BALL



UP in a flat-house, big and tall,
There lived a boy named Johnny
Small.

He grumbled at the wholesome rule
That sent him to his Grammar School.



He much preferred to heed the call
That summoned him to play baseball.

His lessons all he blundered through;
His teacher knew not what to do.



Until at last, I'm sad to say,
He ran away from school one day.

He played baseball all day, until
The sun went down behind the hill.



Then home he sneaked, and after tea
He crept to bed, quite sheepishly.

He'd hardly gone to sleep that night,
When he was wakened with a fright.



The Umpire came up to his bed,
And to the trembling Johnny said:

"O Johnny Small, O Johnny Small,
You know *all day* you played baseball."

"Now dress yourself; the moon is bright;
You've got to play baseball *all night*!"





Poor Johnny sat up in his bed,
His hair stood straight upon his head.

His face was white as any sheet,
His trembling knees a tattoo beat.

He dressed himself with all his might,
He couldn't speak a word for fright;

Then followed with reluctant feet
The strange Umpire down the street.



They reached the baseball field to soon,
All shining bright beneath the moon.

"O Johnny, come!" he heard them call,
"You're up, come on and hit the ball."



A monstrous bat at him they cast,
And Johnny's knee-joints jiggled fast.

Then o'er the plate, at lightning pace,
The ball went whizzing by his face.



He swung at this and then at that;
He couldn't touch 'em with his bat.

At last he hit the ball a whack,
And started down the first-base track.

"Go on, go on, it's good for two!"
So on to second Johnny flew.





"Keep on, keep on!" again he heard;
All out of breath, he slid to third.

"Come home, come home! It's not too
late!"
And Johnny started for the plate.

On, on he flew, just like the wind,
Nor did he pause to look behind.

At home he tried to stop, poor John;
His weary feet kept running on

To First, to Second, then to Third,—
The frightened boy said not a word.

Across the plate he slid, ker-flop,
Alas! again he tried to stop—

No use; to first and second base,
Then third and home in one mad race.

So on that diamond, round and round,
Our Johnny flew without a sound,

When all at once he heard a crash,
The home plate blew up with a smash!

Half dead with fright, John woke up
screaming,
And found that he'd been only dreaming.

But that cured Johnny, after all,
Of running off to play baseball.

DAVID M. CORY





THE HARE & THE TORTOISE

FABLES IN RHYME FROM AESOP

VERSES by HERBERT ERNEST HANCOCK
PICTURES BY E. X.



A HARE—which is a rabbit of a little different style—
Once told a wise old Tortoise he would race him for a mile,
And after he had said it, he put on a knowing smile.
The Tortoise said he'd do it, 'cause he knew about the hare;
He knew that he was lazy and for work he did not care.
"I'll race," said Mr. Tortoise, "and you'll find me waiting there."



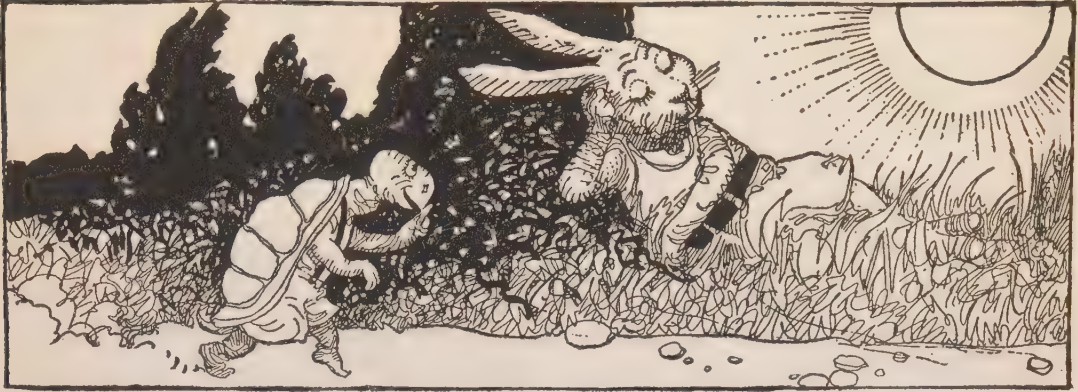
They got a Fox to watch them as
they figured out the race,
And Mr. Hare soon started at
a most amazing pace;
The Tortoise plodded slowly with
a grim and earnest face.
The day was hot and sunny, which
made both of them perspire;
The Hare soon stopped his run-
ning, for he didn't want to tire.
"I'll take a nap," said Mr. Hare.
"I'm feeling 'most afire."



"'Twill take the poor old Tortoise over half an hour or more;
I'll wager he is groaning, and that all his feet are sore."
And soon the Hare was sleeping, my! you should have heard him snore.
But poor old Mr. Tortoise scrambled up the highway steep,
And soon he saw his rival in the grass all sound asleep,
But wise old Mr. Tortoise never made a single "peep!"



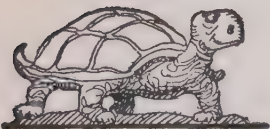
At last the Hare awakened, and he gave a little squeak.
 "How long have I been sleeping?" he exclaimed. "It seems a week."
 And up the road he scampered like a flashing, lightning streak.
 He raced and ran and galloped, so he'd finish up the mile,
 O'er hill and dale and bramble, through woods and o'er the stile.
 He didn't look so merry, and you couldn't see him smile.



And when the mile was ended, Mr. Hare was very blue;
 For the Tortoise long had finished, so the winning prize he drew,
 And the Fox was laughing loudly, and the Tortoise, he laughed, too.



So it is with little children who would grow up to be bright;
 Plod along with all your lessons, persevere both day and night,
 And you'll find, like Mr. Tortoise, all you do will come out right.
 HERBERT ERNEST HANCOCK.





~:~ A COAST STEAMER ~:~

THIS is a "coastwise" steamer, boys; her journeys take her
most

To towns and cities near at hand along our country's coast.
She picks up freight and passengers from New York to Savannah,
And loads tobacco 'tween her decks at Tampa and Havana.
She is a sort of visitor at different ports and goes
To make some calls at cities that she really likes and knows.
By *coastwise steamer* I suppose we are to understand
She's very *wise* about the *coasts*, and hugs the pleasant land.



I THRIVE in the vegetable garden,
In rain and in sunshine, along
With carrot and spinach and radish,
But they grow not nearly so strong!
Now listen, I'll tell you a secret—
I know it will be a surprise—
When cook dresses me for the table,
She always has tears in her eyes.

(An Onion)

MARY FLORENCE STEBER



YIPPY NIP sat at the edge of his hole and barked and scolded at no one in particular. He was very, very, angry. His noise awoke Mr. Wise Owl sleeping on a fence post nearby who turned his funny face about and asked,

"What is the matter this morning, Yippy Nip? You are making such a lot of noise."

"Matter enough," said Yippy. "So long as I can remember, we prairie-dogs have owned this prairie, and, as you see, we have a fine dog-town built up. We all have very nice large homes under the ground where we can keep warm and comfortable. We have chewed down all the tall weeds and grasses so we can see all about and know if enemies came near, and we have lived here as peacefully as could be until this summer. Now it is all changed for a wicked man is fighting against us. He cannot harm us by day, for we all sit at our door-steps and keep our eyes open, and when he appears, we drop into our holes so quickly that he cannot shoot us. But at night when we are all asleep in our beds, he comes and sets a cruel trap by our doors, and nearly every morning some of my friends are caught. We don't know *what* to do."

"Hoot! hoot!" exclaimed Mr. Wise Owl, "now it is different with me. I am afraid of that man, too, but he can't get me at night. I am afraid to sit down and sleep anywhere in the sunlight, as I like to do, for fear he may come upon me when I am not expecting him."

Yippy Nip was kind even when he was angry, and he said, "We are always watching in the day time; so you can just as well come into our town to sleep. *We* will warn you if the enemy comes."

**YIPPY NIP
AND MR.
WISE
OWL**



"Thank you I will," Mr. Owl replied, "and then *I* will help *you* at night. While I am hunting beetles and mice for my dinner, I will watch for him and see what he does, for *I* can see in the dark, you know. Then early in the morning I will come and warn those for whom he has set his traps."

"That is a splendid idea," Yippy Nip agreed, and he scampered across the country as fast as he could to tell his neighbors about it.

Mr. Wise Owl did not see why he should be the only owl to live in the dog-town; so, telling some of his friends what he and Yippy Nip had planned, he asked them to come, too.

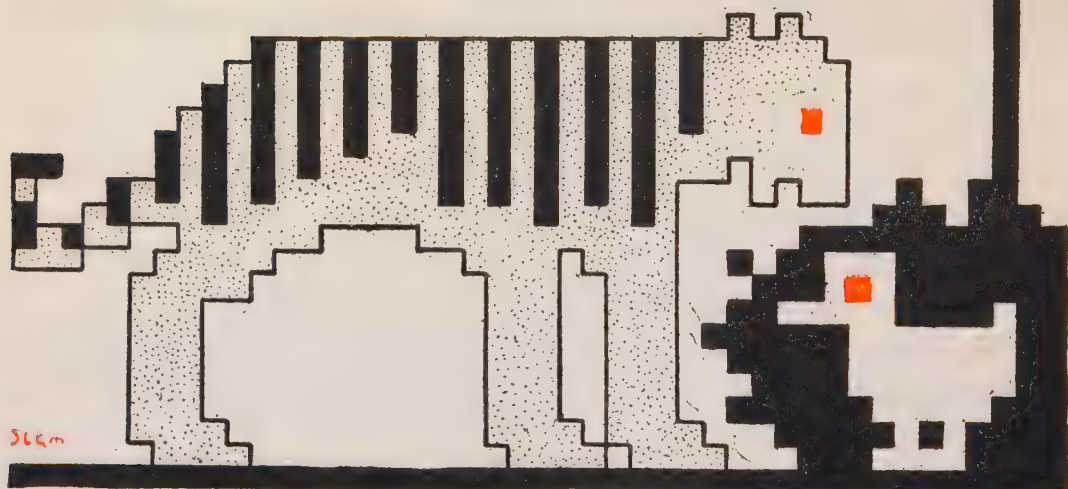
After that the man wondered why he could never catch any more prairie-dogs, but the owls and the dogs had made a vow always to protect each other as long as they lived, that is, where there was a man to seek their lives. So you will always find them living in the same places, and you would find it very hard to catch them.

ORA CRANDALL CLEMENT.



BRAVE • DUCK

SUPPOSED TO BE
'BUTTERFLIES'



Duck met Tiger
Tiger said "WOOSH!"
Duck said "I'm not afraid!"
And ran behind a bush.

HE STAID THERE UNTIL TIGER WENT AWAY

BILLY BOBBY CHIPMUNK

O H! Billy Bobby Chipmunk had
A most inquiring mind.
Said he, "I certainly will go
For miles and miles to find
Why all the furry, fuzzy chips
And chipmunks that abound
*Have stripes that run from fore to aft,
But never 'round and 'round.'*"



He started off in haste to find
An animal or fowl
To tell him what he wanted, and
He came to Mister Owl,
"Oh, Mister Owl," quoth he, "in search
Of knowledge I am bound,
*Why do my stripes run fore and aft,
Instead of 'round and 'round ?'*"

But Mister Owl just blinked his eyes,
And yawned a yawny yawn.
"Oh, Billy Bobby Chipmunk, you'd
Do well to travel on.
I wish to sleep, and any way,
I'm sure I've never found
*Why chipmunks' stripes run fore and aft,
But never 'round and 'round.'*"



Now, Billy Bobby Chipmunk thought
 That answer rather funny,
 But went a-hopping on his way,
 And met with Peter Bunny.
 "Oh, Peter Bunny, kindly rest
 Beside me on the ground.
*Why do my stripes run fore and aft,
 Instead of 'round and 'round ?"*



But Mister Peter Bunny who
 Was hungry as could be,
 Was rushing home to dinner, so
 He said, "Don't bother me!"
 The swiftness of his travelling
 Bill Bobby did astound.
*He never said why chipmunks' stripes
 Did not run 'round and 'round.*

Along came Grandpa Chipmunk then,
 So dignified and slow,
 And Bobby said unto himself,
 "I'm sure that he will know."
 He called, "Oh, Grandpa Chipmunk, you
 Have knowledge so profound.
*Why do our stripes run fore and aft,
 But never 'round and 'round ?"*



"Why, Billy Bobby Chipmunk, we
Have always worn them so!
Our stripes are *always* fore and aft,
For that's the way they go.
A Chipmunk striped with zebra stripes
Is never, never found.
*We wouldn't be like chipmunks, if
Our stripes went 'round and 'round!'*"



"Oh!" Bobby said, "I am so glad!
An answer I have found!
*I wouldn't be a chipmunk, if
My stripes ran 'round and 'round.'*"

MARIAN M. BROUSE.



Handwritten signature: M. M. Brouse

BLUE-EYES

THE idea came to Kathryn all of a sudden. She was sitting in a low chair gently stroking the soft, white fur of her Persian cat. Kathryn had named her pet "Blue-eyes," for she had eyes as soft and as blue as Kathryn's own.

Mother looked up from the letter she was reading. "Aunt Margaret wants us to come to the city for a little visit next week. She wants to take you to the cat show." The cat show! Then came the idea: she would enter Blue-eyes and perhaps take a prize! She had felt very proud at the county fair when the judges pinned the blue ribbon to the pen that held John's fat little pigs. She had helped Anna May wash the pure white feathers of her prize winning hens, and all the time she had been wishing she had something to exhibit. To be sure she had her beautiful cat, but never until this very moment had she heard of a cat show.

"Mother, may I enter Blue-eyes in the cat show?" she asked, breathlessly. Mother was a bit surprised. "This is a very large show, my dear, and beautiful cats will be entered from many states."

"My cat is beautiful," said Kathryn, laying her cheek against the soft fur.

"Indeed she is," Mother quickly agreed. "And we will enter her if you are sure you will not be disappointed at not winning a prize."

Kathryn felt that the prize did not matter so much if only she could display her pet with the fine ones of the city. So they decided to go to the city and enter Blue-eyes in the show.



Then followed busy and happy days. Blue-eyes, always well cared for, was given a bath every day in warm water. Bluing was added to the rinsing water to make her white fur whiter. Kathryn spent hours each day brushing her silky coat, and Blue-eyes seemed to enjoy every minute of the preparations.

Curled up in a covered basket she was carried to the city and straight to the building in which the show was to be held.

"A very fine cat," said the man at the desk, as he took her from the basket. "What is her name?"

"Blue-eyes," Kathryn answered, proudly.

"How old is she?"

Kathryn thought rapidly. It was almost a year since Aunt Margaret had brought her a scrawny little kitten with weak eyes and a limp. Blue-eyes couldn't have been very old then. "She is one year old," she said.

The man wrote this down, and then asked, "Will you please give me her pedigree?" Kathryn turned a puzzled face toward her mother, who explained to the man that Blue-eyes' pedigree was unknown.

"But this cat must have a pedigree," replied the man. "Blue-eyed Persians are the aristocrats of the cat family, and your cat is a fine specimen."

Presently a boy carried Blue-eyes away and Kathryn followed closely down a long corridor. There were wired-off spaces, or cages, on either

side in which Kathryn saw cats of all kinds, some with ribbon bows around their necks, and others with rosettes on their tails. Kathryn was filled with excitement. She longed to stop and make friends with each one of them, but first she must see that Blue-eyes was comfortable. The boy put her pet in the last cage in the row and fastened her tag to the wire. The cage was bare.

"Dearie me," said Mother,





"we should have brought something soft for Blue-eyes to sleep on. Suppose we go to the store across the street and buy a couple of soft bath towels. They will make a nice bed."

Kathryn noticed that some of the cages had small rugs on the floor and soft cushions for the cats to lie on. Next to Blue-eyes' cage was one that filled her with amazement. It contained two tiny doll beds with satin coverlets, and a blue-eyed Persian kitty was curled up on each bed. The back and sides were covered with wall paper and on one wall hung a tiny framed picture of a cat. Kathryn would have looked at it a long time, but Blue-eyes was pacing restlessly up and down, and Kathryn was anxious to make her more comfortable.

At the store Mother purchased soft towels and then went to the ribbon counter. "I think your pet might have a bow," she said. "Don't you think this shade of blue will match her eyes?"

Kathryn hurried back. When she entered the building she heard a cat crying and knew that it was Blue-eyes. Running down the corridor she found her pet clinging to the wire near the top of the cage and begging piteously.

"She doesn't like the cage," exclaimed Kathryn. "Do you suppose they will let us take her out?"

Mother did not think so. The man in charge did not like the idea when appealed to. But finally Kathryn persuaded him to let Blue-eyes lie on the soft towels just outside the cage. There she peacefully settled down as soon as Kathryn had tied the pretty bow of ribbon around her neck.

Satisfied with the appearance and behavior of her pet, Kathryn turn-



ed to the cage near by where the kittens lay on soft beds. A little girl much smaller than herself was sticking her fingers through the wire in an attempt to stroke the nearest one. A boy who stood on guard in front of the cage jerked her hand away.

"Do not touch them," he said. "They are Mrs. Wolderson's prize-winning cats."

The little girl looked greatly disappointed and Kathryn felt sorry for her. She, too, always wanted to stroke a pretty cat.

"You may pet my cat," she offered. "My cat likes to be petted."

Kathryn went with her mother out to her aunt's, but they came back to the cat show in the late afternoon, and Aunt Margaret came with them. The judges had decided on the prize winners and blue and red ribbons were fluttering from some of the cages. Kathryn saw a crowd clustered around the place where she had left Blue-eyes. Had anything happened to her pet? She hurried anxiously along but her anxiety left her when she pushed her way through the crowd. A group of children with their mothers were taking turns at stroking Blue-eyes' silken coat. Of all the cats in the building hers was the only one that could be touched.

Kathryn glanced across at the cats on the doll beds and noticed a red ribbon tied to their cage. They had received the second prize. Her glance traveled back and caught sight of a blue ribbon tied to the cage that had been Blue-eyes'. She caught her breath with excitement as she pointed it out to her mother. "Does that mean Blue-eyes got the first prize?"



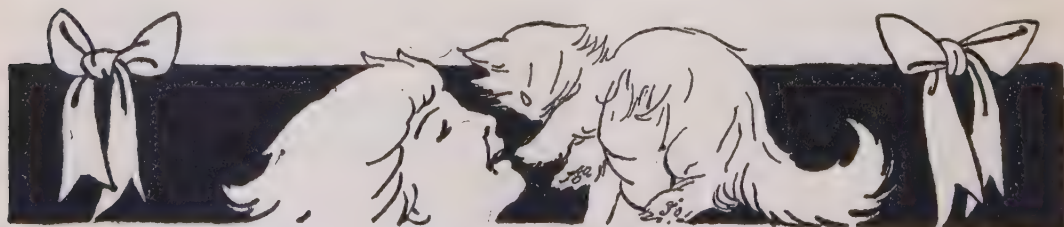
Before her mother could answer Aunt Margaret exclaimed excitedly, "Kathryn, is this your cat? Is this the scrawny little thing I gave you?" Kathryn nodded happily, and her aunt exclaimed, "To think of that kitten winning the first prize! Oh, what a surprise for the lady who sold it to me. I must call her to come and see Blue-eyes."

She dashed away, to return in a few minutes with her friend. "Do look," she said to her. "This is the cat I bought of you last year. It took the first prize in its class."

Her friend could scarcely believe it. She took Blue-eyes up in her arms and examined her carefully. "And I thought this one was no good," she said. She smiled down at Kathryn. "I never would have guessed that country cream and good care could do so much for a lame, scrawny kitten."

"It might have been the cream and the brushing," Kathryn told her, "but I think it was petting. Blue-eyes loves to be petted."

MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL





MAGIC SIGHT



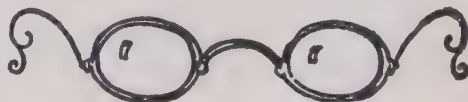
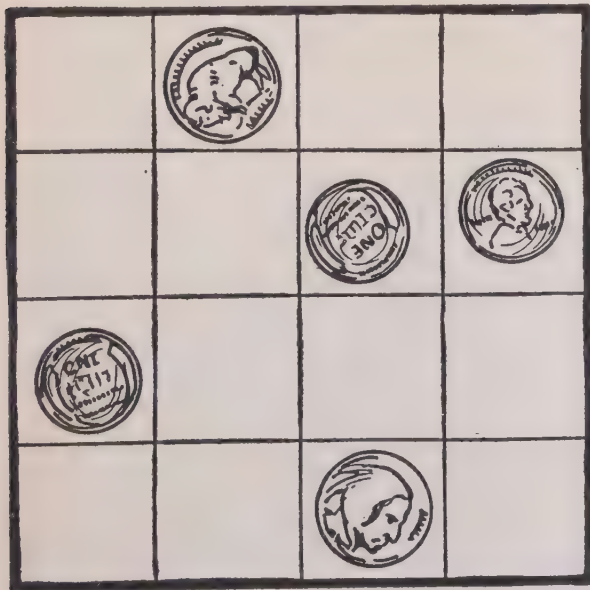
HAVE your eyes magic sight? I can tell you how to find out. On a sheet of white paper draw a square four inches each way. Use a ruler and mark the inches off on each line with dots. Then by drawing a line from dot to dot we will have sixteen one inch squares. Make another checker-board just like this on another sheet of paper. For counters you will need six pennies and four nickels.

The one who wishes to test his eyesight turns his back while half of the counters—two nickels and three pennies—are placed upon one of the papers. They may be laid upon the squares in any order you wish. The player is then allowed to turn around and look at this paper for exactly five seconds by the clock. At the end of this time lay a newspaper over this paper and ask the player to place the remaining counters on the second paper exactly as they are on the first.

If he can place even one counter in the right square he has magic sight. But unless he can place all the counters in their right places his sight will need to be improved. If a penny is in the right place it counts one for him and a nickel counts five. If he has placed both nickels and

one penny correctly his count will be eleven. He is given two more trials and then his score is added. The person on the right then gets three trials, and so on around the table until all have tried. When all have finished, the one having the greatest number of points is declared winner.

MYRTLE J. TRACHSEL





T was St. Patrick's Day and the blustering March wind was singing lightheartedly when the Old Gardener sowed the Sweet Pea seeds. There were hundreds of them—all dressed in little coats of dusty brown, dull yellow or grayish purple. Deep, deep down in the dark earth he planted them to keep them safe from Jack Frost.

Quietly they lay in the soft brown soil, while all around them tiny insects were hurrying along the wee underground passages that led to their homes.

Presently the little seeds awoke. Their snug-fitting coats became too tight for them. They burst them open and sent their pale white rootlets along the ground. Twin leaves, clasping each other tightly, pushed aside the moist earth as they hurried upward towards the bright sunlight.

At last one morning, when the wind was singing softly and the sky was, oh, so blue, the little leaves appeared. Every day their stems stretched higher and higher. They sent out many leaves and wavy tendrils.

Now the wind often played in the garden, and when he saw the Sweet Peas springing up like a row of pale green soldiers, he came puffing and blowing against them. But the fragile plants threw out their silky tendrils and twisted them firmly around the brushwood which the Old Gardener had placed behind them. Right merrily they danced in the sunlight as the wind tried in vain to shake them loose.

Then one day the Old Gardener found the first Sweet Pea in bloom. Her lovely petals of palest pink were spread wide like the wings of a butterfly.

"My pretty, my pretty," murmured the old man, as he pulled the dainty flower towards him with his wrinkled brown hand. A few days later the whole row was ablaze with color—delicate pinks and lavenders, bright reds and glorious purples.

So the Old Gardener brought his sharp shears and snipped off the beautiful blossoms. Every day he sent hundreds of them to the people who worked in the great gray city.

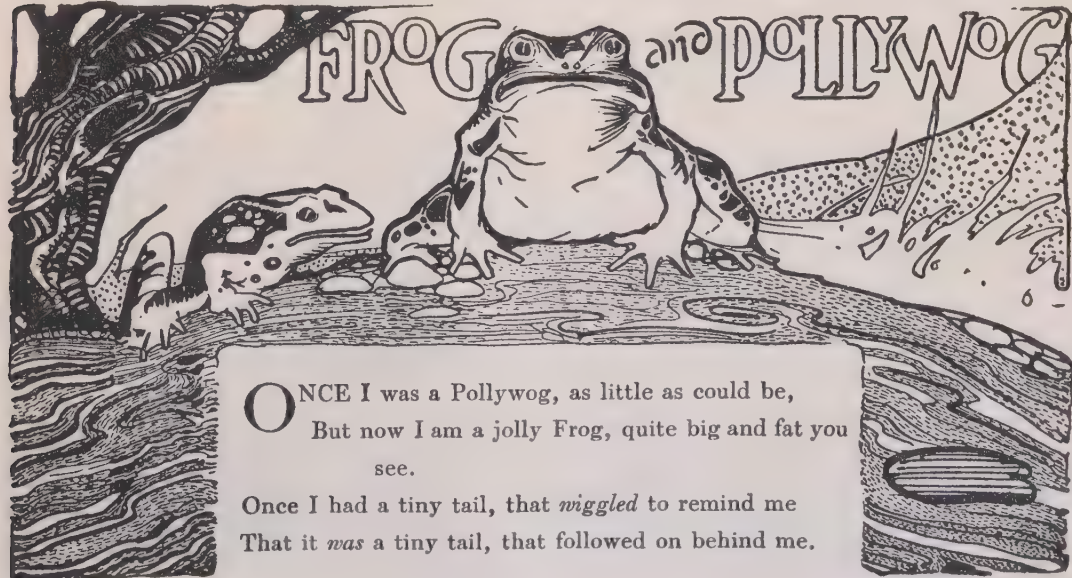
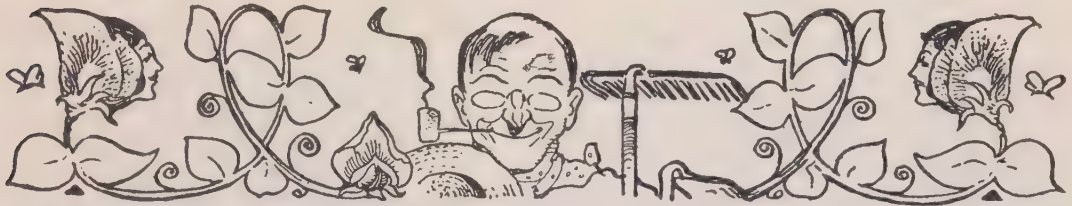
But the Sweet Pea that had bloomed first and some of her loveliest sisters he let alone. Gracefully they waved their fairylike heads and charmed the wandering butterflies. Too soon their delicate petals began to fade. Then from the heart of each flower came a soft green pod which grew harder and bigger every day.

One beautiful afternoon when the wind sang sadly in the rustling cornstalks, came a sound like the firing of a tiny pistol. The Old Gardener heard it. "The seeds are ripe," he cried, as he hastened to gather them.

The wind soon ceased its song. Across the garden the sun sent one last golden ray. The Old Gardener turned homewards. In his quaint wooden basket lay the roughened pods filled with the seeds of the Sweet Peas.

Carefully he kept them all winter long. But when March winds dry up the brown earth, the Old Gardener will put them in the ground. And when summer days come, the garden will again be fragrant with the blossoms of the Sweet Peas.

JEAN SEIVWRIGHT.



ONCE I was a Pollywog, as little as could be,
But now I am a jolly Frog, quite big and fat you
see.

Once I had a tiny tail, that *wiggled* to remind me
That it *was* a tiny tail, that followed on behind me.

You Can't Believe Your Eyes



JERRY was feeling very low in his mind. He was certain that Uncle Ben was about to leave them after a visit of only a week. Mother thought Uncle Ben was going to stay another week, and was trying to make Jerry happy.

"But, Mother," mourned Jerry, "he was packing his suit case this morning."

"I think you are mistaken, Jerry," said Mother gently.

"I can't be mistaken. I saw him with my own eyes," said Jerry.

Uncle Ben, just coming into the room, laughed merrily. "Surely a bright boy like you does not believe his eyes all the time," he teased.

"If I don't believe my own eyes, what can I believe? Of course I believe what I see."

"And do you believe everything you hear, too?"

"Of course I don't," said Jerry. "You hear so many things every day that aren't true. But seeing is believing."

Uncle Ben laughed again. He took a pencil and a piece of paper from his pocket, and, sitting down at the table, began to make a few marks.

"Come here, Jerry and Jessie, and look at this paper," he said.

The children ran to him eagerly. They saw that Uncle Ben had drawn two lines on the paper. They looked like the lines in this picture,



"Now, Jerry," said Uncle Ben seriously, "which line is the longer?"

"Why, the line A B of course," answered Jerry.

"What do you think, Jessie?"

"Oh, Jerry is right this time, I'm sure," agreed Jessie. And I think if you had been there you would have said the same thing. But Uncle Ben laughed.

"Perhaps you are right," he said. "Now look at these two lines."

He drew two lines something like the letter T.

"Which of these two is longer?" he asked.

Jerry and Jessie waited but a moment, then both pointed to the same line. You can plainly see which line they pointed to, can't you? Again Uncle Ben chuckled.

"We'll try a different picture this time," he said. "Look at these lines and tell me whether they are the same distance apart at A as they are at B."

He showed them some lines like those in this picture.



And can you guess what Jerry and Jessie said? They said exactly what you would say if any one asked you that question.

Now Uncle Ben took from his pocket a pair of compasses. On the paper he drew a number of half circles, each one just a little smaller than the one before it, and all drawn around the same center.

"Turn your backs a moment," he said; and while the children looked the other way, he drew two lines upon the edge of the half circles like those shown below.

"Now tell me whether these lines are straight lines or bent ones," he said, "and whether they are the same distance apart at A as they are at B."



"These are easy questions, Uncle Ben," said Jerry, "not half so hard as you generally ask me." And he went on to answer Uncle Ben's last two questions.

"I wonder whether you will remember what answers you have given," asked Uncle Ben.

"Why, of course," said Jerry and Jessie together. "We can't forget. All we have to do is to look at the figures. We would always answer just the same. It is so plain."

"I'm glad of that," said Uncle Ben. "Let's try one more. Here is a picture of three people going down a tunnel. Which is the tallest?"

"That is the easiest of all," cried Jessie. "This one is, isn't it, Jerry?" pointing to the farthest figure.

"Of course," said Jerry. "A blind man could tell that."



"All right, children," said Uncle Ben. "Now, Jerry, take your ruler, and prove that you are right each time. Measure these first two lines. You said that the line A B was longer. What do you find with the ruler? Were you right?"

Jerry measured the two lines carefully. He looked surprised and unconvinced. So he measured them again. Then he handed the ruler to Jessie and asked her to measure them. Jessie, too, was surprised.

"Why, Uncle Ben," she cried, "I was sure that A B was longer than X Y."

"Now try the others," suggested Uncle Ben.

So the two children measured the two lines in the next figure. Then they measured the distance between the lines in the next figure. They had stopped talking; each was looking rather odd about the mouth, as if a smile and a pout were struggling together.

When they came to the circles, they laid the ruler along the lines to see whether they were straight or bent; then they measured the distance between the lines at each end. But the last figure—the people going down a tunnel—made them stop for a long time. They wanted to believe their eyes, but the ruler wouldn't let them.

They were wiser children when they laid down the ruler.

Uncle Ben was not laughing now. He took them on his knees and explained.

"Those figures illustrate in a simple way what is called an optical illusion! This big name simply means that a figure looks different from what it really is. There are thousands of such figures. And they prove that it is not wise to believe our eyes alone. We should have some other evidence to support what our eyes see.

"You know in olden days the people saw the sun rise in the east and move across the heavens to set in the west. They could not see the earth move; so they concluded that the earth stood still while the sun moved across the sky. They believed their eyes, and for a long time would not believe anything else. Do you think they were wise?

"People crossing deserts and oceans often see beautiful cities and trees in the distance. These generally seem to be upside down, but the observer is sure that he is approaching a harbor or an oasis. But there is really nothing there. This form of optical illusion is called a mirage.

"And there are many historic examples of mistakes due to believing the evidence of our eyes, unsupported by reason and the other senses. So be careful, Jerry, about believing everything you 'see,' won't you?"

"Indeed I will," promised Jerry. "But was that an optical illusion when I thought I saw you packing your suitcase?"

Uncle Ben laughed. "Well," he said, "you might call it that. I was merely putting away some clothes that I did not expect to wear again while here. No, I am not going for another week, Jerry."

"Then will you show us some more optical illusions before you leave? We can have fun with them at school. We'll have the other boys and girls puzzled for a time."

"If you will each find two new ones, that is, two that I haven't shown you to-day, I'll show you five more," promised Uncle Ben.

Jerry and Jessie scrambled down off his knees and rushed away to look in Father's books for optical illusions.

OLIVE F. WOOLLEY BURT





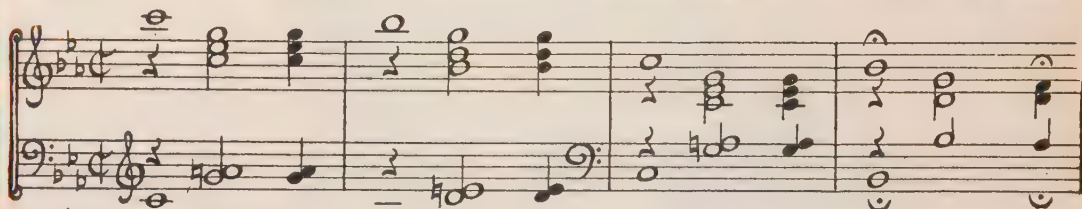
● THE CAPE COD FISHERMAN ●

HERE is a Cape Cod Fisherman;
A brave old salt is he.
He sails his frisky fishing smack
Upon the stormy sea.
It matters not how fierce the gale,
Nor what the tides may be;
He catches cod for codfish balls
For my whole family.

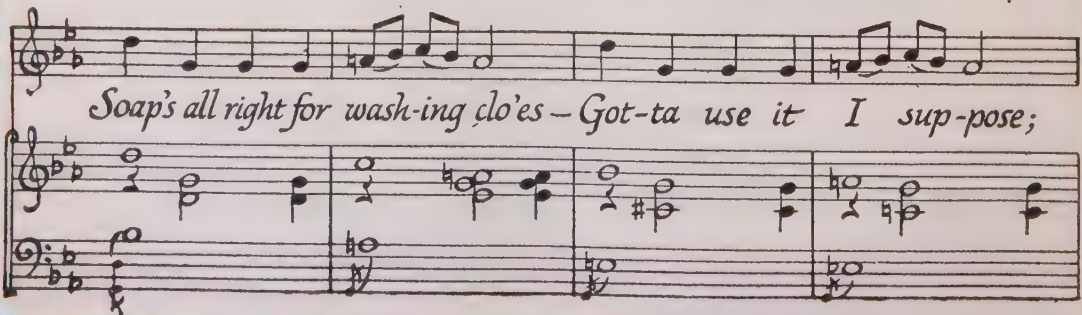
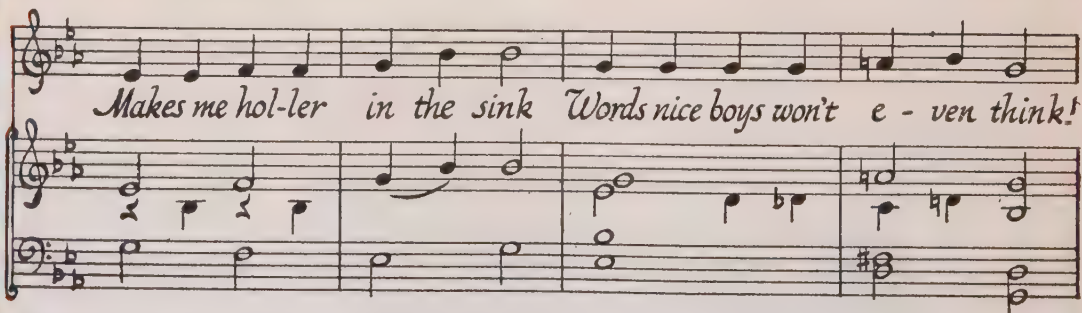
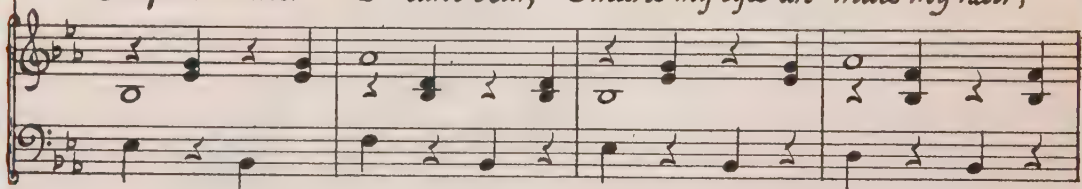
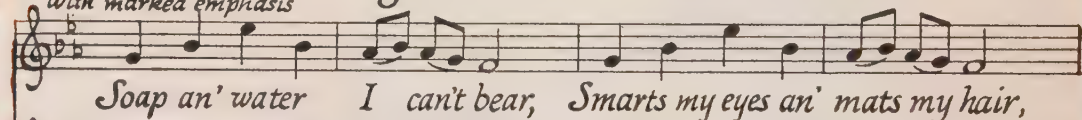
MARTYRDOM

Verses and Music by
Louise Ayres Garnett

THE VERSES ARE RE-PUBLISHED
THROUGH THE COURTESY OF
MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS.



With marked emphasis



Wa-ter's good for swims an' sails, Good for fish an' good for whales;

But to go an' mix the two... As us fel-lers haf to do,...

Rub it on our neck an' ears, Makes us mad e-nough for tears:..

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Soap an' wa-ter I.. can't bear, Smarts my eyes an' mats my hair,

Makes me wanta run a-way Where just dirt-y people stay.

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I spell a sentence, very nice;
Now who can spell or read it?
It's just a little wise advice,
The best of us all need it.

Yours always,

T ■ U ■ R ■ K ■ E ■ Y



TALES FROM THE DAYS OF GOLD

by
Ruth R. Nelson



KING *of the* SOUTHERN SEA



MANY, many years ago a red-headed man went to sea in a barrel, and the journey, which was begun in so strange a manner, brought him riches and fame.

This man with the red hair was a bold young fellow named Vasco Nunez Balboa, who had been living in Spain at the time that the New World was discovered by Christopher Columbus.

When young Nunez Balboa heard the tales of the great riches which every one declared were to be found in the new land, he determined to go there to seek his fortune.

He soon sailed away to the Island of Hispaniola [Haiti]. However, instead of making his fortune, he made nothing but debts which he could not pay.

The men to whom Balboa owed money began to threaten to have him thrown into prison, for in those old days, four hundred years ago, this was often done to men who could not pay their debts. Balboa knew the prison was a mouldy old place, damp and full of rats, and he made up his mind to run away.

As it happened, there was a ship in the harbor which was about ready to sail. Balboa contrived to get aboard and hide himself in a barrel. And there he stayed until the ship was far, far out at sea. Fi-



nally, when he felt that he could not bear one moment longer in his barrel, Balboa pushed up one end and raised his red face with its red hair and red beard. Then there was great excitement.

The captain, whose name was Enrisco, flew into a terrible rage. He drew his sword and declared that he would kill the stowaway or have him thrown overboard. But Balboa got down on his knees and begged for his life.

At last the captain relented, saying he would not have Balboa thrown overboard but would put him off upon some island and let him look out for himself. This seemed more terrible to Balboa than being thrown into the sea, and he declared that if Enrisco would but allow him to stay on the ship, he would direct them to a place where there was enough gold to make them all very rich. This, of course, pleased Enrisco and he decided to go with Balboa and find out whether the tale were true. He was probably sorry ever after, for the journey did not turn out well for Enrisco.

After some days the vessel encountered a terrible storm and was wrecked upon a strange shore. Fortunately for those on board, the ship had gone ashore where the water was shallow, and every one got to land safely. However, they had lost everything, and they did not know where they were. Enrisco, the captain, knew no more than did his men.

In this Balboa saw an opportunity to help himself. He talked to each one of the men and easily persuaded them that Enrisco did not know enough to be a good captain, and that he himself would be a better leader. The men voted to make Balboa captain and sent Enrisco away.

The name of the country where the wreck of the ship had left them was Darien, on the Caribbean Sea. It was already known to Spanish

adventurers as a land where gold could be had from the Indians.

Balboa and his men had scarcely finished making their camp when Indians began to visit them. This was exactly what Balboa wanted, for he must get food for his men, and he was even more determined to find out where the Indians kept their gold. Balboa questioned every one who came to his camp. He pretended to be very friendly, but whenever an Indian told of some village where there was gold, Balboa took his men there at once and forced the Indians to give it up.

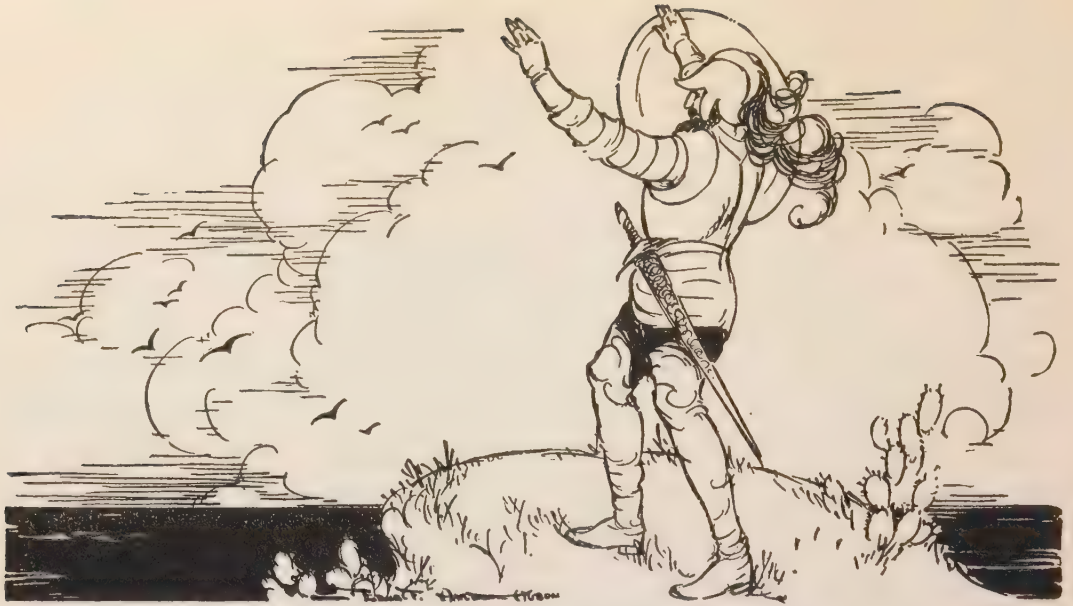
Sometimes the Indians were treated very cruelly to make them tell where their gold was hidden. None escaped the greedy Spaniards, who were never satisfied with what they found and quarreled each time over its division. Balboa managed to keep the "lion's share," for he always kept out a portion for his little red dog with the black snout. The dog's name was "Little Lion."

During all this time Balboa heard many tales about a Great Sea beyond the mountains. The son of an Indian chief had told him that rivers filled with gold flowed into this great sea, and that the people who lived there even used golden dishes. At last, Balboa determined to make a journey to this treasure land.

Taking two hundred men, many Indian servants and his "Little Lion," Balboa started out upon one of the most dangerous journeys ever made by the early discoverers.

Darien, now known as the Isthmus of Panama, was a land filled with sandy marshes. Weird, sun-dried skeletons of trees rose above the dense underbrush which blocked the way of the travelers. Day after day a fiery sun poured burning heat upon the fever-ridden swamp into which Balboa led his men, who marched in their clumsy armor. Poisonous vines, which hung from the trees and covered the ground, often delayed





them; monkeys chattered overhead; big snakes fell from the trees upon them, and brilliant birds screeched as the men passed by. Every night wild animals prowled about their camp, and the men were made miserable by the swarms of poisonous insects which filled the air.

Many of the men became sick, and many of them were buried in that deadly swamp. It may be that the Indians, whose tales sent Balboa on the journey, had hoped to get rid of the greedy white men in this way, for Balboa had become known as the "White Tyrant of Darien."

At last the travelers came to a high mountain where lived Porqué, an Indian Chief who came out to meet Balboa. Porqué, who had an army of one thousand men, threatened to kill every one of the Spaniards if they tried to go any further.

But Balboa knew that he must now be near the sea. As he did not feel afraid of these Indians, he pushed boldly forward. The loud war whoops of Porqué's army soon ended when the Spaniards began shooting. Some of the Indians were killed, and the others ran away as fast as they could.

Balboa and sixty men then climbed the mountain, cutting their way through the thick brush with their swords. When near the top, Balboa commanded his men to stay back while he went on alone. He wished to be the first one to view The Unknown Sea.

It was greater than anything he had imagined, for he was looking

out upon the Pacific Ocean, which is the greatest body of water in the world, although, of course, Balboa did not know this. However, even his bold nature was awed by such a wonderful sight.

He called his men and said: "There, my friends, is the reward of our labors. You are the first Christians to behold that sea!"

With a great deal of joyful shouting the men made a wooden cross which they placed upon the top of a great pile of stones, and the name of King Ferdinand was carved upon the trees of the mountain. Then Balboa stood up alone and cried out with a loud voice:

"I take possession of the Southern Sea with all its islands and firm lands and all the shores washed by its waves."

After a few days the men went down from the mountain and camped upon the shore. Balboa wanted to be near the sea. On September 29, 1513, dressed in his best armour, holding his sword in one hand and the banner of Spain in the other, Balboa walked out into the water at high tide and read a long speech about his great discovery. For the King of Spain, he took possession of everything in sight as well as out of sight.

In Spain the discovery of the "Southern Sea," as it was at first called, caused as much excitement as had the return of Christopher Columbus. King Ferdinand made Balboa ruler of the great ocean which he had found.

When Balboa returned from his journey through the swamps of Darien, he was a very rich man. He brought back gold and pearls, slaves, weapons, and cloth.

He was now so rich and powerful that the governor of Darien became jealous of him. After a time Balboa was falsely accused of treachery and thrown into prison. There he died. Although we know that Balboa was a selfish and cruel man, yet, so were nearly all of the first adventurers of those early days. We cannot help but be sorry that the man who made so great a discovery died in such a miserable way.

RUTH R. NELSON





A STRANGE LUNCHEON.



ONE morning Squeezey's mother got a note and after reading it she said to Squeezey, "It's from your Aunt Mary and she wants you to come and have lunch with her. She's back from a long trip and has never seen you. You can easily find the house; it is the first cottage to the right as you go down the left road."

So Magic Soap took Squeezey up and bathed her. She put on her red shoes and best frock and went off into the forest for luncheon with her newly discovered Aunt Mary.

"Mind your table manners," her mother called after her.

Squeezey was a careless little girl sometimes, and she walked down the right road instead of the left and stopped at the first house to the left instead of the right. It was a pretty little brown cottage with beehives in the front yard and a large garden in the back. Squeezey knocked at the door and a little old lady with a crooked smile opened it.

"Come right in, dearie," she smiled and kissed Squeezey on the forehead. "Luncheon will be ready in a minute, won't you sit down?"

So Squeezey sat down and looked about the pretty little living room with its wide fireplace. On the hearth slept a big black cat, and a broom made of twigs lay against the opening.



"What a funny broom you have," said Squeezey. "Did you get that when you were away?"

"Yes, dearie," said the old lady.

"And what a large black cat," said Squeezey. "I should think you'd be almost afraid of him." But the old lady with the crooked smile only laughed and the cat jumped up on her shoulder and she whispered something in its ear; the cat did not grin, but said "Ha! Ha!" so loudly that Squeezey was really frightened and was very glad when a pretty little maid in cap and apron came and said quietly,

"Luncheon is served."

So Squeezey sat down in the chair the maid held for her and commenced greedily to sup her soup, eating out of the end of her spoon, with her elbow stuck out at a very ugly angle. It was funny about that soup, for it tasted better and better and Squeezey, with her elbow crooked, found herself digging into the bowl faster and faster. The spoon seemed to jump into her mouth; it almost bumped her teeth out, it came in so fast, and Squeezey could not stop it until the last drop of soup was out of the bowl and her arm fell straight to her side with a relieved "There!" from Squeezey.

The old lady sat eating very quietly with her eyes cast down, and Squeezey was glad not to have her see how greedy she had been over the soup, and also she remembered what her mother had told her about always eating out of the *side* of her spoon.



"Well, Aunt Mary," began Squeezey, "did you have many adventures while you were away?"

"A great many, my dear," said the old lady with the crooked smile. "I met many children and they are always interesting."

So she told Squeezey about the Hottentot Kiddies, while the maid was putting the meat and vegetables on the table.

The meat smelled so good Squeezey could hardly wait to get at it, and seized her knife as if she would hold a club, when her hostess passed her her plate. Bang, bang, went the knife handle on the table. Squeezey found herself pounding furiously with it on the cloth and could not stop it for a moment. Bang! Bang! went the knife, and Squeezey's arm, which had grown so tired with the jerking of the soup spoon, grew more tired with the banging of that contrary knife, which would not stop long enough for her to cut her meat, but beat on the table without stopping. The old lady kept her eyes on her plate. She must be deaf, thought Squeezey, or she would notice this racket.

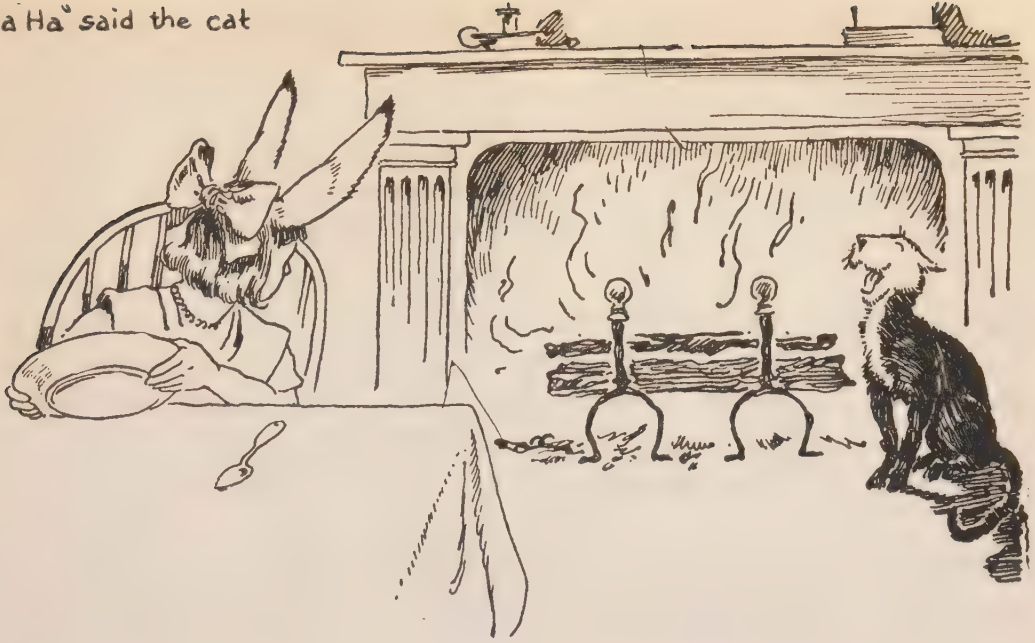
Finally the quiet little maid came and took the knife out of Squeezey's hand. Squeezey was afraid to ask for it again and so she took the meat, it was a chop, in her two hands and began to gnaw on it. To her surprise she heard herself growl like an angry dog, and when she started to ask for salt she could only bark.

So she put her meat down and tried the potato. In trying to get a very big bite on her fork, she pushed with her other hand in the plate, and immediately she looked around in terror for the hand she used to push with looked like a piggie's foot; and when she took a mouthful of potato, she squealed with delight, it tasted so delicious.

It looked like a piggie's foot.



"Ha Ha" said the cat



Somehow, she was uneasy. When the salad came, it was plain lettuce. Squeezey put a whole leaf in her mouth. Her ears began to feel very strange, and when she felt them, they were as long as a rabbit's.

"O," cried Squeezey, this time in terror. "What can be the matter?"

The old lady looked up.

"There is nothing wrong with you, is there, dearie?" she asked in her sweet voice, but the black cat by the fire in the other room said, "Ha! Ha!" again so loudly that Squeezey began to cry.

"I don't know what is the matter with me this meal," she said. "I've been a dog and a pig, and now I am beginning to be a rabbit, and my knife was a club and I couldn't stop supping soup, and—"

"Have you acted any differently at this meal than you usually do?" asked the old woman.

Squeezey thought. "No, my table manners have been just the same as always. Mother has instructed me differently, but manners are such a bother."

"So you always have acted like a dog and a pig and a rabbit at the table?" asked the old lady, and Squeezey had to shamefully say, yes, she thought she had.

But she did not understand yet, and when the ice cream came in, Squeezey ate that in little dabs from the edge of her spoon instead of taking a little on her spoon and eating it all at once. When it was almost all eaten, she scraped the bottom of the glass and to her surprise the bottom of the glass fell out, and she found herself looking at a moving picture.

It was a picture of herself at that very luncheon and she was sitting at that very table and was eating as she had eaten. She saw herself shoveling in the soup, and pounding with her knife, and turning into a dog over a chop bone, and a pig about potatoes, and a rabbit in the way she ate lettuce. She was very, very afraid. For she knew better. She knew the proper way to hold her knife and fork and spoon. She knew what her Mother had always told her, and here she had not done one single thing she knew to be right.

The hole in the bottom of the glass widened and instead of looking at a movie, Squeezey found herself looking down on the tops of trees far below and she was sailing over the magic wood with the black cat beside her on the broom stick of the funny broom and the old lady with the crooked smile was a witch and was sitting in front of her. And Squeezey was so frightened that she fell off, down, down, down, down.

She found herself in the magic wood just at the place where the paths divided in the morning. You may better believe she scampered home as fast as she could go, to her own comfortable mother.

"Have I an Aunt Mary?" she asked.

"No," said her Mother.

"Are my table manners very bad?" Squeezey asked again.

"Yes," said her Mother, "they are atrocious."

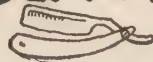
"Well," said Squeezey, as she snuggled into her pillow again with a sob, "just watch me at supper and see how perfect they will be."

HANNAH HINSDALE.





THE SHAVING LANE



I like to watch my Daddy shave;
It's wonderful to see
How big and fine a shaving place
My Daddy's face can be.

The shaving suds make mount-
ains and

His big cheek makes a plain;
His razor slides into the suds,
And leaves a *shaving lane*.

Each side the lane the suds are
high,

Like foamy ocean waves.
It must be fun to be as old
As Daddy, when he shaves.

I wish that I was big and old;
I'd shave with might and main,
And slide my razor through
the suds,

And *make* a shaving lane.
I tell you what, when I am big
I never will complain
Because I have to shave, for then
I'll shave down *Shaving Lane*.

J. M.



LATONA *and the* RUSTICS



“**B**ETTER go 'round—better go 'round,” croak the frogs in the pond. “Don't come near *our* pond,” they seem to say; “you'd better go 'round.” They are greedy, aren't they? Listen, and we'll hear a story about these greedy frogs.

Once upon a time, in the most ancient of days, there lived in Arcadia a beautiful woman. Latona was her name. She had two little children, a lovely little girl and as fine a little boy as ever you could wish to see. These little children were as gay and merry as their mother was lovely, and it was no wonder that one day, when Jupiter looked down from Olympus, he cried:

“Behold, down upon the earth, a goddess-like mortal and her two merry little children! They are as merry and sportive as the little god of love—and gods I shall make them; the little girl shall be Diana, the moon-goddess, and the boy shall be Apollo, god of the sun.”

The days went by and Latona and her children lived happily, but one day a neighbor said,

“Neighbors, see how beautiful are Latona's children; why should she have lovelier children than ours?” Then all the other neighbors cried,

“Latona should not have lovelier children than ours!” Poor Latona, as if it were her fault that her children were immortal; they were so by Jupiter's order. But life was hard for Latona; the neighbors hated her and spoke harshly to her. How sorrowful Latona was, for she loved her little home in Arcadia.

"I must go," she wept, and Latona and her two children left the peaceful valley of Arcadia, and wandered in search of a new home. Days followed upon days, and still Latona and her children walked on wearily.

"Alas!" cried Latona, "I shall die of thirst. Berries have I had and sweet roots, and Jupiter has led the wild goats to me that my children might live, but I shall die if I cannot find water!" Latona wept, and the children cried.

One day Latona lifted her head and listened. Yes, she heard the sound of water and of human voices.

"Ho! Ha! Ha! Ho!" laughed the big rustics—country fellows, rough and careless. Suddenly they stopped their gossiping and laughing. "Who are you?" they asked Latona, as she ran to the pond and knelt down to drink. Poor Latona was so thirsty that she did not answer.

"What are you doing?" asked one of the rustics.

"I wish to drink, I am thirsty; and my babies—see, they stretch their little arms out to you—they, too, are thirsty. I will not bathe, only drink," pleaded Latona.

"Drink, will you?" laughed the rustic. "Well, drink *now*," and the big fellow jumped into the pond and stirred up the thick mud. How horrid the water looked! Latona leaped from her knees and cried:

"May they *never* leave the pond, but pass their lives here." And lo! where the rustics had stood were puffy, fat, croaking frogs.

"Better go 'round," they croaked greedily as they flopped into the muddy water. And there in the pond the frogs have stayed, as we know.

As for Latona and her children, they finally reached the island of Delos, the loveliest place in the world, and there they lived happily. Then one day Diana and Apollo were called to Olympus. Diana must guide the moon, Jupiter ordered, and Apollo must guide the golden chariot of the sun through the heavens. How Latona rejoiced over the honor that had come to her wonderful children, Diana and Apollo.



MARIE LOUISE CRAPSEY



IT WAS sleepy time in the wide world. Old Man Owl said so. "To bed with you, to-whit, to-who," he hooted, up in the elm tree. Billiboy sat at the nursery window and scowled. He wanted to go out and finish sailing his boat, he wanted to spin his top more times, he wanted to jump up and down, he wanted to roll over and over and turn two somersaults. He did not want to go to bed. No, how Billiboy didn't want to go to bed!

The round sun sat on the edge of the world, like a red apple. Far up in the sky sailed a little white thin moon. It was just like a feather. Everything was all bright and wide awake outside. Billiboy scowled and scowled.

Down the road came the Sandman with a hop, skip, and a jump. He stopped to shut up a butter cup by the road. He tossed a handful of dew-drops over the grass blades. Then he saw Billiboy in the window

"Hello!" cried the Sandman. "Time for six-and-a-half-year olds to be in bed!"

"No it isn't," said Billiboy crossly. "Why must I go to sleep? Nobody else is asleep in the whole wide world!"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the Sandman. "Ho! Ho!"



laughed the Sandman. Then he took Billiboy's hand and drew him right over the sill. "Come and see!" said the Sandman. And they started off with a hop, and a jump, and a skip. First they came to an oak tree. One of the branches hung down very low.

"Mrs. Robin Red Breast lives here," said the Sandman. "She has three babies. See, there, among the leaves?"

"They have not cut their feathers yet, have they?" said Billiboy, trying to be polite. "Probably they will look prettier then."

"Hush!" said the Sandman. "Listen to what Mother Red Breast is singing."

"Cheep! Cheep!
Go to sleep!"

"You see the bird children have gone to bed," said the Sandman. Billiboy looked doubtful.

"But nobody else has," he said.

"Heel! Heel!" laughed the Sandman. "Come and see." And they started hipperty-quickerty down the road. They came to a barn. It smelled of clover hay and warm milk.

"Bossy Calf lives here with Madame Cow," said the Sandman. "Listen!"

And this is what Madame Cow was singing to Bossy Calf:

"Moo! Moo!
Bed for you!"



Billiboy began to look interested. "Who else is going to bed?" he asked.

"Come and see!" said the Sandman. And they went lickerty-splitterky down the road. Two little shadows slid out of the Sandman's bag and tagged after them. One shadow was fat and short and round like Billiboy, and the other shadow was tall and thin and sharp like the Sandman. Billiboy and the Sandman went so fast that the shadows had a hard time to keep up with them and were all out of breath and panting when they came at last to a meadow all full of wee white daisies and white wee lambs.

"Madame Baa-Baa is putting baby Baa-Baa to bed," said the Sandman. "Hark!"

"Go to sleep
Little sheep!"

"See, the little white lambs are jumping over the fence," said the Sandman. "They are coming to be put to bed. Count them, Billiboy."

"One, two, three," counted Billiboy, "ten, eleven, twelve." Then "forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one," and still the little lambs came running and jumping over the fence.

"How many lambs do you see?" asked the Sandman after a while.

But Billiboy did not answer. His head was going nid-nod, nid-nod, and behind him a shadow went nid-nodding too.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the Sandman, "Ho! Ho!" laughed the Sandman, "Billiboy is asleep."

And he picked him right up in his arms and flew, willy nilly, back home with him and plopped him right down in his own little bed. At least that is where Billiboy waked up in the morning, and I don't see how else he could have gotten there, do you?

DOROTHY D. CALHOUN.



I KNOW it is the good old clock;
 It has cathedral chimes.
 I've heard it tick and heard it tock
 At least a thousand times.
 It calls me out when I'm at work
 And in when I'm at play;
 I watch it while I'm practising
 A dozen times a day.
 Its hands go tick,
 Its hands go tock,
 I know it is the nice old clock.

And if sometimes I lie awake,
 And all the house is still,
 I hear a herd of antelopes
 Go down a woody hill.
 They move along in single file
 With hoof steps all in time,
 And through the hall I hear them go,
 And down the stairs they climb.
 Their feet go tick,
 Their feet go tock,
 But it's the ticking of old clock.

I love to hear those little feet
 That try their best to mock
 The cozy ticking in the hall
 Of our big friendly clock.
 I wish they'd come and peep at me,
 But they are much too shy,
 So they just tap their little feet
 And on they scurry by
 Their hoofs go tick,
 Their hoofs go tock,
 But after all it is our clock.

But in the morning when I wake
 And find a golden day,
 The deer have left no tracks behind,
 And all have gone away.
 And in the nursery as I dress,
 The clock ticks low and light,
 And then I wonder what it was,
 My dear, I heard last night.
 When hoofs went tick,
 And feet said tock,
 I wonder if it *was* the clock!

MARIAN KENT HURD







